THE POEMS OF HORACE,

Consisting of

Odes, *Satyres*, and *Epistles*,

Bridget Rendred in Heveningham

ENGLISH VERSE

BY

SEVERAL PERSONS.

HOR. SAT. 3. Lib. 1.

Qui, ne tuberibus propriis offendat amicum
Postulat; ignoscat verrucas illius ——

He that desires his Wens should not offend
His Friend, must wink at th' pimples of his Friend.

LONDON:
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and *H. Brome*, M. DC. LXVI.

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Roger L'Eſtrange.

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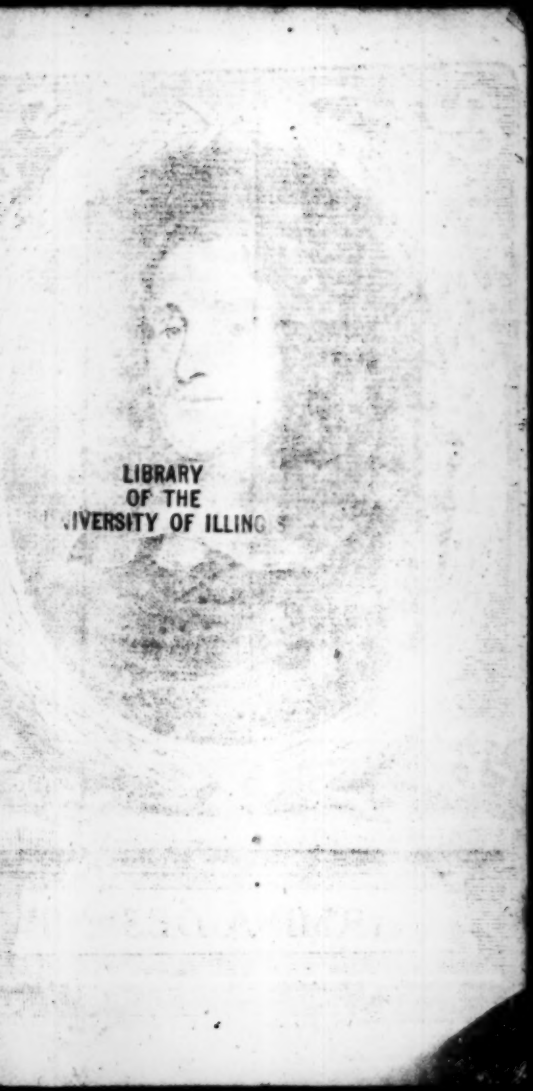
1665.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XUM

CARMINA DESVNT

The Poems of Horace
Tranſlated into Engliſh
By ſeveral Perſons.

XUM

THE

POEMS

OF

HORACE,

Consisting of

Odes, Satyrs, and Epistles,

Translated in

ENGLISH VERSE

by

SEVERAL PERSONS.

871
H5.E2
1666

To his honored Friend and Patron

Sir William Backhouse

BARONET.

SIR,

I Here present, or rather pay, what I have often promised you, and what you have a right to; The Poems of HORACE *in the* English tongue: *To the Translation*

973490

XUM

whereof my pleasant retirement *and* conveniencies *at your de-lightsome* Habitation, *have* libe-rally *contributed.*

And now according to the Cu-stome of my Predecessors, *having spoyled some paper with writing a bad* Book, *I am to waste more in a worse* Preface, *least I suf-fer under the* imputation *of be-ing a* heretick *in Book-writing.*

However, I will be so kind to you and my self, as to spare as much time and paper as might be employed in celebrating your Greatness, Virtues, and generous Inclinations towards me, being Themes for a higher Pen than

da

dare pretend to, and only tell you how you came to be disturbed *with these undertakings.*

'Twas not because I understand this Author *better than others do, nor because I thought I did. But the same* temptation *which induced our Grandame* Eve *to eat fruit, prevail'd with me to read* Horace, *meerly because forbidden.*

But the frequent Quotation *of him by all sorts of* ingenious *men, and the* Hault-gouſt *which the* wit *and* truth *of his excellent sayings gave, made me* languiſh *till I had broken through all the* difficulties *which*

my imbecillity contended with, and thrown my self on this audacious adventure.

In the prosecution whereof I never blush'd to ask the advice or take the assistance of any person whom I thought able to contribute either. And among the rest, of that indefatigable and eminently learned person with whom, by your indulgence and his own condiscension I had the honour and happiness to grow acquainted, whom I found so skil'd in all the difficulties of this Poet, that he was to me more then all the Voluminous Commentators.

Sir,

Sir, For my ſpeedier diſpatch *and your* advantage, *I made bold to take in all ſuch parts of* HORACE, *as have been* Engliſhed *by the* Lord Embaſſadour Fanſhaw; *and what were* omitted *by him, I* ſupplyed *with ſuch as have been done by Sir* Thomas Hawkins, *or Dr.* Holiday, *or both, for they are both the ſame; and whether of the two is the* Author, *remains to me* undiſcovered: *What were not touched by theſe, I gathered out of Mr.* Cowleys *and other Printed Books; and ſuch as were not* Tranſlated *by others, my ſelf and ſeveral friends of*

mine

mine at my requeſt have attempted: De Arte Poetica *being long ſince* Engliſhed *by that great* Maſter *thereof* B. Johnſon, *I have borrowed to* crown *the reſt.*

So that you will eaſily finde, that as this Book conſiſts of ſeveral *mens endeavors, ſo thoſe* ſeveral *men went* ſeveral *wayes; but all ſtudied to ſhun a nice* Pedantical Tranſlation, *which* Horace *could not abide. By reading all which you are certain of two Pleaſures,* Liberty of cenſuring, *and* variety of matter.

And I have this felicity, *that if*

if any dislike what is done, it will not be safe for them to traduce *it publickly, least they should reproach some of the* Undertakers *to their faces; for we are considerable for* number *and* quality, *consisting of many persons; and those either* Right Honourable, Right Worshipfull, Reverend, *or* (*which is as good*) Well-beloved; *and if I for my part have herein played the* Fool, *'tis in very good* Company.

Such as it is I expose *it to publick* perusal, *with this becoming* Confidence, *that the excellence of the* Author *will*

make

make amends for the imperfections of the Translators; *and having this in my prospect, that* HORACE *may chance to find as good fortune as his dear friend* VIRGIL *had, who being plundered of all his* Ornaments *by the old Traslatours, was restored to others with double lustre by those* Standard-bearers *of Wit and Judgment,* Denham *and* Waller. *To which end I humbly commend this rude* Essay, *to those Persons whose* Learning, Wit, *and* Leisure *shall enable to do him such right as he serves. And for a president, I desire*

desire them to compare these lines of Phaer,

This end had Priams *destinies, all this chance him Fortune sent,*
When he the fire in Troy *had seen, his Walls and Castles rent,*
That sometimes over Peoples proud, and Lands had reign'd with fame
Of Asia *Emperour great, now short on shore he lies with shame,*
His head besides his shoulders laid, his corps no more of name.

with this done by Sir John Denham,

Thus fell the King who yet surviv'd the State,
With such a signal and peculiar fate,
Under so vast a ruine, not a grave,
Nor in such flames a funeral fire to have:

He

He whom such Titles swelled, such power made proud,
To whom the Scepters of all Asia *bow'd;*
On the cold earth lies this neglected King,
A headless Carcass, and a nameless thing.

By which they may perceive how highly Translations may be improved. *And if any Gentlemen will be so industrious and kind, as to amend, or but to find out the faults in this Essay (which may easily be done) or furnish the Stationer with any better against the next Impression, they will be so far from disobliging me, that I invite them to it, conceiving it a* work *by which they may gratifie and oblige* Posterity: *And should rejoyce to see these rude and im-*

imperfect draughts, like the A-thenian ſhip ſo often and throughly amended, that there ſhall not an old plank remain therein: That ſo theſe Poems *which were ſo acceptable to* Auguſtus *in their native* dreſs, *might be ſo poliſh'd in our* language, *that they may be look'd on by a more indulgent and greater* Prince *than he was.*

Perhaps it may be expected that I ſhould have embelliſhed (*as they call it*) *this Addreſs with* Witty Paſſages, *and* Rhetorical flowers; *but indeed Sir, they are grown quite out of* faſhion, *and I am heartily glad that thereby I am freed from a task which I was ſo unfit for.* *And*

And now Sir, having tired you with this flat Narrative, *to make you amends, I will make no* Address to the Gentle Reader; *only I declare to him and all the World, that* I *profess my self, and am what your Goodness has made me,*

Honored Mecænas,

Your very much obliged Servant,

Alex. Brome.

THE LIFE OF HORACE.

Quintus Horatius Flaccus was born at *Venusium*, formerly one of the best Cities in *Italy*, now called *Venosa*; of mean Parentage; his Father

was one whom the *Romans* called *Libertinus*, viz. *the Son of a Slave who had been made free*; and by Profession he was a *Præco*, or a *Coactor*, whose Imployment was to gather in Debts for *Usurers*. Of his *Mother* we find no mention; onely 'tis agreed by all the *Dutch Commentators*, that he had one. He was born two years before *Catalines Conspiracy*, viz. the 6th. of the *Ides* of *December*; *Cotta* and *Torquatus* being Consuls. His Education was at *Rome*, where his Father finding him very pregnant, kept him at *Schoole* under *Orbilius*

Orbilius a *whipping Schoole-Maſter*; his Father alſo, being a very prudent man, had a ſevere and *watchful* eye over him, and inſtructed him in Virtue. Having attained to a good meaſure of *Grammer* learning at *Rome*, he was ſent to *Athens* (then the *moſt famous Univerſity* in the World) and there ſtudied *Philoſophy*; in which, if he adhæred to any Sect, it was to the *Epicuræans*. At firſt he was no great *Zealot* in Religion, but rather jeared than adored any of the *Heathen Gods*; of which nevertheleſs he afterwards repented

and made an *Ode* professedly to testifie his *Recantation*. In the Civil Warr betwixt *Augustus* and *Bratus* and *Cassius*, he being the familiar Friend of *Brutus*, took his part in the battle at *Philippi*; in which he was a *Tribune*, which is equivalent to a *Colonel* here: but whether he fought or not, does not appear; onely by his being so great a *Commander* and so *ingenious* a person, 'tis probable that the *Muses* might inspire him with *Wit* enough to keep himself out of *danger*: Some have *traduced* him for *running away*, which if true, is excu-

excuſable; for *Valour* and *Wit* are two *ſpirits* which poſſeſs onely *ſome* men, and that but at *ſome times*: So that the ſame *Commanders* who have proved *Cowards* in a juſt and honourable *War*, have afterwards in a *Tavern* dared to *challenge* ſuch as call'd them ſo; and by the *law* a Souldier is no more bound to *fight* when he is out of his *humor*, then an Orator to ſpeak when he is out of his *wits*: Nor is it prudent for a man of *Wit* and *Learning* to have his *brains* beaten out by one that has none. *Auguſtus* having won the Battle, it appeared that *Horace*

had taken the wrong side, for which his great friend *Mecænas*, a very rich noble man of *Rome*, and in great esteem with *Augustus*, obtained a pardon: And *Augustus*, like a good-natured *Prince*, not only *pardoned*, but *rewarded* him for being against him, and (if it had then bin in fashion there) would have *Knighted* him. Now being become a *Courtier*, and not *old* or *bold* enough to *begg*; and *Augustus*, so newly after a Warr, not *rich* enough to *give*; he (like others of his Order) wanted *Money*, and that put him upon

on making *Verſes*, which he performed to *admiration*, and was the firſt that introduced the *Lyrick Poëtry* among the *Romans*: By which, and his great *ingenuity* and ſweetneſs of *Converſation*, he grew ſo much in favour with *Mecænas*, that he by his good will, would never have him out of his Company; and to encourage him in his Studies, and enable him to live without cares, beſtowed on him a competent Eſtate among the *Sabines*, where he had a *Country-houſe*, to which he often retired, from the noiſe and

buſtle of *Rome*, to *write* and *contemplate*, and in which he took great delight and recreation. By *Mecænas* he was preferr'd to a familiar acquaintance with *Auguſtus*, who offer'd to make him his *Secretary* of *State*: But *Horace* (like other great Wits) hated buſineſs. *Auguſtus* alſo conſidering what immortality *Poets* conferr on *Princes* and other great men, wrote a Letter himſelf, inviting him to come and live with him as his *companion*. And having read ſome of the *Satyres*, and found not himſelf *concern'd*, or his name *mentioned* there-

in,

in, he complain'd of it, and asked him, *Whether he thought it would be a disparagement to him to have it recorded to posterity, that* Horace *was a familiar friend to* Augustus? As to his *Stature*, he was short and very fat, blear-ey'd, gray-headed in his youth, and bald in the forehead. And for his *morals*, he was a very good man, pious and grateful to his Father, whom being grown old and poor, he releived and kept at his Country house: much a *Gentleman* in his nature and demeanour; very merry and *facetious* in company, soon angry and

and as ſoon *pleaſed*: As to his Diet, he was that which we by a grand miſtake call an *Epicure*, for he loved and underſtood how to eat and drink well; and though he was very *temperate* and *frugal* generally, yet at a *Treat*, if he lik'd his Company, he would give nature a *looſe*, and come up to *Obe!* He had that good natured *Vice* (if it be one) which conſtantly adheres to great *Wits*, and is much indulged by high *imagination*; an inclination to *women*, which he is the leſs to be *condemned* for, becauſe he was a *Bachelour*, and

in

in his time and *Country* it was not esteemed a crime. He was well acquainted with, and highly *valued* by, all the eminent *Wits*, and persons of quality in his time. By frequent *Company-keeping*, and strict observation, he informed himself of all the *vices* and *humours* of *Rome*, which he reproved and *chastised* in a way of raillery, whereby men were *jear'd* out of their ill manners and not offended: So considerable was he for his *parts*, and so eminent for his *writings*, that he deservedly won the applauses of divers of the greatest

teſt Schollars in their times, as *Tibullus*, *Virgil*, *Ovid*, *Petronius*, *Perſius*, *Quintilian*, *Alex. Severus*, St. *Auguſtine*, *Scaliger*, and *Biſhop Jewel*, who have all written in his *Commendation*, and are known to be neither *Fools* nor *Flatterers*. How long he lived, is not agreed on; ſome ſay 50, ſome 55, ſome 59, others 70 years; but when he finiſh'd his ſecond Book of *Epiſtles* he was 44 years old. And he dyed ſoon after *Mecænas*, namely (as the beſt Authors report) 5 *Kal. Decemb. Cenſorinus* and *Gallus* being Conſuls, which was five

five years before the birth of *Christ*, having made *Augustus* his *heir*, to whom he left his *Library*, which was a good one; and a years *provision*, which hê alwayes designed to keep before hand; and being a great contemner of *wealth*, and a *derider* of covetous men, he never aim'd at more. Being *dead* he was *buried* next to *Mecænas* himself, in the *Esquiliæ*; an *honour* which good *Poets* deserve, and which great *Princes* have in all times taken care to *conferr* upon them.

ODES.

BOOK I.

Ode I. By Sir *R. Fanſhaw.*

To *MECOENAS.*

That ſeveral Men affect ſeveral Things: That himſelf is delighted with the Study of Lyrick *Verſes.*

MECOENAS, *Thuſcan* Kings deſcent;
My Bulwark and ſweet Ornament.
There are that love their Charets ſpoak
With rais'd *Olympick* duſt ſhould ſmoak:
And with hot Wheels the Goale cloſe ſhaven,
And noble Palm, lifts Men to Heaven.
One, if the fickle Peoples blaſt
Redoubled Honours on him caſt:
Another that delights to teare
With Plough the Fields his Fathers were:
If in his private Barns He ſtore
Whatever fruitful *Africk* bore;
The wealth of *Cræſus* cannot gain
With trembling Keele to plough the Main:

Frighted with rough *Icarian* Seas,
The Merchant praiſes Home and Eaſe:
But His bruis'd Veſſel repairs ſtraight,
Impatient of a mean Eſtate.
There is that neither ſcorns to taſte
Old *Maſſique*, nor half-days to waſte
Under a ſhady Poplar ſpread,
Or at a Bubling Fountains Head.
Some Drums and Trumpets love, and War;
Which Mothers do as much abhorr.
The Huntſman in the cold doth rome,
Forgetting his poor Wife at home,
Whether his Hounds a Stagg have rowz'd,
Or *Marſian* Boar his Nets have towz'd.
Mee Ivy (Meed of learned Heads)
Ranks with the gods: Mee chill Groves, Treads
Of Satyrs with looſe Nymphs, have ſhow'd
A way out of the common Road;
Whileſt kind *Euterpe* wets my Flute,
Whileſt *Polyhymnie* ſtrings my Lute;
Then write Mee in the *Lyrick* Role,
My lofty Head ſhall knock the Pole.

A Paraphraſe upon the firſt Ode *by* S. W. *Eſq*;

To *MECOENAS*.

MECOENAS, ſprung from Royal blood,
My greateſt *Patron*, juſt and and good!
There are, who in th' *Olympick* Games
Raiſe the light duſt, but more their names:
When the Fleet Race, and noble prize,
E're death, the *Victor* Deifies.

Som

Some in *applauſe*, that empty aire,
Place both their honour, and their care;
While others with a different minde
Would chooſe more ſolid *wealth* to finde;
And rich in what the *Earth* dos yield,
To the whole *Sea* preferrs one *field*;
The *Sea*'l not tempt them, or its ſtore,
No not the *World*, to leave the *ſhoare*.

The *Merchant* when he ſees the Skyes
Cover'd with ſtorms, and *Tempeſts* riſe,
Thinks none ſo happy live or well,
As thoſe that on the *Main-land* dwell;
He prayſes what he ſlights at home:
But when from a bad *Voyage* come,
Above the *Earth* he loves the *Main*,
And longs to be at Sea again.

The *Fuddletop*, whoſe God's the *Vyne*,
Lacks not the *Sun* if he have *Wine*;
By th' Sun he only finds a way
To ſome cool *Spring*, to ſpend the day.

Shrill Flutes and Trumpets *Souldiers* love,
And ſcorn thoſe fears that Women move.
The *Huntſman*, in the open Plains
Regardleſs of the Air remains;
A *Dear* makes him forget his Wife,
And a fierce *Boar* deſpiſe his life.

But me the learned *Lawrel* give,
The Gods themſelves by *Poets* live.
Give me a Grove, whoſe gloomy ſhade
For *Nymphs* and friſking *Fawns* was made,
Where from the *Vulgar* hid, I'le be,
The *Muſes* waiting all on me;
Here one my *Harp* and *Lute* ſhall ſtring,
Another there ſhall ſtand and *ſing*.

This one thing great *Mecœnas* doe,
Inroll me in the *Lyhick* Count,
A *Lyrick* Poet, and I'l mount
Above the skies, almoſt as high as you.

Ode II. By Sir *R. F.*

To Augustus Cæsar.

That all the Gods are angry with the Romans *for the killing of* Julius Cæſar: *That the only hope of the Empire is placed in* Auguſtus.

Enough of Hail and cruel Snow
Hath *Jove* now ſhowr'd on us below;
Enough with Thundring Steeples down
Frighted the Town.
Frighted the World, leſt *Pyrrha's* Raign
Which of new monſters did complain,
Should come again, when *Proteus* Flocks
Did climbe the Rocks:
And Fiſh in tops of Elm-Trees hung,
Where Birds once built their Neſts, and ſung,
And the all-covering Sea did bear
The trembling Dear.
We, Yellow *Tyber* did behold
Back from the *Tyrrhene* Ocean rowl'd,
Againſt the Fane of *Veſta* power,
And *Numa's* Tower;
Whileſt the Uxorious River ſwears
He'l be reveng'd for *Ilia's* Tears;
And over both his Banks doth rove
Unbid of *Jove*.

Our

Our Children through our faults but few,
Shall hear that we their Fathers ſlew
Our Countrymen: Who might as well
The *Perſians* quell.
What God ſhall we invoke to ſtay
The falling Empire? with what Lay
Shall holy Nuns tire *Veſta's* Pray'r-
Reſiſting Ear?
To whom will *Jove* the charge commend
Of Purging us? at length deſcend
Prophetick *Phœbus*, whoſe white Neck
A Cloud doth deck.
Or *Venus* in whoſe ſmiling Rayes
Youth with a thouſand *Cupids* playes:
Or *Mars*, if thou at length canſt pity
Thy long plagu'd City.
Alas, we long have ſported thee,
To whom 'tis ſport bright Casks to ſee,
And grim Aſpects of Mooriſh Foot
With Blood and Soot;
Or winged *Hermes*, if 'tis you
Whom in *Auguſtus* form we view,
With this revenging th' other Flood
Of *Julius* Blood;
Return to Heaven late we pray,
And long with us the *Romans* ſtay:
Nor let diſdain of that Offence
Snatch thee from hence.
Love here Victorious Triumphs rather;
Love here the Name of Prince and Father:
Nor let the *Medes* unpuniſht ride,
Thou being our Guide.

A Paraphraſe on the Second Ode *by* S. W.

To *AUGUSTUS.*

STorms long enough at length have blown!
Jove hayl, fire, has darted down,
Has his own *Temples* overthrown,
And threatned all the Town.
Threatned the *World*, which now did fear
Another *Deluge* to be near;
When *Proteus* all his herds did drive
Upon the hills to live.
When higheſt trees with *Fiſh* were fill'd,
Thoſe *trees* where birds were wont to build;
And *ſtaggs* that could the wind out fly
Muſt take the Sea, or dye.
We *Tiber* ſaw, when ſeas withſtood
His ſtreams, and checkt with Seas his flood,
More heady, and unruly grown,
Not waſh, but bear all down;
And ſwelling at his *Ilias* wrong
No more his banks did glide along,
But choſe new *Channels and a Sea*,
To be reveng'd would be.
How our own *ſwords* thoſe wounds did make
Which might have made the *Perſian* quake,
Theſe *Civil* Warrs, next age ſhall tell,
And fear what us befell.
When th' Empire thus begins to fall,
On what God ſhall poor *Romans* call?
In vain we hope our god will hear
When *Veſta* ſtops her ear.

To

To whom will *Jove* Commiſſion give
To purge us, or our Plagues reprieve?
Deſcend *Apollo* cloth'd with light,
Thy beams muſt make us bright.
Or elſe thou faireſt *Queen* of Love,
More needed here then thou'art above,
About whoſe neck the *Graces* fly,
And languiſh in thine eye.
Or *Mars*, if he hath any pity
For his deſpis'd and ruin'd City;
Though *Mars* has been ſo long at *Rome*
We need not wiſh he'd come.
Or you bright *Hermes*, proud to be
Auguſtus, more than *Mercury*,
Since in that ſhape you chooſe to breath,
And expiate *Caſars* death.
Let it be long ere you return
To heav'n, in love your *Romans* burn
For their old crimes, deſire your ſtay,
Never to goe away.
Do you their Lives and Warrs command,
The *Prince* and *Father* of your Land,
Nor let our Enemies 'ore us ride,
While *Caſar* is our Guide.

Ode III. By Sir *R. F.*

He prayes a prosperous Voyage to Virgil, *Embarqued for* Athens: *and takes occasion from thence to inveigh against the Boldness of Man.*

SHip, that to us sweet *Virgil* ow'st
(With thee intrusted) safe
Convey him to the Attick Coast;
And save my better half:
So *Helene*'s Brothers (Stellifi'd)
And *Venus* guide thy Sails:
And the Wind's Father, having tie'd
All up, but Vernal Gales.
Of Oak a Bosom had that man,
And trebble-sheath'd with Brass,
Who first the horrid Ocean
With brittle Bark did pass;
Nor fear'd the hollow Storms, that rore;
The *Hyades*, that weep;
Nor the South-wind, which Lords it ore
The *Adriatick* Deep.
What face of Death could him dismay,
That saw the Monsters fell;
And wracking Rocks, and swelling Sea,
With Eyes that did not swell?
In vain, the Providence of God
The Earth and Sea did part,
If yet the watry Pathes are trod
By a forbidden Art.
But Men (that will have all, or none)
Still things forbid desire:
Iapetus bold Son stole down
The Elemental Fire:

Whence

Whence Leanneſs over-ſpread the World,
And Feavers (a new Race)
Which creeping Death on Mortals hurl'd;
And bad him mend his pace.
Dedale the empty Air did cut
With wings not giv'n to men;
And *Hercules* the Gates unſhut
Of *Pluto*'s diſmal Den.
Nothing is hard to ſinful Man:
At Heav'n it ſelf we fly;
Nor ſuffer *Jove* (do what he can)
To lay his Thunder by.

Ode IV. By Sir *R. F.*

To L. SEXTIUS *a Conſular Man.*

Propoſeth the arrival of the Spring; and the common condition of Death, as Inducements to Pleaſures.

SHarp winter's thaw'd with ſpring & weſtern gales,
And Ships drawn up the Engine hales:
The Clown the Fire, the Beaſts their Stalls forgo:
The Fields have caſt their Coats of Snow.
Fair *Venus* now by Moon-ſhine leads a Dance,
The Graces after comely prance.
With them the Nymphs the Earth alternate beat,
Whileſt *Vulcan* at his Forge doth ſweat.
Now ſhould we be with laſting Myrtle Crown'd,
Or Flowers late Priſners in the Ground.
Now ſhould we ſacrifice a Lambkins Blood
To *Faunus* in a ſacred Wood.
Death knocks as boldly at the Rich mans dore
As at the Cottage of the Poore,

Rich

Rich *Sextius*: and the ſhortneſs of our days
Fits not with long and rugged ways.
Swift night will intercept thee, and the Sprights,
They chat ſo of in Winter Nights,
And *Pluto*'s haunted Inn. Thou canſt not there
Call for the Muſick and good Cheer:
Nor in ſoft *Chloris* gaze away thy ſight,
Her Sexes Envy, Our delight.

ODE V. By Sir *R. P.*

To PYRRHA.

That thoſe Men are miſerable who are intangled in her Love: That he is eſcaped out of it as from Shipwrack by Swimming.

WHat Stripling now thee diſcompoſes,
In Woodbine Rooms, on Beds of Roſes,
For whom thy Auburn hair
Is ſpread, unpainted fair?
How will he one day curſe thy Oaths,
And Heav'n that witneſs'd your Betroaths!
How will the poor Cuckold,
That deems thee perfect Gold,
Bearing no ſtamp but his, be maz'd
To ſee a ſuddain Tempeſt rais'd!
He dreams not of the Windes,
And thinks all Gold that ſhines,
For me my Votive Table ſhowes
That I have hung up my wet Clothes
Upon the Temple Wall
Of Seas great Admirall.

A

A Paraphraſe on the fifth Ode, by Dr. C.

1.

TO whom now *Pyrrha* art thou kind?
To what Heart-raviſht Lover
Doſt thou thy golden locks unbind,
Thy hidden ſweets diſcover,
And with large bounty open ſet
All the bright ſtores of thy rich Cabinet?

2.

Ah ſimple youth, how oft will he
Of thy chang'd faith complain?
And his own fortunes find to be
So airy and ſo vain,
Of ſo Camelion-like an hew,
That ſtill their colour changes with it too.

3.

How oft alas, will he admire
The blackneſs of the skies?
Trembling to hear the winds ſound higher,
And ſee the billows riſe,
Poor unexperienc'd he,
Who ne're before alas had been at Sea!

4.

He enjoyes thy calmy Sun-ſhine now,
And no treath ſtirring hears;
In the clear heaven of thy brow,
No ſmalleſt cloud appears;
He ſees thee gentle, fair, and gay,
And truſts the faithleſs *April* of thy *May*.

5.

Unhappy! thrice unhapry he,
T' whom thou untried doſt ſhine,

But

But there's no danger now for me,
Since or'e *Lorettoes* shrine,
In witness of the shipwrack past,
My consecrated vessel hangs at last.

Ode VI. By *C. C.* Esq;

To AGRIPPA.

Argument.

Though Varius *in Heroick stile*
Agrippa's *Martial Acts compile*;
Yet Horace *his low-pitched Muse*
More humble Subjects best pursues.

VArius in living Annals may
To the admiring Universe
Voice out in high *Maonian* Verse
Thy courage and thy conquests won,
And what thy Troops by Land and Sea,
Have through thy noble conduct done.
Our Muse *Agrippa* that does fly
An humbler pitch, attempts not these,
T'express *Pelides* rage; nor fly
Ulysses tedious Voyages:
Nor dips her Plume in those red Tydes
Flow from the bloody Parricides
Of *Pelops* cruel Family:
We nothing to such heights pretend,
Since Modesty,
And our weak Muse, who does aspire
No further than the jolly *Lyre*,
Forbids that we
Should in our vain attempts offend

And

And darken with our humble Layes
Thine, and great *Cæsars* God-like praiſe.
Who to his worth can *Mars* diſplay
When clad in Arms, whoſe dreadfull ray,
Puts out the day?
Or brave *Meriones* ſet forth,
When ſoyl'd in *Trojan* duſt, or raiſe
Fit Trophies to *Tydides* worth
Who to th'immortal gods was made
A rival by *Minerva*'s aid?
We ſing of Feaſting, and Delights,
Stout drinking, and the harmleſs fights
Of hot young Men, and bluſhing Maids,
Who when the Foe invades
Make a faint ſhow
To guard what they'r content ſhould goe.
Theſe are the ſubjects of our Song
In nights that elſe would ſeem too long,
Did we not wiſely prove
The ſweets of Jollity, and Love.

ODE VII. By Sir *T. H.*

To MUNATIUS PLANCUS.

Some praiſe one City, ſome another, but Horace *preferreth* Tibur *before all, where* Plancus *was born, whom he exhorteth to waſh Care away with Wine.*

SOme *Rhodes*, ſome *Myt'lene*, *Epheſus* doth pleaſe,
Or walls of *Corinth*, with its two-fold Seas:
Some *Thebes*, ſome *Delian Delphos* worth defend,
Other *Theſſalian* Tempe's air commend.

There

There are, who make their ſole, and fix'd deſign,
To mention *Pallas* City in each line,
And rather ſtrive her Olive branch to grace,
Than any pull'd off from another place:
Yea ſome to honour *Juno*, loud proclaim
Horſe-racing *Argos*, and *Mycenas* fame.
Me, not the patient *Sparta*'s pompous ſights,
Nor fat *Lariſſa* field ſo much delights,
As do *Albunea*'s Eccho-giving Groves,
And *Anien*'s headlong ſtream that by it roves;
Or than *Tiburnus* woods, and Orchard-grounds,
Moyſtned with gliding brook which it arrounds.
As the South wind, the Heav'ns from dark Clouds
And doth not generate perpetual ſhowers; (ſcowrs,
So *(Plancus)* with good Wine, be it thy ſtrife,
To waſh down ſadneſs, and the toyls of life:
Whether thou to thy glittering Tents art ty'd,
Or doſt in *Tibur*'s ſhady Bowers abide.
When *Teucer* fled, Father, and *Salamine*,
He, (it is ſaid) his Temples dew'd with wine,
And browes encircled with a Poplar wreath,
Did 'mongſt his penſive friends theſe accents breath:
What way Fortune (more kind than Syres) ſhal ſhow,
We, Friends, and dear Companions, will go.
Teucer, your Guide, *Teucer* Encourager,
Deſpair not any thing, admit no fear:
For we ſhall raiſe a ſecond *Salamine*,
(Sayes wiſe *Apollo*) in another Clime:
Brave Spirits, who with me have ſuffer'd ſorrow,
Drink cares away; wee'l ſet up ſails to morrow.

Ode VIII. By Sir *R. F.*

To LYDIA.

He notes obſcurely a certain Young Man, whom he calls Sybaris, *as undone with Love, and melted with Pleaſures.*

Lidia, in Heavens Name
Why melts young *Sybaris* in thy Flame?
Why doth he bed-rid lie
That can indure th' intemperate Skie?
Why rides he not and twits
The *French* great Horſe with wringled bits?
Why ſhuns he *Tybur*'s Flood,
And wraſtlers Oyl like Vipers Blood?
Nor hath his Fleſh made ſoft
With bruiſing Arms; having ſo oft
Been prais'd for ſhooting farre
And clean delivered of the Barre?
For ſhame, why lies he hid
As at *Troy*'s ſiege *Achilles* did,
For fear leſt Mans Array
Should him to Manly Deeds betray?

Ode IX. By Sir *R. F.*

To THALIARCHUS.

That being Winter, it is time for Men to give themselves to Pleasure.

Thou seest the Hills candied with Snow
Which groaning Woods scarce undergo,
And a stiff Ice those Veins
Congeals which Branch the Plains.
Dissolve the Frost with Logs pil'd up
To th' Mantle-Tree; let the great Cup
Out of a larger Sluice
Pour the reviving Juice.
Trust *Jove* with other things; when he
The fighting Winds takes up at Sea,
Nor speared Cypress shakes,
Nor aged Elm-Tree quakes.
Upon to Morrow reckon not,
Then if it comes 'tis clearly got:
Nor being young despise
Or Dancings, or Loves Joyes.
Till testy Age gray Hairs shall snow
Upon thy Head, lose Mask, nor Show:
Soft whispers now delight
At a set hour by Night:
And Maids that gigle to discover
Where they are hidden to a Lover;
And Bracelets or some toy
Snatcht from the willing Coy.

Ode X.

To MERCURY.

Argument.

The Character of Mercury,
His Eloquence, and Progeny:
And various other Ornaments,
Our Poet in this Ode presents.

Mercuri facunde.

SWeet-tongu'd *Cyllenius*, son of *May*,
Who man's first rudeness didst allay
With Eloquence, and graceful parts
Of wrastling Arts;
I'le sing of thee, Heav'ns Messenger
By whom crookt *Lyres* invented were:
Crafty to hide what ere's bereft
By sportsome theft.
While thee (O youth) his threats affray,
Except thou his stoll'n Beefs repay:
With no shaft-bearing Quiver fraught,
Apollo laught.
Rich *Priam* too deserting *Troy*,
Th' proud *Atreids* scap'd with thy Convoy,
Thessalian watches, and each tent
'Gainst *Trojans* bent.
Thou in bless'd Mansions Ghosts imbowers,
And thy *Caducean* Rod 'ore-powers
Th' exiler Tribe; whom Gods above,
And lower love,

Ode XI. By Sir *T. H.*

To LEUCONOE.

He exhorteth Leuconoe, *that care omitted, she seek to please her self, taking argument from the shortness of life, and speed of death.*

STrive not (*Leuconoe*) to know what end
The Gods above to thee or me will send:
Nor with Astrologers consult at all,
That thou may'st better know what can befall.
Whether, thou liv'st more winters, or thy last
Be this, which *Tyrrhen* waves 'gainst rocks do cast;
Be wise, drink free, and in so short a space,
Do not protracted hopes of life embrace.
Whilest we are talking, envious Time doth slide:
This day's thine own, the next may be deny'd.

A Paraphrase on the same Ode, *by* S.W.

To LEUCONOE.

NEre strive *Leuconoe*, ne're strive to know
What *Fates* decreed for thee and mee, nor goe
To an *Astrologer*; 'tis half the cure,
When Ill, to think it will not long endure:
Whether *Jove* will another Winter give,
Or whether 'tis your last that now you live;
Be *wise*, and since you have not long to stay,
Fool not with tedious hopes your life away.
Time, while we speak on't flyes; now banish sorrow,
Live well to *day*, and never trust to *morrow*.

ODE

Ode XII. By Sir *T. H.*

To AUGUSTUS.

The Gods, Demy-Gods, and ſome worthy men honoured, he deſcendeth into the divine praiſes of Auguſtus.

WHat man, or *Hero* (*Clio*) wilt thou praiſe
With ſhrilleſt Pipe, or *Lyra*'s ſofter layes?
What God? whoſe name in ſportive ſtrain,
Eccho will chaunt thee back again?

Either in ſhady *Heliconian* Bowers,
High *Pindus*, or cold craggy *Hemus* Towers,
Whence leavy Groves by heaps confus'd,
To wait on tuneful *Orpheus* us'd;

Orpheus well skil'd from mothers artful ſay,
Swift rivers glide, and ſpeedy winds to ſtay,
And with his harps melodious ſong
Attentive Okes to draw along.

What ſhall I ſing before the conſtant praiſe
Of Father *Jove*, who Gods, and Mortals ſwayes?
Yea, Land, Sea, World extended wide
With various ſeaſons doth divide?

From whom there nothing ſprings, greater than he:
Like nothing lives, nor can a ſecond be:
Yet ſhall next honours *Pallas* grace,
Though ſeated in a lower place.

Nor will I, warſike *Bacchus*, let thee goe,
Nor *Dian*, ſavage beaſts eternal foe:
Phœbus ſhall likewiſe have a part,
Dreadful with unavoided dart.

With *Hercules* I *Leda*'s ſons muſt name,
Horſe-ſervice this, Foot-fight gives th'other Fame:
Whoſe brighter ſtarre, when firſt in skie,
The wakeful Saylor doth deſcrie,

Down from the rocks impetuous waters flow;
The winds ſurceaſe, the clouds diſpelled goe:
And threatning waves (ſo the Twins will)
Upon the Oceans brow are ſtill.

Theſe mention'd firſt, ſhall *Romulus* obtain
The next record, or *Numa*'s peaceful raign?
Shall I the power of *Tarquins* ſtate,
Or *Cato*'s manly death relate?

Stout *Regulus*, the *Scauri*, *Paulus*, free
Of his great ſoul in *Canna*'s victory;
Or ſhall my grateful tongue rehearſe
Fabricius, in reſplendent verſe?

Who with the valiant *Curius*, rough in guiſe
And hair uncomb'd, did with *Camillus* riſe
To high advancement, homely bred
In their poor Grand-Sires lands, and Shed.

Marcellus Fame is like a ſpreading Tree,
Which groweth ſtill, although inſenſibly:
Each eye the *Julian* Starre admires,
As *Cynthia* 'mongſt the leſſer fires.

Great

Great Father, and Protector of Man-kind
From *Saturn* sprung, to thee the Fates assign'd
The care of mighty *Cæsar*; Reign,
And *Cæsar* second place obtain.

He whether in full triumph lead along
The vanquish'd *Parthians*, who neer *Latium* throng,
Or *Seres*, and swart *Indians* tame,
That East-ward tremble at his name:

He less, but Just, the spacious world shall guide;
Heav'n-shaking, thou in thund'ring Chariot ride,
And thy offended lightning cast
On Groves, which harbour the unchaste.

Ode XIII. By Sir *R. F.*

To LYDIA.

He complains that Telephus *is preferr'd before him.*

THe Arms that Wax-like bend,
And every henge when you commend,
On which the Head doth turn
Of *Telephus*, ah, how I burn!
Madness my mind doth rap,
My Colour goes; and the warm sap
Wheesing through either Eye,
Showes with what lingring Flames I frie.
I frie; when thy white hue
Is in a Tavern brawl dy'd blew,
Or when the sharp-set Youth
Thy melting Kiss grinds with his Tooth,

Believe't, his love's not found
That can ſuch healing kiſſes wound;
Kiſſes which *Venus* hath
Made ſupple in a Nectar bath.
O their felicitie
Whom a firm cord of love doth tie,
Unbroke with wicked ſtrife,
And twiſted with their threds of Life!

Ode XIV. By Sir *T. H.*

To the Commonwealth preparing afreſh for Civil-war.

O Ship, what do'ſt? freſh ſtorms again
Will drive thee back into the Main;
Bravely recover Port, and ſhore.
See'ſt not th'art deſtitute of Oar?
Swift South-weſt windes invade thy maſt,
Thy ſail-yard cracks with every blaſt?
And cables ſcarce thy keel aſſure,
Thoſe ſurly billows to endure?
Thy ſails are torn, and thou a thrall,
No gods haſte to invoke at all.
Though Pontique Pine (woods noble race)
Thou boaſt thy barren name and place;
The fearful Sailer (dangers tride)
Doth not to painted ſhips confide:
Take heed unleſs thou haſt a minde
To be a ſport unto the winde.
(Oh my deſire and greateſt care,
Earſt horrour to my heart) Beware,
And flie in time thoſe ſhelfie Seas,
Which run betwixt bright Cyclades,

Ode XV. By Sir T. H.

The Prophecy of Nereus *concerning the deſtruction of* Troy.

When in *Idean* ſhips the trecherous ſwain,
With *Hellen* his *Greek* miſtreſs croſt the main;
Nereus, that ill events he might preſage,
Becalm'd with lazy reſt the ſwift windes rage.
Thou her tak'ſt home with thee in an ill hower,
Whom *Greece* ſhall fetch again with armed power,
Conſpiring to diſſolve thy married ſtate,
And *Priam*'s antient Kingdome ruinate.
Alas! what toil for horſe, for men what pain,
What direful funerals of *Trojans* ſlain.
See, *Pallas*, helm and target doth provide,
And will on her incenſed Chariot ride.
In vain grown inſolent with *Venus* grace,
Shalt thou thine hair diſhevel, ſleeke thy face:
In vain ſhalt thou, on harps effeminate ſtring,
Soft tuned notes t' attentive women ſing:
In vain, thou in thy chamber ſhalt decline
Sharp ſpears, and head of *Cnoſſian* javeline,
Loud noiſe, and *Ajax*, nimble to purſue,
Yet duſt at laſt ſhall foil thy beauties hue.
Do'ſt thou not *Neſtor*, nor *Ulyſſes* mind,
VVho for thy countries ruine art deſign'd?
On the undaunted *Salaminius* flies;
Thee *Sthenelus* provokes, who bears the prize
Of armes, or horſe to mannage with command:
'Gainſt thee likewiſe ſhall *Meriones* ſtand:
Fell *Diomedes* ſtronger than his fire,
For thee, with deſp'rate fury ſhall enquire;

Whom as an hart that doth neglect his food,
Spying far off the wolf thirsty of blood,
Thou faintly shalt, and almost breathless flie,
Breaking thy vow to *Helen* cowardly.
Achilles wrathful Fleet the hour shall slack
Of *Phrygian* matrons fall, and *Ilium*'s wrack;
But *Grecian* fire in time determinate,
Shall *Trojan* buildings burn, and dissipate.

Ode XVI. By Sir *T. H.*

To a Friend.

He recants: For he asketh pardon of a Maid, whom he had wounded with Iambicks, transferring the fault upon anger, the unbridled force whereof he describeth.

DAughter, than thy fair mother much more fair,
On my Iambicks fraught with spiteful air,
Do thou prescribe what doom thy self shalt please,
Either of flames, or Adriatique seas.
Not *Dindymenian*, nor the *Pythian* Priest,
Are with such fury by their Gods possest;
Not *Bacchus*, nor the *Corybantes* so,
When on shrill brass they iterate their blow,
As baneful anger, which not *Norique* armes,
Nor the ship-wracking stormy Ocean charmes:
Not furious fire, nor *Jove* himself on high,
When he with dreadful thunder rends the skie.
'Tis said, *Prometheus*, resolv'd to make
Man out of clay, did several parcels take
Dissected cunningly from every beast,
And put fierce lions wrath into our breast.

Anger

Anger *Thyeſtes* into ruine caſt,
And unto cities ever was the laſt
Cauſe, why they fell, and that proud foes were ſeen
VVith hoſtile ſhare to plough where walls had been.
Bridle thy ſelf. Me likewiſe heat of blood
Enrag'd in youth, and with diſtemper'd mood
Into Iambicks hurri'd: Now I ſeek
To change my rougher language into meek;
So wrongs recanted, thou more friendly be,
And love reciprocal return to me.

Ode XVII.

To TYNDARIS.

Argument.

The Lyric Tyndaris *invites*
Unto Lucretile. *Recites*
What profits and delights abound,
And in what Climate may be found.

Velox amœnum.

FRom mount *Lyæus*, to ſweet *Lucretile*,
Swift-footed *Pan* is flitting ev'ry while,
And is ſtill my Goats defence
From ſtorms, and *Sols* hot influence.
Dams from their noiſom leaders ſtray'd away,
O're all the woods ſecurely forrage may,
Seeking Thyme and VVildings there;
Nor do the Kids infolded fear
Green-ſpeckled-ſnakes, nor wolfs to *Mars* aſſign'd:
VVhere e'r vales *(Tyndaris)* and the ſteep inclin'd

Mount

Mount *Uſtica*'s ſleek Rocks bound,
Again the Pipes harmonious ſound.
Me, Gods protect, and in my pietie,
And Lyric-Muſe, they much delighted be:
Rural wealth here plenty grows,
And with a bounteous horn o'r-flows.
Here in *Maandrian*-vale may'ſt thou decline
The *Dog-ſtars* heat; and chaunt in *Tejan* line
Penelope, and *Circe* clear,
VVho both for one man anxious were.
Here may'ſt thou proſtrate in a ſhadie bower,
Bolls of unnauſeous *Lesbian-wine* devour:
Nor ſhall *Bacchus* juice excite
Thee to outragious brawls and fight.
Nor ſhalt thou 'f jealous *Cyrus* fearful ſtand,
Leſt he o'r-lay thee with laſcivious hand,
Rending chaplets from thy crown,
And undeſerv'dly tear thy gown.

Ode XVIII. By Sir *R. F.*

To QUINTILIUS VARUS.

That with moderate drinking of wine, the minde is exhilirated: with immoderate, quarrels begotten.

OF all the trees, plant me the ſacred Vine
In *Tybur's* mellow fields, and let it climbe
Catbyllus walls: for *Jove* doth cares propound
To ſober heads, which in full cups are drown'd.
Of want, or war, who cries out after wine?
Thee father *Bacchus*, thee fair *Eryeine*,

Who

Who doth not ſing? but through intemp'rate uſe,
Leaſt * *Liber's* gifts you turn into abuſe,
Think of the *Centaures* braul, fought in their Cans,
With *Lapithes*: and to *Sithonians* * *Other names of Bacchus.*
Heavy *Evons*, when their heated blood
Makes little difference betwixt what's good,
And what is not. No, gentle *Baſſareu*,
I will not force thee; nor betray to view
Thy vine-clad parts: ſuppreſs thy *Thracian* hollow,
And diſmal dynn: which blind ſelf-love doth follow,
And Glory-puffing heads with empty worth,
And a Glaſs-boſome pouring ſecrets forth.

Ode. XIX.

Of GLYCERA.

Argument.

How beauteous Glycera *inſires*
His heart with amorous deſires.

Mater ſæva.

TYrannic *Venus* chargeth me,
And *Bacchus* th' heir of *Theban Semele*,
And wanton leiſure bids me too,
Extinguiſht flames of *Cupid* to renew.
Fair *Glycera* inflames me ſore,
Than any *Parian* Marble glitt'ring more:
Her pleaſing coyneſs, and her face
Is over-ruinating for a gaze.
The Queen of love her Iſle forſook,
Falling ſore on me, nor will *Scythians* brook,

Nor

Nor ſtout back-darting *Parthians*
For my Pens theam, nor unconcerning ſtrains.
Here (ſervants) green turf-altars rear,
Vervains, and ſacred Frankincenſe place here.
A Boll of two-years wine, to theſe
A victime ſlain, ſhe will her ire appeaſe.

ODE XX.

To MÆCENAS.

Argument.

He prays Mæcenas *for a gueſt*
Unto a plain and homely feaſt.

Vile potabis.

THou'ſt bouze cheap *Sabine* in ſmall cup,
Which in *Greek* Butt my ſelf daub'd up:
When Theaters with Ovations high
Rang in the skie.
Thy fames (thou of Equeſtrian rank
Mæcenas) that thy *Tiber's* bank,
And the eccho toſs'd thy praiſe again
From th' *Vaticane*:
Cæcubian, and *Calenian* wines,
Shall be thy drink. No *Falern* vines,
Nor Grapes which crown the *Formian* knolls,
Flow in my bolls.

Ode XXI. By Sir *T. H.*

Of *Diana* and *Apollo.*

He exhorteth youths and virgins to sing forth their praises.

YOu tender virgins, sound *Diana's* name,
(Boyes) be your song youthful *Apollo's* fame,
Latona likewise touch,
By *Jove* affected much.

(Maids) mention her, who loved rivers so,
And woods which on cold *Algidus* do grow,
On Erymant are spread;
Or Cragus verdant head.

(Boyes) with your notes delightful *Tempe* grace,
And *Delos* chaunt, *Apollo's* native place;
His shoulders, quiver-dight,
And harp of heavenly might.

He, with our prayers mov'd, shall banish far,
Sharp hunger, pestilence, and direful war
From Prince and people, to
Persian, and *British* foe.

Ode XXII. By Sir T. H.

To ARISTIUS.

Integrity of life is every where safe, which he proveth by his own example.

WHo lives upright, and pure of heart
(O *Fuscus*) neither needs the dart,
Nor bow, nor quiver, fraught with store
Of shafts envenom'd by the *Moor*:

Whether o're *Libya*'s parched sands,
Or *Caucasus* that houseless stands,
He takes his journey; or those places
Through which the fam'd *Hydaspes* traces,

For (careless) through the *Sabin* grove,
Whilest chaunting *Lalage*, I rove,
Not well observing limits due,
A wolf (from me unarmed) flew.

A monster such as all exceeds,
Which in huge words fierce *Daunia* feeds:
Or those that *Juba*'s kingdome hath,
The Desart-nurse of lions wrath.

Place me in coldest Champanies, where
No *Summer*-warmth the trees do cheer:
Let me in that dull Climate rest,
Which clouds and sullen *Jove* infest:

Yet,

Yea place me underneath the Carre
Of too near *Phœbus*: ſeated farre
From dwellings: *Lalage* Ile love,
Whoſe ſmiles, whoſe words ſo ſweetly move.

A Paraphraſe on the ſame Ode, *By* S. W.

To FUSCUS ARISTIUS.

THe juſt man needs nor Sword nor Bow,
Thoſe armes *his fear*, not ſafety ſhow,
Who better has for his defence
Strong guards of innocence.

For if along rough ſhoars he coaſt,
Tempeſts and *Seas* on him are loſt.
Or if he *Caucaſus* paſs by,
Tygers their rage deny.

A *wolf* that croſt me in my grove,
As I walkt muſing on my love,
Beyond my bounds, and no armes had,
Was of my love afraid.

Away he fled, though *Daunay* yields
No greater monſter in her fields:
Though *Africa* which Lions breeds,
None half ſo cruel feeds.

Put me where never *Summer* breeze
Kiſt the dull earth, or lifeleſs trees,
In that skirt of the world, where ſhow'rs
Do number out the hours,

Or

Or place me in the *Torrid Zone*,
Where never houſe or man was known,
If there my *Lalage* but ſmile
And ſing, Ile love the while.

Ode XXIII.

To CHLOE.

Argument.

Chloe *adult: no cauſe now why*
She ſhould from mens embracements fly.

Vitus himnloe.

CHloe, thou ſhunn'ſt me like a wanton Fawn
Of tim'rous Dam forſook in pathleſs lawn;
Dreading with minde agaſt
Ev'ry buſh, and every blaſt.
For as when *Zephyrus* trembling leaves doth ſhake,
Or green-ſpeckt Newts make bramble buſhes quake,
So tremulous is ſhe,
Dith'ring both in heart and knee:
But I not to devour thee now purſue,
As *Afric* Lions, and wild Tygers do.
O leave thy Mother pray,
Now grown ripe for *Venus* play.

Ode XXIV.

Ode XXIV. By Sir *T. H.*

To VIRGIL.

Who immoderately bewailed the death of Quintilius.

MElpomene, whom *Jove* our Father daignes
Shril voice apply'd to harps melodious strains;
Tell in sad notes how far the bounds extend
Of love, and shame unto so dear a friend;
Shall then in endless sleep *Quintilius* lie?
As equal unto whom, pure Modesty,
And Justice' sister, Faith sincere and plain,
Nor naked Verity shall ever gain?
Of many worthy men bemoan'd he fell,
But (*Virgil*) no mans grief can thine excell.
Thou (loving) dost (alas) the *gods* in vain
Quintilius, not so lent thee, ask again.
What if more sweet, than *Thracian Orpheus* wire,
You trees persuade to hearken to your lyre?
Yet can you not, return of life command
To shadow vain, which once with dreadful wand,
God *Mercury*, unwilling Fate t' unlock,
Hath forc'd to dwell among the *Stygian* flock.
'Tis hard, I grant; "But patience makes that light,
"Which to correct, or change, exceeds our might.

The ſame by Sir *R. F.*

To VIRGIL.

Who lamented immoderately the death of Quintilian.

WHat ſhame, or ſtint in mourning ore
So dear a Head? Weep not but rore
Melpomene, to whom thy Sire
Gave a ſhrill voice, and twanging lyre.
But does *Quintilian* ſleep his laſt?
Whoſe Fellow, Modeſty, and faſt
Faith, with her Siſter Juſtice joyn'd
And naked truth, when will they find?
Bewail'd by all good men, he's gone:
But then Thee *Virgil*, more by none.
Thou begſt back (ah! pious in vain)
Thee, not ſo lent, *Quintilian*.
If ſweeter then the *Thracian* Bard,
Thou could'ſt ſtrike tunes by dull Trees heard,
The blood would never more be made
To flow into the empty ſhade,
Which *Hermes* with his horrid wand
(Inflexible to countermand
Th' unevitable doom of Death)
Once drove to the black Flock beneath.
'Tis hard: But Patience makes that leſs,
Which all the World cannot redreſs.

Ode XXV.

To *Lydia*.

Argument.

He Lydia *scoffs for Aged look,*
And cause her Suiters her forsook.

Parcius junctas.

NOw froward youths rap not so sore
At thy shut casements as before,
To break thy sleep; thy gates love much
Their thresholds touch,
Which wont so 'ft on glib hinges run:
Thou'rt less and less now call'd upon.
Ho *Lydia*! sleep'st all night while I
Thy lover die?
Thou, an ag'd Quean, again shalt moan
Thy scornful Paramours, all alone,
In narrow lanes: while North-winds range
'Bout *Phœbe*'s change:
When fragrant love, and lustful flames,
Such as infuriates Horses dams,
Thy ulcer'd breast with rage impales,
Not without wails:
'Cause youth likes verdant Ivy more,
Than Myrtle almost fabled o'r:
And gives to *Heber*'s Wintry tide
Boughs wither-dry'd.

Ode XXVI. By Sir *T. H.*

To his Muse concerning *Ælius Lamia.*

It is not fit for the lovers of the Muses to be subject to care and sadness. The Poet commendeth his Lamia *to the Pimplean Muse.*

I, Who the Muses love, sadness, and fear
Will to rough winds commit, that they may bear
Them to the Cretique sea, careless, who swayes,
And whom the far-North dweller most obeys:
Or what doth great *Tirridates* affright.
O my Pimplean Muse (my hearts delight;)
O thou who near pure Fountains sittest down,
Wreath o'drous flowers for *Lamia*, wreath a crown.
Little without thee worketh my applause:
'Tis now become thine, and thy Sister's cause
Him, with unused strains to celebrate,
And with thy *Lesbian* lyre to consecrate.

Ode XXVII. By Sir *R. F.*

To his Companions.

To his Companions feasting together, that they should not quarrel in their drink, and fight with the Cups themselves, after the manner of the Barbarians.

With Goblets made for Mirth, to fight,
'Tis barbarous: leave that *Thracian* rite,
Nor mix the bashful blushing God
Of Wine, with quarrels and with blood.

A Can

A Cand-ſtick, and Quart-pot, how far,
They differ from the Cymitar?
Your wicked noiſe Companions ceaſe,
And on your Elbows lean in peace.
Would you have me to ſhare th' auſtere
Falernian liquor: Let me hear
Megella's brother, by what eyes,
Of what bleſt wound and ſhaft he dies.
No! then will I not drink: whatever
Venus tames thee, ſhe toaſts thy Liver
With fires thou haſt no cauſe to cover,
Still ſinning an ingenuous lover.
Come, thou may'ſt lay it whatſoere
It is, ſecurely in my Ear.
Ah wretch! in what a Whirl-pool tane?
Boy worthy of a better flame,
What Witch with her *Theſſalian* Rod
Can looſe thee from thoſe charmes? What God?
Scarce *Pegaſus* himſelf can thee
From this three-ſhap'd *Chimera* free.

A Paraphraſe on the ſame Ode, *by Dr.* P:

WHat? Quarrel in your drink, my friends? ye'abuſe
Glaſſes, and Wine, made for a better uſe.
'Tis a *Dutch* trick; Fie, let your brawling ceaſe,
And from your Wine and Olives learn both mirth and peace.
Your *ſwords* drawn in a *Tavern*, whileſt the hand
That holds them ſhakes, and he that fights cann't ſtand,

Sheath 'um for shame, embrace, kiss, so away,
Sit down, and ply the business of the day.
But I'le not drink, unless *T. S.* declares
Who is his *Mistress*, and whose wounds he wears.
Whence comes the glance, from what sweet-killing-Eye,
That sinks his Hope so low, and mounts his Muse so high!
Wilt thou not tell? Drawer, what's to pay?
If you're reserv'd I'le neither drink nor stay:
Or let me go, or out w'it; she must be
Worth naming, sure; whose *Fate* it was to conquer thee:
Speak softly, ——— She! forbid it Heaven above!
Unhappy youth! unhappy in thy love;
Oh how I pity thy Eternal pain!
Thou never can'st get loose, thou never canst obtain;
Lets talk no more of love, my friends, lets drink again.

Ode. XXVIII. By Sir *T. H.*

Architas, a Philosopher, and Geometrician, is presented, answering to a certain Mariner, that all men must die, and intreating him, that he would not suffer his body to lie on the shore unburied.

THe poor gift of a little dust, confines,
And neer unto the *Matine* shore enshrines
Thee, now (*Architas*) who could'st measure well
The Sea, the Earth, and Sands, which none can tell.
Nor

Nor could it any help, or profit be,
Death being ready ſtill to ſeize on thee;
Thoſe airy manſions to have ſought from hence,
And oft ſurvey'd the Heavens circumference.
The ſire of *Pelops*, who with *gods* did feaſt,
And aged *Tython*, ſhrunk at Deaths arreſt:
And *Minos*, to *Joves* counſels call'd, was ſlain,
And *Panthois* di'de, ſent down to Hell again;
Though by the ſhield pull'd down, he proving well
That his Firſt-birth in *Trojane* ages fell,
Affirm'd, that Death nought kill'd, but nerves & skin:
(No man in Natures power was better ſeen:)
But we into one ſelf-ſame night do fall,
And muſt the paths of Death tread once for all.
The Furies ſome to games of *Mars* apply,
The greedy ſailer drench'd in ſails doth lie.
In death both young and old, by heaps do joyn;
Nor any head eſcapes ſad *Proſerpine*.
Me, the South-wind, crooked *Orion*'s Mate
O're-whelmed in *Illyrian* waves of late:
But (gentle Friend) be pleas'd now I am dead,
In looſe ſands to interre my bones, and head.
Which done (ſo thou be ſafe) may th' Eaſtern-wind,
Which ſtirs *Heſperian* billows, be aſſign'd
To bluſter lowdly in *Venuſium* woods:
And may on ev'ry ſide, thy traffiqu'd goods
In plenty flow to thee from *Joves* juſt hand,
And *Neptune*, who *Tarentum* doth command:
But if this fault of thine ſhall ſeem but ſlight,
(Which may upon thy harmleſs iſſue light)
I wiſh due puniſhment and proud neglect,
May on thy funeral Obſequies reflect:
Nor ſhall my prayers be poured forth in vain,
Nor vows have ſtrength to ſet thee free again.

Yet if thou haſte, no longer ſtay I crave,
But thrice to throw the duſt upon my Grave.

Ode XXIX. by Sir *T. H.*

To ICCIUS.

It is a ſtrange thing, that Iccius *the Philoſopher intermitting his Studies, ſhould become a man at Armes, out of the love of money.*

Iccius, thou now the *Arabs* doſt envy
Their golden treaſure, and to warrs doſt hie,
'Gainſt the *Sabean* Kings unvanquiſhed,
And nets prepar'ſt to ſnare the horrid *Mede*.
What Captive Damſel her beloved ſlain
Shall ſerve thee now? What youth of noble ſtrain
Shall now annointed, on thy Cup attend,
Prompt, from his fathers Bow ſwift-ſhafts to ſend?
Who can deny but falling Rivers may
Run up ſteep hills, and *Tyber* backward ſtray:
When thou *Panetius* books on all ſides ſought,
And houſe of *Socrates*, where arts were taught,
Do'ſt into Steely *Spaniſh* armes tranſlate,
With promiſe to thy ſelf of better ſtate.

Ode XXX.

To VENUS.

Argument.

He implores Venus *to refrain*
Her Cyprus, *and her presence daign*
At Glyc'ras *consecrated Fane.*

O Venus regina.

O *Venus*, *Cnide's* and *Paphos* Queen,
At *Cyprus* be less gracious seen:
To *Glyc'ras* beauteous Temple go,
Where odours flow.
Take with thee *Cupid*, ungirt *graces*,
The agile *Nymphs* with their swift paces,
Juventas sullen without thee,
And *Mercurie.*

Ode XXXI. By Sir *R. F.*

To APOLLO.

He askes not riches of Apollo, *but that he may have a sound mind in a sound body.*

WHat does the Poet *Phœbus* pray,
In his new Fane? what does he say,
Pouring sweet liquor from the cup?
Not give me fat *Sardinia's* crop,

Nor

Not hot *Calabria*'s goodly Kye:
Not Gold, and *Indian* Ivory:
Not Fields which quiet *Liris* laves,
And eats into with silent waves.
Proyne, They that have them, Massick Vines:
In Golden Goblets carowse Wines,
The wealthy Merchant, which he bought
With Merchandise from *Syria* brought,
The Minion of the Gods: as he
That in one year the *Atlantick* Sea
Three or four times, unpunish'd past.
Mine Olives, Endive my Repast,
And Mallows light. *Latona*'s *Son*,
In Minde and Bodies health my own
T' enjoy; old Age from dotage free,
And solac'd with the Lute, give me.

The same by Sir T. H.

WHat doth thy Poet ask (*Phœbus* divine;)
What craves he, when he pours the bowles of (wine?
Not the rich corn of fat *Sardinia*,
Nor fruitful Flocks of burnt *Calabria*,
Nor gold, nor *Indian* ivorie; nor the grounds,
Which silent *Lyris* with soft stream arrounds.
Let those whom Fortune so much store assigns,
Prune with *Calenian* hook their fertile vines:
Let the rich Merchant to the Gods so dear,
(For so I term him right, who every year,
Three, or four times, visits the *Atlantique* seas
From shipwrack free:) Let him his palate please;
And in guilt bowls drink wines of highest price,
Bought with the sale of *Syrian* Merchandice.

Loose

Looſe Mallows, Succorie, and Olive-plant
Serve me for food. O (great *Apollo*) grant
To me in health, and free from life's annoy,
Things native, and ſoon gotten to enjoy;
And with a mind compos'd old Age attain,
Not loathſome, nor depriv'd of *Lyrick* ſtrain.

ODE XXXII.

To his Lyre.

Argument.

He bids his Lyre ſtill ready be
To chear him up with Melody.

Poſcimus ſi quid.

WE beg, if we ſupinely lane,
In ſhrouds with thee play'd ere a ſtrain
Worth Fame's Record, ô Lyre diſplay
In Latine Lay:

On which *Alcæus* firſt reſounded,
Who (though with *Mars* fierce broyls ſurrounded,
Or that his ſhatter'd ſail he ry'd
To th' Ocean ſide:)

Of *Liber*, *Muſes*, *Venus* ſung,
And th' youth that always to her clung;
And *Lycus* for black eyes and hair,
Of preſence rare.

O Lyre,

O Lyre, *Apollo*'t ornament,
Yielding *Jove*s banquets bleſt content,
My toils ſweet ſolace, hail while I
Unto thee cry.

Ode XXXIII.

To ALBIUS TIBULLUS.

Argument.

He Albius *wills not lay't to heart,*
Though undeſervedly on his part,
Curſt Glycera *reſpecteth more*
His Rival, and Competitour.

Albi, ne doleas.

Albius, not too exceſſively condole
Harſh *Glycera*'s unkindneſs: neither howl
Out mournful Elegies, though thy *junior* be
Perfidiouſly preferr'd to thee.
Lycoris, fam'd for narrow fore-head, burns
For *Cyrus* love; and *Cyrus*, loe he turns
Unto coy *Pholoe*: But e'r *Pholoe* erre
With that all-baſe Adulterer,
Goats with *Apulian* wolfs ſhall copulate:
So *Venus*, and dire *Cupid* pleaſe, who mate
Unequal forms, and diff'rent mindes together
Within a Braſen yoke and Tether.

But

But when a fairer Miſtreſs courted me,
Myrtle me held in ſweet captivity,
A Libertine, more fierce than *Atrian* Seas,
Which crooktly 'bout *Calabria* preaze.

Ode XXXIV. By Sir *R. F.*

To himſelf.

Repenting that having followed the Epicureans, he had been little ſtudious in worſhipping the Gods.

I, That have ſeldome worſhipt Heaven,
As to a mad Sect too much giv'n,
My former wayes am forced to balk,
And after the old light to walk.
For Cloud-dividing, lightning-*Jove*,
Through a clear Firmament late drove
His thrundring Horſes, and ſwift wheels:
With which ſupporting *Atlas* reels:
With which Earth, Seas, the Stygian Lake,
And Hell, with all her Furies quake.
It ſhook me too. God pulls the Proud
From his high Seat, and from their Cloud
Draws the obſcure: Levels the hills,
And with their Earth the vallies fills:
'Tis all he does, he does it all:
Yet this, blind Mortals Fortune call.

Ode XXXV. By Sir *T. H.*

To Fortune.

He beſeecheth her, that ſhe would preſerve Cæſar *going into* Britany.

O Goddeſs, which beloved *Antium* ſwayes,
Still ready with thy powerful Arm to raiſe
Men, from the low degree of wretched thrals,
Or turn proud Triumphs into Funerals;
The poor and ruſtick Clown with humble plea
Solicites thee: The Lady of the Sea
He loudly invocates, who ere doth ſweep
In *Aſian* veſſel the *Carpathian* Deep.
The *Dacian* rough, the wandring *Scythian*,
Kingdomes and Cities; the fierce *Latian*:
Thee Mothers of *Barbarian* Kings do fear,
And Tyrants, which bright Purple garments wear.
Let not a ſtanding Pillar be o'reſ[illegible]own
By thy offended foot: Nor be it known,
That troops of Warlike people now at reſt;
Take Armes again, and Empire's peace infeſt.
Still, ſharp Neceſſitie before thee goes,
Holden in Brazen hand, (as pledge of woes)
Tormenting beams, and wracks: and more to daunt,
Sharp hooks, and molten lead do never want.
Thee, Hope, and ſimple Faith in white attire,
Much honour, and thy company deſire;
How e're thou do'ſt another habit take,
And made a Foe to Great Men, them forſake.
But the falſe Multitude, and perjur'd Whore
Retireth back: yea friends, when veſſel's ſtore

Is to the dregs drunk up, away do flie,
Shunning the yoke of mutual povertie;
Preserve thou *Cæsar* safe, we thee implore,
Bound to the worlds remotest *Brittan* shore,
And those new Troops of youth, whose dreadful sight,
The East and ruddie Ocean doth affright.
Fie on our broyles, vile Acts, and Brothers fall.
Bad Age! what mischief do we shun at all?
What youth, his hand for fear of Gods contains?
Or who from sacred Altar's spoil refrains?
Ah! rather let's dull swords new forge, and whet
Against th' *Arabian* and the *Massaget*.

Ode XXXVI.

To POMPONIUS NUMIDA.

Argument.

Our Lyrick joy'd, exults amain
For Numida's *return from* Spain.

Et thure, & fidibus.

WIth Frankincense and Lyric Lay,
And bullocks justly slaughter'd, let's allay
Great *Numid*'s tutelary *gods:*
Who safe arriv'd from *Spains* remot'st abodes,
Gave's dear friends many a-kiss-salute,
But to sweet *Lamia* most did distribute:
Remembring how both served all
Their youthful dayes under one *General*.

And

And both their gowns together quit,
This beauteous day ſign with a Chalky ſmit:
Let vaſt Wine-rundlets freely ſpout,
And *Salian* like inceſſant skip about,
Nor more let ſoaking *Dam'lis* bouze,
Than *Baſſus* in a *Thracian* carrouze.
Let Roſes, Parſley ever green,
And fading Lillies much at feaſts be ſeen:
All ſhall their eyes with Luſt infeſted
On *Dam'lis* caſt, nor *Dam'lis* be wreſted
From her new Paramour, who combine
Cloſer than any amorous Ivies twine.

Ode XXXVII. By Sir *T. H.*

To his Companions.

Whom he exhorteth to be merry upon the Newes of the Actiaque *victory.*

NOw let us drink, now dance (Companions) now,
Let's *Salian* banquets to the Gods allow.
It might before this time be thought a ſin,
To broach old *Cæcube* wines, whilſt the mad Queen
Prepar'd the ruine, and diſaſtrous fall,
Both of the Empire and the Capitoll,
With her ſcabb'd Troop of men effeminate,
Proud with vaſt hopes, & *drunk* with proſp'rous ſtate:
But the ſcarce ſafety of one ſhip from fire
Leſs'ned her fury, whilſt great *Cæſars* ire
To real fears enforc'd her to relign
Her minde enrag'd with *Mareotique* wine,

He

He preſſed with ſwift veſſels to enchain
This monſter, flying *Italy* amain:
As Hawk the fearful Dove, or Hunter ſwift
Purſues the Hare th'row *Æmon*'s ſnowie drift:
Whilſt ſhe, that ſhe might die the nobler way,
Did neither as a woman fear the ray
Of brandiſh'd ſword, nor laboured to flie,
With ſpeedy flight in ſecret nooks to lie:
But with an eye ſerene, and courage bold,
Durſt her dejected Palaces behold,
Handle the hiſſing Adder and the Snake,
And in her body their black poyſon take;
Made the more fierce by death determined,
She (Noble Spirit) ſcorned to be led
In hoſtile veſſels, as a private thrall,
To fill proud triumphs with her wretched fall.

Ode XXXVIII.

To his Servant.

Argument.

He wills his Servant, rooms be dreſt
With Myrtle onely at his Feaſt.

Perſicos odi.

SErvant, all *Perſian* pomp diſdain,
From Teyl-rinde pleated Crowns refrain:
Ceaſe further ſcrutiny where grows
The tardy Roſe.

For nothing but plain Myrtles care,
They moſt beſeeming Servants are:
And for my ſelf too, tipling laid
In Vine-tree ſhade.

The end of the Firſt Book.

ODES.

ODES.

BOOK II.

Ode I. By Sir *R. F.*

To C. ASINIUS POLLIO.

He exhorts him to intermit a while his writing of Tragedies, *until he have finisht his History of the Civil War of* Rome ; *Then extolls that Work.*

THE Civil War from the first seeds,
The Causes of it, Vices, Tides
Of various Chance, and our prime Lords
Fatal Alliance, and the Swords
Sheath'd, but not yet hung up, and oyl'd,
The Quarrels fully reconcil'd:
Thou writ'st a work of hazard great,
And walk'st on Embers in deceit-
Full Ashes rak't. Let thy severe
Tragical Muse a while forbear

The Stage: This publick Task then done,
Thy Buskins high again put on,
Afflicted Clients grand support
And light to the consulting Court:
Whom thy *Dalmatick* triumph crown'd
With deathless Bayes. Hark how the sound
Of thy brac'd Drums, awakes old fears,
Thy Trumpets tingle in our ears:
How clattering armes make the Horse shog,
And from the Horse-man's face the blood.
Now, now amidst the Common Heard
See the great Generals fight, besmear'd
With glorious dust: and quel'd the whole
World, but unconquer'd *Cato*'s Soul!
Juno, and whatsoever Gods,
To *Affrick* Friends, yielded to th' odds
Of *Rome*; the Victors Grandsons made
A Sacrifice to *Jugurth*'s shade.
What Field, manur'd with *Daunian* blood
Shews not in Graves, our impious Feud,
And the loud crack of *Latiums* tall,
Heard to the *Babylonian* wall?
What lake, what river's ignorant
Of the sad war? what Sea with paint
Of *Latine* slaughter, is not red?
What land's not peopled with our dead?
But wanton Muse, least leaving Toyes,
Thou should'st turn Odes to Elegies,
Let us in *Dionian* Ceil
Seek matter for a lighter Quill.

Ode

Ode II. By Sir *R. F.*

To C. SALUSTIUS CRISPUS.

First, he praises P. *for his liberality to his brothers: Then shews, that he who can repress his appetite, and despise money, is onely a King, onely happy.*

Salust, thou enemy of gold,
Mettles, which th' earth hath hoarded, Mould,
Until with moderate exercise
Their colour rise.

No Age the name of *Pontius* smothers,
For being a Father to his Brothers:
Surviving Fame on towring wings
His bounty sings.

He that restrains his covetous soul,
Rules more, then if he should controul
Both Land and Sea; and adde a *West-Indies* to th' *East*.

The cruel Dropsie grows, self-nurst,
The thirst not quencht, till the cause first
Be purg'd the veins, and the faint humour
Which made the tumour.

Vertue, that reves what Fortune gave,
Calls crown'd *Phraates* his Wealth's slave,
And to the Common People teaches
More proper speeches.

Giving a Scepter, and ſure Throne,
And unſhar'd Palmes to him alone,
That (unconcerned) could behold
Mountains of Gold.

Ode III. By Sir *R. F.*

To DELLIUS.

That the minde ſhould not be caſt down with adverſity, nu puft up with proſperity: But that we ſhould live merrily, ſince the condition of dying is equal to all.

KEep ſtill an equal minde, not ſunk
With ſtormes of adverſe chance, not drunk
With ſweet Proſperitie,
O *Dellius* that muſt die,
Whether thou live ſtill melancholy,
Or ſtretcht in a retired valley;
Make all thy howers merry
With bowls of choiceſt Sherrie.
Where the white Poplar and tall Pine,
Their hoſpitable ſhadow joyn,
And a ſoft purling brook,
With wrigling ſtream doth crook;
Bid hither Wines and Oyntments bring,
And the too ſhort ſweets of the Spring,
Whilſt wealth and youth combine,
And the Fates give thee Line.

Thou

Thou muſt forgoe thy purchas'd ſeats,
Ev'n that which golden *Tyber* wets,
Thou muſt; and a glad Heir
Shall revel with thy care.
If thou be rich, born of the Race
Of antient *Inachus*, or baſe
Lieſt in the ſtreet; all's one,
Impartial death ſpares none.
All go one way: ſhak'd is the pot,
And firſt or laſt comes forth thy lot,
The Paſs, by which thou'rt ſent
T' Eternal baniſhment.

Ode IV. By Sir *R. F.*

To XANTHIA PHOCEUS.

That he need not be aſhamed of being in love with a Serving-maid: for that the ſame had befaln many a Great Man.

TO love a Serving-Maid's no ſhame;
The white *Briſeis* did enflame
Her Lord *Achilles*, and yet none
Was prouder known.
Stout *Telamonian Ajax* prov'd
His Captives Slave; *Atrides* lov'd
In midſt of all his Victories,
A Girl his prize:

When the *Barbarian* ſide went down,
And *Hectors* death rendred the Town
Of *Troy*, more eaſie to be carried
By *Grecians* wearied.
Know'ſt thou from whom fair *Phillis* ſprings?
Thou may'ſt be ſon in law to Kings;
She mourns, as one depos'd by Fate
From regal ſtate.
Believe 't ſhe was not poorly born:
Phoceus, ſuch Faith, ſo brave a ſcorn
Of tempting riches, could not come
From a baſe womb.
Her face, round armes, and every lim
I praiſe unſmit. Suſpect not him,
On whoſe *loves* wild-fire Age doth throw
Its cooling Snow.

ODE V.

Upon Lalage.

Argument.

Since beauteous Lalage's *unfit*
For Hymens *rites, or* Venus *yet;*
He will with Continency's reign,
All wild Concupiſcence reſtrain.

Nondum ſubacta.

AS yet with neck ſubdu'd ſhe cannot 'bide
The yoke, nor anſwer th' office of a bride;
Nor ſuſtain the eagerful,
Fierce ruſhes of a pondrous bull.

Thy

Thy heifer 'bout the *Verdant* medows roves;
Sometimes in brooks t' allay her thirſt ſhe loves;
And ſometimes ſhe's much rejoyc'd
To ſport with Calves 'mongſt Sallows moyſt.
Reſtrain all longing for Grapes immature:
Straight gaudie *Autumn* deckt in Purple pure
Will to thee ripe cluſters ſend,
Straight ſhe thy foot-ſteps will attend.
For fleet-heel'd *Time* with rapid motion flows,
And years ſubtracted from thy date beſtows
On her. Straight with brazen brow
Will *Lalage* a husband wooe.
More lov'd than *Cloris*, or nice *Pholoe*:
Her candid ſhoulders glittering, like the Sea
In the night with Moon-ſhine dy'd;
Or *Gyges* ſprung from th' Iſle of *Cnide*:
Whom if thou rank'ſt among the Virgin Fyle,
His ſcarce-ſpy'd difference eas'ly might beguile
Quick-ey'd ſtrangers, for his Grace
Of ſhev'led hair, and dubious face.

ODE VI. By Sir *T. H.*

To SEPTIMIUS.

He wiſheth Tybur *and* Tarentum *may be the ſeat of his old age, whoſe ſweetneſs he praiſeth.*

Septimius, ready bent, with me
Rude *Cantabers*, or *Gades* to ſee,
And thoſe inhoſpitable Quick-ſands, where
The *Mooriſh* ſeas high billows rear.

Tybur,

Tybur, which th' *Argives* built (O may)
That be the place of my last day:
May it my limit be, of ease
From journeys, warfare, and rough seas.
But if the Sister-Fates deny,
I'le to rich fleec'd *Galesus* hie,
And thence down to *Tarentum* stray,
Earst subject to *Phalantus* sway.
That tract of land best pleaseth me,
Where not *Hymettia*'s full fraught Bee
Yields better honey, and where grow
Olives, that equal *Venafro*;
Where the middle air yields gentle frost,
And a long Spring-tide warms the coast,
And *Aulon* fertile in rich vines,
Envieth not *Falernian* wines.
That place, with all those fruitful hills,
Me with desire of thee fulfils:
There let thy due-paid tears descend
O're the warm ashes of thy friend.

Ode 7.

Ode VII.

To POMPEIUS VARUS.

Argument.

He gratulates that Pompey's *come*
In safety to his Native home.

O ſæpe mecum.

O, Thou reduc't oft to extremeſt thrall
With me, when *Brutus* was our General;
Who to *Latiums* liberty,
And Rural Lars reſtored thee
Pompey my chief'ſt aſſociate? with whom I
Oft many long-day drunk Wine copiouſly,
My bright hair with unguents fill'd,
From rich *Malobathrum* diſtill'd.
I with thee bare th' brunt of *Philips* Field,
And flying baſely flung away my ſhield,
When thoſe foil'd ſouldiers ſwell'd
With boaſts, to blood-drencht earth were fell'd;
Pay *Jove* then thy vow'd Junckets, and repoſe
Thy limbs out-tir'd with warfare's tedious woes
Under my Bay-ſhroud, nor ſpare
What hogſheads for thee deſtin'd are.
Let poliſht Goblets freely flow about,
With mem'ry-thralling *Maſſick* wines: teem out
Sweet Oyles from capacious cup:
Who ſtrives to pleat a chaplet up
Of Mirtle, or moiſt Parſley? Who's the gueſt,
Venus-throw ſigns *Controller* of the feaſt?
I'le play *Thracian*: pleas'd amain
To rant, my friend return'd again.

Ode 8.

Ode VIII. By Sir *R. F.*

To BARINE.

That there is no reason why he should believe her when she swears: for the Gods revenge not the perjuries of handsome women.

IF any punishment did follow
Thy perjurie: if but a hollow
Tooth, or a speckled nail, thy vow
Should pass. But thou,
Wheu thou hast bound thy head with slight
Untwisting oaths, are fairer by't:
And like a Comet spread'st thy rayes,
The publick gaze.
It boots thee to deceive the Ghost
Of thy dead Mother, and still boast
Of Heav'n with their eternal aboads,
And deathless *gods.*
Venus but laughs at what is done,
Her easie nymphs, and cruel son,
On bloodie whetstone grinding ever
His burning quiver.
New suitors daily are inrol'd,
New servants come, nor do the old
Forsake their impious Mistress dore,
Which they forswore.
Thee Mothers for their Fillies dread,
Thee gripple Sires, and Wives new wed,
Least thy bewitching breath should fray
Their Lords away.

Ode IX. By Sir *T. H.*

To VALGIUS.

That now at length he would desist to deplore his deceased Myste.

THe swelling Cloud, not alwayes powres
On rugged Fields, impetuous showres:
Nor *Caspian* Sea (*Valgius* belov'd)
With boystrous stormes, is ever mov'd:
Nor on *Armenia*'s bordring shore,
Dull *Isicles* stand alwayes hore:
Or garden-groves with North-windes riv'd,
Or are Ash-trees of leaves depriv'd.
You still in mournful sort complain,
That death hath your dear *Myste* slain;
Your love sets not, if *Vesper* rise,
Nor when from *Phœbus*, *Hesper* flies:
But thrice-ag'd *Nestor* did not still,
Tears, for *Antilochus* distill:
Nor Parents, nor sad Sisters, ever
To wail young *Troilus* persever.
Cease then at length thy soft complant,
And in our songs, now let us paint
Great *Cæsars* Trophies, and command,
And how conjoyn'd to conquer land,
The *Median* stream, and *Nyphate* strong,
In lesser channels run along,
And *Gelons* to less limits tide,
In far more straightned Fields do ride.

Ode X. By Sir R. F.

To LICINIUS.

That Mediocrity, and Equality of the Mind, in both Fortunes, are to be retained.

THe safest way of life, is neither
To tempt the Deeps; nor whilest foul weather
You fearfully avoid, too near
The shore to steer.
He that affects the *Golden Mean*,
Will neither want a house that's clean,
Nor swell unto the place of showres
His envy'd Towres:
The tempest doth more often shake
Huge Pines: and loftie Turrets take
The greatest falls: and Thunder lops
The mountain tops.
A mind which true proportion bears,
In adverse hopes, in prosperous fears
The other lot. *Jove* Winters brings,
And *Joves* give Springs.
It may be well, if now 'tis ill:
Sometimes *Apollo* with his Quill,
Wakes his dull Harp, and doth not ever
Make use of's Quiver.
In boystrous Fortune ply thy Oar,
And tug it stoutly to the shore;
Contract in too auspicious Gales
Thy swelling sails.

A Para-

A Paraphraſe on the ſame Ode, *by* S. W.

WOuld you a conſtant Fortune keep
Licinius? Truſt not the falſe *Deep*;
And though black ſtormes begin to roar,
As little truſt the *ſhore*.

The man who loves the *golden mean*,
Has his Herth neat, and houſe ſwept clean:
Below't, he envies not the Court,
Above't, he cares not for't.

Winds oft'neſt tear the lofty *Pine*,
While its low growth defends the *Vine*;
Huge *Piles* in greateſt ruines fall,
And *Thunder* levels all.

A *gallant breſt* hopes well at worſt,
A change will come, though 't be long firſt;
And when 'tis come, he fears the beſt,
And dare not think of reſt.

This Heav'n will teach us every year,
Winter has *Summer* in the rear;
And when the *Ebbe* doth run moſt low,
The *Tide* ere long will flow.

Though 'tis bad now, 'twill ſoon be ſpent,
Apollo's Bow 's not alwayes bent,
But ſometimes he'l the *Muſe* bid ſing,
And touch a better ſtring.

When

When Fates are croſs, then *courage* ſhow,
Be wiſe when *gales* more *proſperous* blow;
Strike ſail, and put not too far out,
The Wind may turn about.

Ode XI. By Sir *T. H.*

To QUINTUS HIRPINUS.

Cares laid aſide, let us live merrily.

WHat the *Cantabrian* ſtout, or *Scythian* think,
Divided from us by rough *Adria's* brink,
(*Quintus Hirpinus*) do not thou enquire,
Nor for life's uſe, which little doth deſire,
Be too ſolicitous. Sleek youth, apace
Haſt's hence away, and with it beauties grace,
Dry-aged hoarineſs which furrows deep
Diſpelling amorous fires, and gentle ſleep.
The *Summer* Flowers keep not their Native grace,
Nor ſhines the bright Moon, with a conſtant face.
Why doſt thou vex thy minde, ſubordinate
Unto the counſels of Eternal Fate?
Why under this high Plain, or Pine-trees ſhade
In diſcompoſed manner, careleſs laid
Anoint not we, and then to drink prepare?
Free *Bacchus* diſſipates conſuming care.
But (oh) what Boy *Falernian* wine's hot rage,
Will ſoon for me, with Fountain ſtreams aſſwage?
Or, who will *Lyde* wiſh from cloſe retire
Hither to come? Boy, with her Ivory lire

Bid her make haſte, and like *Laconian* maids
Tie her neglected hair in careleſs braids.

Ode XII.

To MÆCENAS.

Argument.

Dire wars, and Tragick ſubjects, they
Incongruous are for Lyric lay.
Lycimnia's *ſplendour* Horace *ſings,*
And ſuch like amatorious things.

Nolis longa.

NO tedious Wars on fierce *Numantia*'s plain,
Nor hardy *Hannibal*, nor *Scicilian* main,
Purpled with *Carthaginian* blood, deſire
Be warbled on ſoft Lyric wire:
Nor barbarous *Lapiths*, nor the liquor-ſwell'd
Hyleus, nor whom *Alcides* proweſs quell'd,
That brood of earth, whoſe diſmal terrour made
Ag'd *Saturns* glorious houſe afraid.
But thou (*Mæcenas*) in the looſer ſtile
Of an Hiſtorian, better canſt compile
Great *Cæſars* acts, and threatful Princes ſhown
Chain'd by the necks along the Town.
My *Muſe* would treat of thoſe melodious *layes*
Of thy dear Ladies, ſweet *Lycimnia*'s:
And of her clear refulgent eyes, and breaſt
With Flames of faithful love poſſeſt:
Whom neither dancing poſtures miſ-became,
Nor jeſtful skirmiſh, nor in ſportive game

Fair virgins with incircling armes t' inthral,
On famous *Djans* festival.
Would'st for the wealth rich *Achamenes* ows,
Or all the riches fertile *Phrygia* shows,
Or th' *Arabs* houses which well furnisht are,
Exchange thy dear *Lycimnia's* hair?
While she for kisses wreaths her neck awry,
Or doth with gentle cruelty deny
What, then her love, she rather covets t'ane:
Straight she'l anticipate again.

Ode XIII. By Sir *R. F.*

To a Tree, by whose fall in his Sabine Villa, *he was like to have been slain.*

That no man can sufficiently understand what to avoid: From thence he slides into the praises of Sappho *and* Alcæus.

A Planter with a ( ) was he
That with unhallowed hand set thee,
A trap for the succeeding race,
And ignominy of the place.
He might as well have hang'd his Sire,
Or practis'd all the Poysons dire
Medea temper'd, or have shed
His Guests blood sleeping in his bed:
Or if a worse crime may be found,
As to place thee upon my ground,
Unlucky wood; thee, stagg'ring trunk,
To brain thy *Master* when th'art drunk.

No

No man knows truly what to ſhun;
The *Punick* Sea-man fears to run
Upon ſome *Shelf*, but doth not dread
Another *Fate* over his head:
The Souldier, Shafts, and *Parthian* fight;
The *Parthian* chains and *Roman* might.
But *Death* had ſtill, and ſtill will have,
A thouſand back-wayes to the grave.
How near was I *Hells* Jaundied Queen,
And *Minos* on the *Bench* t' have ſeen,
And the deſcrib'd *Elyſian* ſhades?
And *Sappho*, of her Countrey-maids
Complaining on *Æolian* wire?
And the *Aceus*, with *gold lyre*
In fuller notes thundring a Fight,
Ratling a ſtorm, flutring a *flight*?
Both (worthy of a *ſacred pawſe*)
The pious Ghoſts hear with applauſe:
But moſt the *Fights*, and *Tyrants* fears,
The ſhouldring throng drink with their *ears*.
What wonder, when th' infernal *hound*,
With three heads, liſtens to that ſound:
The Furies *ſnakes* their curles unknit,
Nor finde revenge ſo ſweet as it.
'Tis Play-day too, with *Pelop's* fire,
And him that ſtole from *heaven* the fire,
Orion ev'n his hunting leaves,
And greater pleaſure thence receives.

Ode XIV. By Sir *R. F.*

To POSTHUMUS.

That Death cannot be avoided.

AH *Posthumus*? the years of man
Slide on with winged pace, nor can
Vertue reprieve her friend
From wrinkles, age, and end.
Not, though thou bribe with daily blood
Stern *Dis*, who with the *Stygian* Flood
Doth *Gerion* surround,
And *Titius* Acres bound.
Sad Flood, which we must *ferry* all
That feed upon this earthly ball,
From the King to the poor
Beggar that howls at door.
In vain avoid we *Mars*'s fury,
And breaking waves that kill and bury:
In vain the sickly falls,
Fruitful of funerals.
Visit we must the sootie shore
Of dull *Cocytus*, th' empry store
Of *Daunus* wicked stock.
And *Sisyphs* restless rock.
Thou must forgoe thy lands and goods,
And pleasing wife: Nor of thy woods
Shall any follow thee,
But the sad Cypress-tree.
Thy worthy heir shall then carowse
Thy hoarded wines, and wash the house

With

With better Sack, then that
Which makes the Abbots fat.

A Paraphrase on the same Ode, by S. W.

1.

TIme (*Posthumus*) goes with full sail,
Nor can thy honest heart avail
A furrow'd brow, old age at hand,
Or *Death unconquer'd* to withstand:
One long night,
Shall hide this light
From all our sight,
And equal *Death*
Shall few dayes hence, stop every breath.

2.

Though thou whole *Hecatomb's* should'st bring
In honour of th' *Infernal King*,
Who *Geryon* and *Tytio* bold,
In chaines of *Stygian* waves doth hold:
He'l not prize,
But more despise
Thy sacrifice:
Thou Death must feel,
'Tis so decre'd by the *Fatal* Wheel.

3.

The numerous Off-spring of the Earth,
That feed on her who gave them birth;
Each birth must have its *funeral*,
The *Womb* and *Urn*'s alike to all:

Kings must die,
And as still lie,
As thou or I;
And though they have
Atchievements here, there's none in th' Grave.

4.

In vain we bloody *battles* flie,
Or fear to sail when winds are high;
The *Plague* or an infectious breath,
When every hour brings a new Death.
Time will mowe
What e're we sow;
Both weal and woe
Shall have an end,
And this th' unwilling *Fates* must send.

5.

Cocytus lake thou must wast o're,
Thy totter'd *boat* shall touch that shore;
Thou *Sisyphus* ere long must know,
And into new acquaintance grow:
Shalt with life,
Leave house and wife,
Thy loves and strife,
And have no tree,
But the sad *Cypress* follow thee.

6.

Mean while thy *heir* shall nobly quaffe,
What thou with hundred *locks* kept'st safe,
Cæcuban wines, and wash the Flore
With juice would make an *Emperor* rore:

'Twill

'Twill be thy lot,
Question it not,
To be forgot
With all thy deeds,
E're he puts on his Mourning weeds.

Ode XV. By Sir *R. F.*

Against the Luxury of his Age.

Our Princely p'les will shortly leave
But little *lands* for *ploughs* to cleave:
Ponds out-stretch *Lucrine* shores,
Unmarried *Sycamores*
Supplant the Elmes. The Vi'let, Rose,
With all the junkets of the Nose,
Perfume the Olive-yards,
Which fed their former Lords:
And *Daphne* twists her limbs to shun
The sons rude Courtship. Not so done
By *Cato's* Precedent,
And the old Regiment.
Great was the Commonwealth alone,
The private small. No wide *Balcon*
Measur'd with private square
Gap'd for the Norths cool air.
Nor the next turf might men reject;
Bid at the Publick Charge t' erect
Temples and *Towns*, alone,
Of beautiful new *stone*.

Ode XVI. By Sir *R. F.*

To GROSPHUS.

That tranquillity of the mind is wisht by all: But that the same is not purchased by heaping up Riches, or obtaining Honours, but by bridling the desires.

Quiet! the trembling *Merchant* cries,
Into *Egean* seas driven far;
When the Moon winks, and he descries
No guiding *star*.
Quiet! in War the *Thracian* bold;
Quiet! the *Medes* with *quivers* dight;
Not to be bought with *gems*, nor *gold*,
Nor *purple* bright.
For 'tis not wealth, nor armed troops,
Can tumults of the mind remove,
And cares, which about fretted roofs
Hover above.
His little's much, whose thrifty board
Shines with a salt that was his sires:
Whose ease sleeps nor fears disturb,
Nor base desires.
Why in short life eternal care?
Why changing for another *Sun*?
Who, having shunn'd his Native air,
Himself could shun?
Take horse, rude Care will ride behind;
Embarque, into thy ship she crouds:
Fleeter them Stags, and the East-wind
Chasing the Clouds.

Le

Let minds of any joy poſſeſt,
Sweeten with that whatever gall
Is mixt: No ſoul that ere was bleſt,
Was bleſt in all.
The fam'd *Achilles* timeleſs dy'd,
Old *Tython* did his bliſs out-live,
And Chance, what ſhe to thee deny'd,
To me may give.
A hundred flocks about thee bleat,
And fair *Sicilian* heifers low;
To thee large neighing Mares curvete:
In ſcarlet thou,
Twice-dipt, are clad. Indulgent fate
Gave me a Graunge; a *verſing* vein;
A heart which (injur'd) cannot hate,
But can diſdain.

Ode XVII. by Sir *R. F.*

To MÆCENAS *ſick.*

That he will not live after him.

WHy doſt thou talk of dying ſo?
Neither the Gods, nor I'm content,
Mæcenas, that thou firſt ſhouldſt go,
My Pillar and great Ornament.
If thee, the one half of my ſoul,
A riper *fate* ſnatch hence: alas!
What ſhould I ſtay for, neither whole,
And but the dregs of what I was?

That

That day shall end us both: Come, come,
I've sworn't; and will not break it neither:
March when thou wilt to thy long home,
That journey we will make together.
Chimæra's flames, nor (were he rise
Again) *Briareus* hundred hands,
Should keep me back. 'Tis justice, this:
And in the Book of *fate* it stands.
Were I or under *Libra* born,
Or *Scorpio* my ascendant be
With grim aspect, or *Capricorn*
(The *Tyrant* of the *Latian* sea:)
Our *stars* do wondrously consent.
Benigner *Jove* repriev'd thy breath
When *Saturn* was malevolent,
And clipt the hasty wings of Death,
In frequent Theater when thee
Thrice the rejoycing people clapt,
A falling *Trunk* had brained me,
Between if *Faunus* had not stept,
The guardian of *Mercurial* men.
Pay thou an ample *sacrifice*,
And build the Chappel thou vowd'st then;
For me an humble *Lamkin* dies.

Ode XVIII. By Sir *T. H.*

He affirmeth himself to be contented with a little, while others are wholly addicted to their desires, and increase of riches, as if they should alwayes live.

NO guilded roof, nor Ivory Frer,
For splendor in my house is set;
Nor are beams from *Hymettia* sought,
To lie a-thwart rich Colmns, brought
From *Africk*; nor I heir unknown,
Make *Attalus* his wealth, mine own.
No honest Tenants wives you see,
Laconian purples weave for me:
A loyal heart, and ready vain
Of wit I have, which doth constrain
Rome's richest men to seek the love
Of me, though poor; Nor *gods* above
Doe I invoke for larger store;
Nor of *Mecenas* ask I more.
To me my single *Sabine* field,
Sufficient happiness doth yield.
"One day thrusts on another fast,
And new Moons to the wane do hast.
When Death (perhaps) is neer at hand,
Thou fairest Marbles dost command
Be cut for use, yet dost neglect
Thy grave, and houses still erect:
Nay would'st abridge the vast Seas shore,
Which loudly doth at *Baiæ* rore:
Enriched little, less content,
With limits of the Continent.

Why

Why often pull'ſt thou up the bounds,
T'enlarge the circuit of thy grounds,
Encroaching far from Confines known,
To make the neigbouring field thine own?
The husband, wife, and ſordid brood,
With antient houſhold *gods*, that ſtood
In quiet peace, muſt be expell'd:
Yet is not any Manſion held
For the rich Land-lord, ſo aſſur'd,
As deep in Hell to be immur'd.
Then whither do you further tend?
Th'indiffrent earth an equal friend,
As willingly opens her womb,
For Beggars grave, as Princes tomb.
Gold could of *Charon* not obtain,
To bear *Prometheus* back again.
Proud *Tantalus*, and all his ſtock,
Death, with the bands of *fate* doth lock:
And call'd, or not call'd ready ſtands,
To free the poor from painful bands.

Ode XIX.

Upon BACCHUS.

Argument.

He fill'd with Bacchus *power, assayes*
T'ebuccinate his fame and praise.

Bacchum in remotis.

ON Rocks remote I *Bacchus* chanc'd t'espy,
Teach verse (ô trust me ye posterity)
Listning Nymphs, and Satyrs there
With Goat-feet, and erected ear.
My heart appall'd with sudden horror, I,
Of *Bacchus* full, shout **Evohe** on high:
Forbear *Liber*, ô forbear,
So dreadful for thy horrid spear.
I may have stubborn *Thyads* for my *theam*,
A fount of Wine, and rivers running Cream,
Chaunt again how honey drils,
And from the hollow stem distils.
I thy blest consorts glorious constellation,
I *Pentheus* Palace brought to desolation,
I may sing the dismal fate
Of *Thracian Lycurgus* state.
Thou turn'st Rivers, and the *Indian* Main,
Thou (soak'd with wine) on distant mountains la'ne,
Do'st *Thrace* womens tresses plait
In Viper-wreaths without deceit:
Thou, when those impious Gyants climb'd on high,
To *Joves* Court Royal through the boundless sky,

Flung'st

Flung'ſt down *Rhœcus* with the claws
Of *Leo*, and his horrid jaws:
Although more prone to dances, ſports, and playes
Thou wert eſteem'd, nor fit for Martial frayes:
Yet did either war or peace
Indifferently thy *genius* pleaſe.
At thee gold-horn'd, Fiend *Cerberus* did look
With harmleſs eye, and fawningly he ſhook
His tail, and with triple-head
Thy feet toucht, when thou didſt recede.

Ode XX. By Sir *T. H.*

HORACE *turned into a Swan, will fly all over the world, whence he promiſeth the immortality of his Poeſie.*

A Two-fold Poet, through the liquid skie,
I with a ſtrong unuſual wing will flie:
No longer ſhall I of the Earth partake,
But out of Envies reach the World forſake.
I am not iſſued of ignoble ſtrain,
Nor whom *Mœcenas* pleaſeth to retain
Under the title of *belov'd* ſhall die,
Or in the *Stygian* lake forgotten lie.
Now, now, upon my legs a rugged skin
Is over-ſpread, and I a Swan am ſeen
Upward transform'd; a light and downie plume,
My fingers, and wing'd ſhoulders now aſſume.
And now a ſhrill-tune Bird become, Ile ſoar
And much more ſwift then *Icarus*, explore

The

The *Lybian* Syrtes, and the murmuring ſand
Of *Boſphor* ſtraights, and *Hyperborean* land.
Me, *Colchos*, and the *Dacian*, who doth faign
Fear of the *Marſian's* armes ſhall entertain,
Gelons remote, and they who on the brink
Of *Iler* dwell, or *Rhodanus* do drink.
Baniſh from my thin Hearce your fun'ral mones,
Your ill bemoaning tears, complaints, and groans:
Clamour forbear, or fondly to confer
The needleſs honour of a Sepulcher.

The end of the ſecond Book.

ODES.

ODES.

BOOK III.

Ode I. By Sir *R. F.*

That a happy man is not made by Riches or Honours, but by tranquillity of the minde.

I Hate lay-Vulgar: make no noiſe,
Room for a Prieſt of *Helicon*:
I ſing to noble Girls and Boyes
Such *verſes* as were never known.
Fear'd Kings command on their own Ground;
The King commanding Kings is *Jove*:
Whoſe Arme the Giants did confound,
Whoſe aweful brow doth all things move.
One man may be a greater Lord
Of land then other: this may ſhow
A nobler Pedegree: a third
In parts and fame may both out-go:

A fourth

A fourth in Clients out-vie all.
Neceſſity in a vaſt Pot
Shuffling the names of great and ſmall,
Draws every one's impartial lot.
Over whoſe head hangs a drawn ſword,
Him cannot pleaſe a Royal feaſt:
Nor melody of *lute* or *bird*,
Give to his eyes their wonted reſt.
Sleep, gentle ſleep, ſcorns not the poor
Abiding of the Plough-man: loves
By ſides of Rivers ſhades obſcure:
And rockt with Weſt-windes, *Tempe* Groves.
That man to whom enough's enough,
Nor raging ſeas trouble his head,
Nor fell *Arcturus* ſetting rough,
Nor fury of the riſing Kid:
Not hail-ſmit Vines and years of Dearth;
Sometimes the too much wet in fault,
Sometimes the *ſtars* that broil the earth,
Sometimes the Winter that was nought.
The Fiſh fear ſtifling in the ſea,
Damm'd up. The Maſter-builder and
His men, the Land-ſick Lord too, he
Throws rubbiſh in with his own hand.
But fear and dangers haunt the Lord
Into all places: and black Care
Behind him rides: or, if on board
A ſhip, 'tis his companion there.
If Marble keep not Feavers out,
Nor purple rayment help the blind;
Nor *Perſian* Oyntments cure the *gout*;
Nor *Maſſick* Wines a troubled mind:

With envied posts in fashion strange
Why should I raise a stately pile?
My *Sabine* vale why should I change
For wealth accompani'd with toyl?

Ode II. By Sir *T. H.*

To his Friends.

Boyes are to be ensured from their tender age, to poverty, warfare, and painful life.

Let th'able youth, himself enure
By sharp wars taught, want to endute:
And mounted on his horse, with spear,
Confront bold *Parthians*, free from fear:
Let him expos'd to open air,
Live, and attempt the hard'st affair:
Whom when some warlike *Tyrants* Queen,
Or Virgin-marriage ripe hath seen,
Afar from hostile walls, may cry
With sighs, which from sad passion flie;
O, that my Royal Lord, untrain'd
In Martial feats, would be restrain'd,
Not by fierce Combats fatal stroke,
That wrathful Lion to provoke,
Whom bloody Anger's direful rage,
In thickest slaughters doth engage.
" It is a sweet, and noble gain,
" In Countreys *quarrel* to be slain,

Death

Death the swift flying man pursues
With ready steps: Nor doth he use
To spare from unavoided wrack,
Youths supple hams, or fearful back.
Vertue, that ne're repulse admits,
Intaintless honours, glorious sits,
Nor takes, or leaveth Dignities,
Rais'd with the noise of vulgar cries.
Vertue (to worth Heav'n opening wide)
Dauntless, breaks through wayes deny'd:
And (taught) the Rabble to despise,
Forsaking *earth* to *heaven* flies.
Yea trusty *silence* is not barr'd,
From having a deserv'd reward.
He, who to blab the holy Rites
Of secret *Ceres* phane delights,
Under the same roof shall not be,
Nor in frail Vessel sail with me.
"Oft *Jove* neglected makes the just
"To smart with those are stain'd with lust:
"Seldome Revenge, though slow of pace,
"Leaves ill fore-going men to trace.

ODE III. By Sir *R. F.*

A Speech of Juno *at the Council of the Gods, concerning the ending of the war of* Troy, *and the beginning which the* Roman *Empire should take from the* Trojans.

AN honest and resolved man,
Neither a peoples tumults can,

Neither a Tyrants indignation,
Un-center from his fast foundation;
Nor storms that from the bottome move
The *Adrian* sea, nor thundring *Jove*:
If the crackt Orbes would split and fall,
Crush him they would, but not appall.
Pollux, and wandring *Hercules*,
Gain'd Heaven by such wayes as these:
'Mongst whom *Augustus*, leaning, sips
Immortal Nectar with red lips.
This way deserving *Bacchus* clomb
The high *Olympus*, with his own
Tam'd *Tygers*, which *Ambrosia* feed,
And *Romulus* on *Mars* his steed:
Pleas'd *Juno* speaking a good word
On his behalf, at Council-board.
Troy, Troy, (through mine, and Pallas *grudge)*
A fatal and adultrous Judge,
And forraign woman overthrew,
With its false King and damned Crew,
Because Laomedon *forsook*
The Gods, and brake the Oath he took.
The Spartan *Strumpets famous guest*
Is now no more jewell'd and drest:
No more doth Priams *perjur'd house*
Resist bold Greeks *by* Hectors *prowes:*
And wars, which I inflam'd, are done;
My wrath then, and the Trojan *Nun*
's Adherr'd Off-spring, here I give
To his father Mars *that he should live*
In bowres of light, suck Nectar-bowls,
And be transcrib'd into the rolls
Of quiet Gods, I will abide.
So long as spacious seas divide

Ilium

Ilium *and* Rome ; *ſo long as beaſts*
On Priamus *and* Paris *breaſts*
Inſult, and (*undiſturb'd*) *the wild*
Whelp in their tombes ; let the exil'd
Reign great in any other land :
The Capitol refu'gent ſtand ;
And awful Rome *with ſeven proud heads*
Give Laws to the triumphed Medes :
Rouzing her ſelf, her extend
Her dreadful name to the worlds end ;
Where mid-land ſeas part Africks *ſoyl*
From Europe, *to the floods of* Nyle ;
More valiant to deſpiſe hid gold,
(*Which wiſely Nature did with-hold*)
Then force it to mans uſe, by ſack
Of Temples, or by Natures wrack.
Whatever corner would impeach
Her progreſs, that, let her Sword reach :
Viſit the ſtores of ſnow and hail,
And where exceſſive heats prevail.
Yet warlike Romans *deſtiny,*
On this condition I decree,
That they (*too pious, and grown high*)
Shall not re-build their Mother Troy.
With Troy ! Troy's *fate ſhall be reviv'd,*
And all her ominous birds retriv'd,
When ſecond wars our ſelf will move,
The Siſter and the Wife of Jove.
If Phœbus *harpe Braſen wall*
Should thrice erect, thrice it ſhould fall
(Raz'd by my Greeks) *the wife, in chain,*
Thrice mourn her ſons and husband ſlain.
But whether ſaucy Muſe ? Theſe things
Agree not with the Lutes ſoft ſtrings.

The words of *gods* ceaſe to repeat,
And with ſmall voice matters ſo great.

Ode IV. By Sir *R. F.*

The Poet ſaith, *That he hath been delivered from many dangers by the help of the* Muſes; *And that it hath gone ill with all who have attempted any thing againſt the Gods.*

DEſcend *Thalia* with a ſong
From Heaven; my Queen, I'de have it long
To the ſhril pipe or to the flute,
The viol or *Apollo*'s lute.
Do'ſt hear? or do I ſweetly rave?
I hear in yonder trees, which wave,
Thy ruſtling robe, and in that ſpring
The tuning of thy ſilver ſtring.
Me, am'rous turtles (Poets theam)
As by my native *Aufids* ſtream,
A child oppreſt with ſleep and play,
Under a Mountain ſide I lay,
Fearleſs (for what hath he to fear,
Who from his birth was Heavens care?)
With ſacred Bayes and Mirtle boughs,
On which no Beaſt did ever browſe,
Covered, leaſt Snake or ugly Bear,
Should do me hurt as I ſlept there;
Which ſet the neighb'ring Fields at gaze,
As wondring what ſhould be the cauſe.

Whether

Whether I mount the *Sabine* hill,
Or with cold ſprings *Preneſte* chill,
Or me the healing Bath allures;
Where ere I am: *Muſes*, I'me yours.
Friend to your ſprings, with your ſongs rapt,
At loſt *Philippi* Field I ſcap't;
The fall of my own curſed Tree,
And ſhipwrack in *Sicilian* Sea.
Go you with me, I'le (dreadleſs) try
The *Boſphorus* that threats the skie,
And (travelling) defie the thir-
Sty *Syrian* ſands to do their worſt.
Viſit the *Brittains*, fierce to ſtrangers,
The horſe-fed *Thracians* bloody mangers,
The *Scythians*, whom no Sun doth warm,
And none of them ſhall do me harm.
Great *Ceſar*, you with Martial toil
Tir'd out, and glad to breath a while
In Winter quarters with his men,
Refreſh in the *Pierian* Den.
You give him mild advice; And well
From you he takes it. We can tell,
The Giants ſelves for all their troop
Of monſtrous Bulkes, were Thunder-ſtrook
By him that towns, and dreary ghoſts,
Immortal Gods, and mortal hoaſts,
The ſtupid Earth, and reſtleſs Main,
Doth govern with one equal raign.
The horrid band and brotherhood,
Who (whilſt upon their terms they ſtood)
Pelion to heap on *Oſſa* ſtrove,
Gave not a little care to *Jove*.
But what could *Mimas*, and the ſtrong
Typhaus, what *Porphyrion* long,

What *Rhœcus*, and with hurled trunk
(Torn up by th'roots) the fury-drunk
Enceladus, rushing against
Minerva's ringing shield advanc't?
Here the devouring *Vulcan* stood,
There Matron *Juno*, and the *god*
That never laves his Quiver by,
Bathes in pure dews of *Castaly*
His dangling locks, haunts *Delian* woods,
Patros, and *Rhodes*, and *Xanthus* floods.
Uncounsil'd force with his own weight
Is crusht; a force that's temperate
Heaven it self helps: and hates no less
Strength that provokes to wickedness.
This truth *Orion* understands,
And *Gyges* with the hundred hands:
He, purposing chast *Dians* Rape,
Could not her Virgin-arrows scape.
The Earth on her own Monsters thrown,
(Thundred to endless night) doth grone
Over her sons: *Ætna* doth rore,
Burning, and not consum'd. No more
Can *Tytius*'s heart in Vulters claw,
Or wast it self, or fill her Mawe.
Offended *Proserpine* restrains
Perithous in three hundred chains.

Ode V. By Sir *R. F.*

The praiſes of Auguſtus, *the diſhonour of* Craſſus, *the conſtancy of* Regulus, *and his return to the* Carthaginians.

Jove governs Heaven with his nod:
Auguſtus is the earthlie God;
Bold *Brittains* to the Empire bow'd,
And *Perſians*, with late trophies proud.
Could *Craſſus* ſouldier lead his life
Yoakt baſely with a barbarous wife?
And with Foe Father-in-law grow gray
In Armes, under a *Medians* pay!
(O fathers! and degenerate ſhame!)
His blood forgotten and his name,
Eternal *Veſta*, and the *Gown*,
While it there was yet a *Jove*, and *Rome*!
This fear'd wiſe *Regulus* his mind,
And ſo the baſe Accord declin'd,
Weighing the conſequence, unleſs
The Captive Youth dy'd pitileſs.
I ſaw (*quoth he*) our Enſigns ſtuck
In *Punick* fanes, without a ſtroke
Souldiers diſarm'd, Citizens
Their free hands bound behind with chaines.
And the Ports open, and that field
Which *Romans* had incampt on, till'd.
All this I ſaw. Redeem'd with gold
They'l grow, belike, in fight more bold.
Buy not iniquity. As ſtain
White wooll 'twill never white again:

So,

So, if true Vertue fall, deſpair
To ſtop her till the loweſt ſtair.
A Hind out of the Tramels free,
And make her fight, then ſo will he
That rendred to a faithleſs foe,
And *Carthaginians* overthrow
In ſecond War; That tamely took
The laſh, and (Death but named) ſhook.
Why theſe (forgetting whence they came)
Confounded war with peace. O ſhame!
Great *Carthage*! thou haſt overcome
The vertue (more then troops) of *Rome*.
His chaſt wife's kiſs, and his ſmall fry
Of Babes, he's ſaid to have put by,
(As being a ſlave) and not t'have took
From Earth his ſtern and manly look:
Till he th' unwilling Senate brought
To vote the thing that he had ſought:
Then through his weeping friends he went
Into a glorious baniſhment.
Though well he knew what torments were
Ready prepared for him there
By Barbrous men. Yet brake through all
His Kindred, and the crouded Hall
To beg of him he would not go,
No otherwiſe then he would do
From Clyents ſwarms, after the end
Of a long Term, going to ſpend
In ſweet *Campania* the Vacation,
And give his mind ſome Relaxation.

Ode VI. By Sir *T. H.*

To the Romans.

Of the corrupt manners of that Age.

Roman, resolve, thou shalt desertless taste
Sins scourge, for Vice of Predecessor past,
Until thou do'st again repair
Decaied Temples, and make fair
The falling houses of the Gods disgrac'd,
And cleanse their images, with smoak defac'd.
To think thee less than Gods, thy power commends;
Hence take beginnings, hither aim thy ends.
The Gods neglected, many woes
On *Italy* distressed, throws.
Twice *Pacorus*, and twice *Moneses* hand,
Our inauspicious armed troops disband:
Who with a plentious prey made glad,
To little chains more links do adde.
The *Dacian* and the *Ethiop* fierce in wars,
Hath almost raz't the City, rent with jars:
One with his Navy formidable,
With darts the other better able.
This age in vice abounding, first begins
Chast stocks, and Nuptials to pollute with sins;
The woes which from this fountain flow,
People, and Countrey over-throw.
The Maid for marriage ripe, much joyes to learn
Ionick dances, and can well discern
With art to fain, and quickly prove,
The pleasures of unlawful love.

Straight

Straight made a wife, in midd'ſt of husbands cups,
She with young Gallants and Adult'rers ſups;
Nor cares to whom ſhe yields by ſtealth,
(When lights are out) loves lawleſs wealth.
But ask'd doth riſe, her knowing husband by,
To proſtitute her marriage-modeſty;
At Factors call, or Pilots hire,
Of luſtful ſhame, a coſtly buyer.
That youth came not from ſuch Fore-fathers ſtrain,
Who did the ſea with *Punick* blood diſtain:
Not by ſuch hands did *Pyrrhus* fall,
Antiochus, nor *Hannibal*.
But in thoſe dayes a brave and manly race
Of ruſtick ſouldiers lived in this place,
Well skill'd in Plough and *Sabine* Spade,
And ſo to ſtrict obedience made,
That if ſharp Mothers bade, at their return
They on their ſhoulders brought logs hew'd to burn,
When *Phœbus* changed had the mountains ſhade,
And weary unyoak'd Oxen homeward made,
And that night gave their toil diſpenſe,
Chaſing the Suns bright chariot hence.
" What waſteth not with *Times* devouring rage?
" Our fathers life, much worſe than Grandſires age,
" Sees us more wicked, to produce
" An Off-ſpring fuller of abuſe.

Ode VII. By Sir *R. F.*

To ASTERIE.

He comforts her, being sad and solicitous for the absence of her husband.

Asterie, Why dost thou mourn
For *Gyges*, shortly to return
On wings of Vernal air,
Rich in *Sicilian* War?
More rich in faith. He by a blast
After long stormes, on *Epire* cast
His Widow'd nights, steeps there
In many a watchful tear.
Yet *Chloe*'s subtil messenger,
Shewing what sighs it pulls from her,
Whilest in thy Flame she fries,
A thousand wayes him tries.
She tells how the false Woman wrought
On credulous *Pretus*, till she brought
A cruel death upon
Too chaste *Bellerophon*.
Of *Peleus* near his fatal hour,
Whilest he shuns love, that's arm'd with power:
And (cunning) rakes from dust
All precedents for lust.
In vain: For deaf as Rocks to prayer,
He's yet unmov'd. But take thou care
Enipeus at next door
Do not thy love procure.
Though none with better skill be seen
To weild a Horse in *Mars* his green;

Nor

Nor with more active limbs
In *Tybris* Channel ſwims.
Shut to thy gate before it darken;
Nor to his whining Muſick hearken:
And though he ſtill complain
Thou'rt hard, ſtill hard remain.

ODE VIII.

To MÆCENAS.

Argument.

No reaſon that Mæcenas *ſhould*
It for an admiration hold,
He ſhould Mars *Calends celebrate,*
Although he live in ſingle ſtate.

Martiis cœlebs.

HOw I a Batch'lour ſpend my hours
On *Mars* his Calends, what mean flowers;
And Incenſe-bolls, and coals on green
Turf-altars ſeen,

Th'admir'ſt, O thou profoundly skill'd
In either tongue. I almoſt kill'd
With falling tree, ſweet Cates devote,
And white He-goat.

He

He yearly on this very day
Will fling the Roſin'd Can away,
To ſoak Wine, old as *Tullus* date
Of conſulate.

Macenas bouze the hundreth Cup
To thy friends health: Night-lamps ſet up
Upon fair day; from hence retire
All noiſe and ire.

Let paſs all civil cares for *Rome*,
For *Dacian Cottiſon*'s o'rcome:
Now *Scyths* with Bow unbended yield,
And quit the Field.

Heed not though Vulgars toil ſuſtain;
Though private, publick care refrain,
And uſing what time preſent brings,
Shun ſerious things.

Ode IX. By Sir *R. F.*

A Dialogue of Love *and* Jealouſie, *betwixt* Horace *and* Lydia.

Hor. WHilſt I poſſeſt thy love, free from alarms,
Nor any Youth more acceptable arms
About thy Alablaſter neck did fling,
I liv'd more happy then the *Perſian* King.
Lyd. Whilſt thou ador'ſt not more another face,
Nor unto *Chloe Lydia* gave place;

I *Ly-*

I *Lydia*, soaring on the wings of Fame,
Eclipst the *Roman Ilia* with my name.
Hor. Me, *Thracian Chloe* now, rules absolute,
Skill'd in sweet Layes, and peerless at her Lute:
For whom to die I would not be afraid,
If Fates would spare me the surviving Maid.
Lyd. Me, *Calys*, rich *Ornitho*'s heir, doth scorch
With a reciprocal and equal torch:
For whom I would endure to die twice over,
If Fates would spare me my surviving Lover.
Hor. What if old *Venus* should her Doves revoke,
And curb us (stubborn) to her Brazen yoke:
If bright-tresst *Chloe* I would henceforth hate,
And to excluded *Lydia* ope the Gate?
Lyd. Though he be fairer then the Morning-star;
Thou, lighter then a Cork, and madder far
Then the vext Ocean, when it threats the Skie,
With thee I'de gladly live, I'de willing die.

A Paraphrase on the same Ode, by J. W. *Esq.*

Hor. WHilest I alone was dear to thee,
And onely chief in thy embrace,
No *Persian King* liv'd life to me,
Or half so blest or happy was.
Lyd. Till thy love roul'd, and did prefer
Chloes new face, 'fore *Lydia*,
In fame, I (far surpassing her)
Was greater than *Romes Ilia*.
Hor. *Chloes* the Saint I pray to now,
Sweetly she sings, and playes o'th' Lute,
For whom, would Destiny allow,
My life should be a substitute.

Lyd.

Lyd. The fame's young *Calais* (*Orthnia's* heir)
To me, for whom I ſhould be glad
If I might die, though twice it were,
Would the ſame Fates but ſpare the Lad.
Hor. But ſay! if as before I burn?
Say I once more put on my chain?
Chloe ſhak'd off, and I return
To my firſt *Lydia* again?
Lyd. Though he's more glorious then a Star,
Thou then a Cork more fickle be,
Or petriſh then the Sea, I ſwear
Once more to live and die with thee.

Ode X.

Againſt LYCE.

Argument.

Harſh Lyce *advertiſed here*
She would hard-heartedneſs forbear:
And ſome commiſeration grant
To him, her humble ſupplicant.

Extremum Tanaim.

LYce hadſt drunk of remote *Tanais* tide,
Or to ſome Barbarous *Scythian* been a bride;
Yet, me proſtrate before thy doors, thou ſhould
Bewail t'expoſe to *Northern* cold,

Hear'ſt how the Gates crack? how the woods reſound
'Mongſt beauteous ſtructures placed all around?
And how the air conglaciates the ſnow,
When all the Heavens ſerenely ſhow?
All pride ingrateful unto Lovers ſhun:
Leaſt Fortunes wheel ſhould retrogradely run.
No *Tyrrhene* father hath begotten thee
On hard-to-wo *Penelope*.
Although with thee nor Gifts, nor prayers avail,
Nor Lovers violet tinctures mixt with pale,
Nor thy Mate Love-ſtruck with *Pierian* whore;
O ſpare thy ſuppliants I implore:
Thou more relentleſs than a rigid tree,
And *Maurian* Serpents not ſo cruel be,
My tender ſides not alwayes can ſuſtain
At thy hard doors down-ſyling rain.

Ode XI. By Sir *R. P.*

To MERCURY:

That he would dictate to him a ſong, wherewith to bend Lyde. *The Fable of* Danaus *Daughters.*

O *Mercury* (for taught by you
Deaf ſtones by th'ears *Amphion* drew)
And *Shell*, whoſe hollow Belly rings
With ſeven ſtrings,

Once

Once mute and graceleſs, now the tongue
Of Feaſts and Temples: lend me a ſong
To thrid the maze of *Lyde*'s prayer
Reſiſting ear.

Who like a three years Colt doth fetch
A hundred rings, and's hard to catch;
Free from a husband, and not fit
For backing yet.

Thou mak'ſt ſtiffe Forreſts march, retreat
Prone rivers: *Cerberus* the great
Porter of Hell to thee gave way,
Stroak'd with a Lay.

Though with a hundred Snakes he curl
His head, and from his noſtrils hurl
A filthy ſtream, which all bedrops
His triple chops.

Ixion too with a forc't ſmile
Did grin. The tubs ſtood dry a while,
Whileſt with thy Muſick thou didſt pleaſe
The *Belides*.

Tell *Lyde* that; that Virgin-ſlaughter,
And famous torment, the vain water
Coozning their Urnes through thouſand drains,
And Poſthume pains.

For cruel Maids laid up in ſtore,
Cruel. For what could they do more,
That could with unrelenting ſteel
Their Lovers kill?

One onely worthy *Hymens* flame,
And worthy of immortal Fame,
Her perjur'd father (pious child)
Bravely beguil'd:

Who said to her young Husband; Wake,
Least an Eternal sleep thou take,
Whence least thoo *look'st*: deceive my Sire,
And Sisters dire:

Who like so many Tygers tear
(Alas!) the prey: I (tenderer)
Will neither slay, nor keep thee thus
I'th Slaughter-house.

Me let my *Savage* father chain,
Because my Husband is unslain,
Or into fartheſt *Africa*
Ship me away.

By Land or Sea *take thou thy flight*,
Cover'd with wings of Love and Night:
Go, go, and write when thou art safe
My Epitaph.

Ode XII.

To NEOBULE.

Argument.

They live in miſerable thrall
Whom no refreſhments chear at all:
Stout Heber *wounds with amirous dart*
His Sweet-heart Neobule's *heart.*

Miſerarum eſt.

THey'r wretched, who in love ne're recreate,
Nor with ſweet Wines their maladies abate,
With fear of Uncles ſharp reproof diſmay'd.
Thy basket, *Neobule*, *Cupid* takes,
And *Liparean Hebrus* luſtre makes
Thee leave thy web, and painful *Pallas* trade.
He than *Bellephron* can better ride
At hand-fights, foot-courſe ſtill victorious try'd,
When his oyl'd limbs are bath'd in *Tybers* flood:
He cunning is to chaſe a roaming Hart,
O'r Champains, and transfix him with his dart,
And ſurprize Bores skulk in the buſhy wood.

Ode XIII.

To the Fountain of Blandusia.

Argument.

He to Blandusia's *Chrystal Spring*
A Kid for Sacrifice will bring:
And doth the sweet delights recount,
Of that refriegerating Fount.

O fons Blandusiæ.

Blandusian Spring, tralucenter than glass,
Worthy wine-offerings, deck'd with flowry grass,
I'le slay to thee to morn
A Kid crown'd with youthful horn,
Chooſing his mate, and conflicts, all in vain:
For a lascivious Off-spring shall distain,
And file thy frigid flood
With mixture of Purple blood.
Thou'rt free from Dog-stars fervent influence:
Thou do'st thy sweet refreshing streams dispence
To Bullocks tired out,
And Heards roving all about.
Ev'n thou shalt be a far-renowned Spring,
Whilest I of Rocks crown'd with the *Ilex* sing:
Whence the loud waters rush
Down head-long with vi'lent gush.

Ode XIV. By Sir *T. H.*

To the Roman people.

This Ode containeth the praises of Augustus *returning out of* Spain, *after his Conquest over the* Cantabrians.

GReat *Cæsar* who is said to go,
Like *Hercules* against his foe,
To purchase Bayes by death, again
Victorious is return'd from *Spain.*

The Wife that's with one husband pleas'd,
Let her come forth, the Gods appeas'd.
Octavia, Cæsars Sister, haste,
And mothers with your daughters chaste.

Attir'd in modest veil appear,
And sons returned safe draw neer:
You Boyes, and you now married train
Of wives from evil words abstain.

From me this new made Holy-day
Black sullen cares shall take away:
Nor fear I in great *Cæsars* reign
By force or tumult to be slain.

(Boy) crowns, and unguents now prepare,
And vessel kept, since *Marsian* war,
If any such conceal'd hath been
By wandring *Sportacus* not seen.

Let hither ſhrill *Neera* hie,
And hair perfum'd in treſſes tie:
But if the Porter make delay
With churliſh anſwer, haſte away.

White hoary hairs temper the mind,
To brawls, and quarrels earſt inclin'd:
This in youths heat I could not brook,
When *Plancus* charge of Conſul took.

ODE XV.

Againſt CHLORIS.

Argument.

That Chloris *(now well ſtept in Age)*
Should Luſt and Wantonneſs aſſwage.

Uxor pauperis.

AT length, poor *Ibicus* wife,
Affix a period to thy vicious life,
And unto thy reproachful trade.
And now that Death ſo near approach hath made,
'Mongſt Maids leave playing, nor enſhroud
Thoſe fulgent ſtars with thy obſcuring cloud.
Nor *Chloris think that ſeemeth* thee,
Which gracefully becomes thy *Pholoe*.
Thy daughter *breaks* ope young mens doors
Better, *like Thyas rag'd* when *Timbrel* rores:

Renow-

Renown'd *Lucria*'s Fleeces grace
The more when old, than any Lyric layes,
Or crowns with roſes deckt about,
Or hogſheads to th' extreameſt dregs drunk out.

Ode XVI. By Sir *R. F.*

To MÆCENAS,

That all things fly open to Gold: Yet HORACE *is contented with his own condition, in which he lives happy.*

Danae in Brazen Tower immur'd,
From night-adulterers, doors barr'd,
And of fierce dogs a conſtant ward
Would have ſufficiently ſecur'd,
If *Jove* and *Venus* had not fool'd,
The Goaler of the cloyſter'd Maid,
(Though of his own ſhadow afraid)
Turning his Godſhip into Gold.
Gold loves to break through armed Guards,
And Caſtles that are Thunder-proof,
The *Grecian Augur*'s ſacred roof
Was undermined by rewards.
Gifts were the *Macedons* Petar,
With which he blew up City-gates,
Subverted Rival Kings and States,
And laid aboard their Men of War.

With growing riches cares augment,
And thirſt of greater. I did well
To ſhrink my head into my ſhell,
Macenas Knight-hoods ornament.
The more a man t' himſelf denies,
The more indulgent Heaven beſtowes.
Let them that will ſide with the I's:
I'me with the Party of the No's.
A greater Lord of a ſmall ſtore,
Then if the fruitful Crops of all
Appulia I mine own did call:
In midſt of ſo much plenty poor.
My little wood, and my pure ſtream,
And corn that never fails; makes me
A man more truly bleſt, then he
That wears rich *Africks* Diadem.
Though neither *Croſſick* Bees produce
Honey to me, nor cloathing fine
Segovian flocks: nor *Maſſick* wine
Mellow in barrels for my uſe:
Yet pinching *Poverty's* away.
Nor, wiſht I more, wouldſt thou deny't.
Who, with contracted appetite
May eaſier my tribute pay,
Then if deputed *Egypts* King.
Large iſſues follow large ſupplies.
He, to whom Heaven nothing denies,
Owes an account of every thing.

Ode XVII.

To ÆLIUS LAMIA.

Argument.

He Lamia's *regal ſtem diſplayes*
Forth in Encomiaſtic Layes:
Wills him his Genius to chear,
Againſt the preſag'd ſtorm appear.

Æli, vetuſto.

O *Ælius*, ſprung from *Lamus* antient name,
From whoſe ſtem all precedent *Lamias* came,
And thy family and tribe,
Which noting Regiſters deſcribe:
Thou from his loyns draw'ſt thine original,
Who reigned firſt within the *Formian* wall,
And whoſe amply ſpread command
Raught *Liris*, laving *Maric*'s ſtrand.
An Eaſtern tempeſt ſhall with furious roar,
Fling leaves in woods, and leaves upon the ſhore:
If the aged Cow decry
A true preſaging augury.
Lay, while thou canſt, dry faggots on the fire:
With luſh'ious Wine to morrow feed deſire,
A Pig fat, and tender ſlay,
And let thy Hindes keep Holy-day.

Ode XVIII. By Sir *T.H.*

To FAUNUS;

Who being an infernal peſtilent Wood-god, he prayeth that paſſing thorow his Fields, he would be favourable to him and his.

Faunus, who after Nymphs doſt range,
Through my precincts, and fruitful Graunge
Paſs gently, and propitious be
To flocks, and me.

A tender Kid the year ſhall end,
Full Cups of Liquor (*Venus* friend)
We'l pay; Fumes ſhall on Altars flie
In odours high.

Beaſts, when *Decembers* Nones appear
In grazy grounds make ſportive chear:
The jocund Clown in Meads doth feaſt;
The Oxe doth reſt.

The Wolf 'mongſt frearleſs Lambs doth ſtray,
Woods ſtrew thee leafs upon this day;
The Ditcher joyes with meaſur'd mirth
To tread the Earth.

Ode XIX.

To TELEPHUS.

Argument.

At Telephus *he ſcoffs, who whiles*
He Hiſtories obſolete compiles,
Of things which chiefly conſtitute
An happy life is wholly mute.

Quantum diſtat.

THe ſpace 'twixt *Inachus* his reign,
And *Codrus* bravely for his Country ſlain,
And *Æacus* his Kin, and fights
Fought under Sacred *Ilium* thou writes:
But of a *Choan* hogſheads price,
And who with fire cold water qualifies,
In whoſe houſe, and what hour t' allay
Pelignian cold, thou not one word doſt ſay.
Boy, quick bring Cups for *Cynthia*'s riſe,
And for Mid-night, bring th' *Augurs* Cup likewiſe,
Murena's, and carrouze off Wine,
No leſs then three healths, and no more then nine.
A Poet, who th' unequal Tribe
Of *Muſes* loves, let him nine Jugs imbibe.
The Graces with nak'd Siſters joyn'd,
Let them, for fear of brawlings, be confin'd,
And drink three Cups off, and no more;
O, how I love to frolick it, and roar!

Why

Why ſounds not ſtill the *Phrygian* Flute?
Why Pipes and Harps permitted to be mute?
I parſimonious hands deſpiſe.
Strew Roſes, and let our wild frantick noiſe
Arrive to envy'd *Lycus* ears,
And neighbour Maid unfit for *Lycus* years.
Mature-grown *Chloe* courts thee now,
Telphus grac'd with rank locks of comely ſhew;
And bright as radiant *Veſper*: I,
I waſting ardour for my *Glycera's* fry.

Ode XX.

To PYRRHUS.

Argument.

How dangerous a thing 'twould prove
T'abſtract Nearchus *from his love.*

Non vides quanto.

Pyrrhus, how dang'rous 'tis, confeſs,
To take Whelps from a Lioneſs:
Straight thou ſcarr'd Raviſher wilt run,
When battel's done.

When ſhe through crouds of youthful men
Shall to *Nearchus* turn again,
Great queſtion 'tis who bears away
The greater prey.

As thou prepar'ſt thy ſpeedy piles,
She whets her dreadful Tusks the whiles:
He(th' Umpire) trampled down, they ſay,
The Victors Bay.

And wafted his ſweet ſhiveled hair
With gentle blaſts: like *Nireas* fair,
Or *Ganymede* ſnatcht up from fount-
full *Ida*'s Mount.

Ode XXI.

To his VVine-veſſel.

Argument.

He ſpeaks t'his Rundlet to effuſe,
For Corvine's *ſake, choice* Maſſick *juyce:*
Thence takes occaſion to define
The praiſes and effects of VVine.

O nata mecum.

KInd veſſel, coætaneous with my date,
Compos'd when *Manlius* bare the conſulate,
Whether thou invite to weep,
Or jeſt, or brawl, or love, or ſleep,
Whate'r mark thy choice *Maſsick* liquors hide,
Well-worthy broaching on ſome ſacred Tide:
Now *Corvinus* thee injoyns,
Come down, and tap thy mellow Wines.

He

He, though well studied in *Socratic* books,
Contemns thee not with sour and rigid looks:
And grave *Cato* as is fam'd,
Was oft with *Bacchus* gift inflam'd.
Thou sometimes sett'st upon a gentle rack
Severe wits: Thou the wiser pates canst make
With thy mirth creating juyce,
Even all their secrets thoughts effuse.
Thou dost the Forelorn with hope fortifie,
And mak'st the poor man lift his horns on high,
Who drunk, nor the Scepters fears
Of Kings incens'd, nor Souldiers spears.
For *Bacchus*, (*Venus* if in merry cue)
And *graces* loth to break the social Crew,
And lamps lighted, shalt thou run,
Till Stars decline the orient Sun.

ODE XXII.

Upon *DIANA*.

Argument.

He Diana's *offices relates,*
To whom his Pine he dedicates.

Montium custos.

O Tripple Queen of Woods and Hills,
Who freest parturient wombs from ills
At three Orizons, and dost ever
Them safe deliver.

Accep

Accept the Pine that ſhrouds my Farm,
Which yearly Ile imbrew with warm
Bores blood, that ſacrificed ſtrike
With tusks oblique.

Ode XXIII. By Sir *T. H.*

To PHIDILE.

The Gods are to be honoured with pure hands, and the teſtimony of a well ſpent age.

IF Rural *Phidile*, at the Moons ariſe,
To Heaven thou lift thy hands in humble wiſe:
If thou with Sacrifice thy Lars wilt pleaſe,
Or with new fruit and greedie ſwine appeaſe,
Thy fertile Vineyard ſhall not ſuffer blaſt
From peſt'lent South, nor parching dew be caſt
Upon thy Corn, nor ſhall thy children dear,
Feel ſickly Fits in Autumn of the year.
It is the long vow'd victime, which is fed
'Mongſt Holmes, and Okes on ſnowie *Algids* head,
Or which in fat *Albanian* paſtures grew,
That ſhall the Prieſts ſharp axe with blood imbrew.
To thee, who petty Gods doſt magnifie,
With Mirtle branch, and ſprig of Roſemary,
It nothing appertains their feaſts to keep
With frequent ſlaughters of the fatteſt ſheep.
If thy hand, free from ill, the Altar touch,
Thou ſhalt th' offended Gods appeaſe as much
With gift of ſparkling Salt, and pious meal,
As if thou vows with coſtly victimes ſeal.

Ode XXIV. by Sir *R. F.*

He inveighs against covetous men, who continually join houses to houses, building in the very Sea it self: when in the mean time no buildings can free them from the necessity of dying. He saith the Scythians *are happy, who draw their houses in waggons, and till the fields in common. Moreover, denies that corruption of manners, and license of sinning to be amongst these, which is amongst the* Romans. *But for the rooting out of these evils, together with the depraved desire of increasing riches, affirms, there is need of a more rigid Discipline.*

THough richer then unpoll'd
Arabian wealth, and *Indian* Gold,
Thou with thy works should'st drain
The *Tyrrhene* and whole *Pontick* Main;
Thou could'st not, when Death layes
On thee his Adamantine mace,
Thy minde from terrour free,
Nor body from mortality.
Wiser the *Scythians*,
Whose houses run on wheels like Waines;
And frozen *Getes*, whose Field
Unbounded doth free *Ceres* yield:
Nor is't the custome there,
To sow a land above a year;
And when that Crop is born,
The rest relieve it each by turn.
There women mingle not,
For Son-in-Law's a poyson'd pot;

Nor

Nor *govern*: On their Dow'r
Preſuming, or adultrers pow'r,
Their Dow'r's *to be well bred*:
And *Chaſtity*, flying the Bed
Of others, their own truſt
Perſwading, and the price of Luſt.
Oh! he that would aſſwage
Our blood-ſhed and inteſtine rage,
If he would written have
His Countries Father on his grave;
Let him not fear t'oppoſe
Unbridled licence to the noſe:
So ſhall he gain great praiſe
In after times; ſince (wo the dayes!)
We envy living worth,
But miſs it when 'tis laid in earth.
For what do our laws ſtand,
If puniſhment weed not the land?
What ſerves vain preaching for,
Which cannot cure our lives? if nor
Thoſe lands which flames imbrace;
Nor where the neighb'ring *Boreas*,
Shuts up the Ports with cold,
And ſnows faſt nail'd to the free hold,
The Mariner repell?
If crafty Merchants learn to quell
The horridſt Seas? the fear
Of that crime Want making them bear,
And do all things, and balk
Severer vertues narrow walk.
Would Heaven we'd carry all
Our wealth into the Capitoll!
Or in the next Sea duck
Our jewels and pernicious muck,

Fewel of all that's nought!
If we repent as we ought,
Strike at the root of ills;
And mould we our too pliant wills
To rougher arts: the childe
Of noble linage cannot wield
A bounding horse of war,
Nay fears to hunt, more skill'd by far
To stride off the *Greek* bowl,
Or the forbidden Dice to trowl,
The whilest his perjur'd Father
Deceives his partners trust, to gather
For one that hath no wit.
So ill got wealth grows fast, and yet
Something still short doth come,
To make it up an even sum.

Ode XXV.

Upon BACCHUS.

Argument.

The Lyric of God Bacchus *craves,*
T' induct him to his Bowers, and Caves.
Wherewith his influence repleat,
He may Augustus *praise repeat.*

Quo me Bacche.

WHere dragg'st me (*Bacchus*) with thy power
Repleat, to what Grove, or obscure Bower
Am I hal'd, with transform'd mind!
In what Recluses is my Muse confin'd,

While

While *Cæsars* endleſs honour I
Advance to heaven, and rank with *Jove* on high:
I'le ſing a glorious, and new verſe,
Such as no man did ere before reherſe.
Juſt ſo layes *Evias* in a Muſe
Awak'd on lofty Mountains, where he views
Cold *Hebers* ſtreams, and ſnowy *Thrace*,
And *Rhodope* where barbarous people trace.
O how do I a wandrer love,
T' admire the crags and ſolitary groves!
King of Flood-nymphs, and *Bacche's*, who
Can with your hands tall Aſh-trees overthrow:
No petty Theam in humble phraze,
No mortal ſubject ſhall my Muſe deblaze.
Bacchus, ſweet danger 'tis to chaſe (grace.
A God, whoſe creſt green Vine-branch Crowneth

Ode XXVI.

To VENUS.

Argument.

The Poet now well ſtruck in years,
His Lyre, and amorous Theams for bears:
And prayes the Cyprian *Queen to dart*
One love-ſhaft at proud Chloes *heart.*

Vixi puellis.

I Lately with young Virgins did comply,
And was in *Cupids* camp renowned high:
Now my Engins (wars at end,)
And Lute I'le on this wall ſuſpend,

Bord'ring on Sea-born *Venus's* left hand
Here, here let my enlightning Tapour ſtand,
With my leavers and my bow,
That barr'd-up doors can open throw.
Thou who do'ſt o'r bleſt *Cyprus* Iſle preſide,
And *Memphis* where no *Thracian* ſnow can bide,
O Queen, with far fetched ſtroke
Once haughty *Chloes* ire revoke.

Ode XXVII. By Sir *R. F.*

To Galatea *going to Sea.*

He deters her principally by the example of Europe.

Let ill preſages guide the Ill,
A ſcreeching Owl, or from a hill
A She-wolf mad upon the Flocks,
Or pregnant Fox.

And a Snake ſhaft-like ſhot athwart
Their horſes way to make them ſtart,
Their journey ſtop. What place is here
For provident fear?

Before the tempeſt boading foul,
Deſcend into the ſtanding Pool,
My prayer ſhall from the *Orient* ſteer
The Kings Fiſher.

Be

Be bleſt, whereever thou wouldſt be,
And *Galatea* think of me;
No ominous Pye thy ſteps revoakes,
No Raven croaks.

Yet pale *Orion* ſad deſcends;
I know too well what it portends,
When black I ſee the *Adriatick*,
Or white the *Japick*.

Let our foes wives, and all they love
The riſing Kids blind anger prove,
And the vext Ocean when it roars,
Laſhing the ſhores.

Europa ſo, truſting her ſoft
Side to the ticing Bull, ſhriekt oft,
The Rocks and Monſters to behold,
Though ſhe was bold.

She that late pickt ſweet flowers in Medes,
And wove meet Garlands for Nymphs heads,
In a clear night could nothing ſpy
But Sea and Sky.

In populous *Crete* arriv'd ſoon after,
O Sire (quoth ſhe) left by thy Daughter
And duty in my feeble breſt
By love oppreſt,

Whence, whether rapt? One death's too ſmall
To expiate a Virgins fall.
Do I (awake) true crimes lament,
Or (innocent)

Doth some false Dream put me in pain?
Was't better through the horrid Main
To rove far off: or with my Father
Fresh Flowers to gather?

Had I that naughty Bull now here,
How with my nails I could him tear,
And break the horns about that pate
So lov'd of late!

Shameless I left my Sires aboads:
Shameless I pawse on death; ye Gods,
(If any hear) show me the way
Where Lions stray.

Ere my fair skin grow rand and loose,
And of the tender prey the juice
Run out; whilst I am plump I wou'd
Be Tigers food.

Die base *Europa* (whispers me
My Sire) behold yon beckning tree!
The Zone from thy chaste waste unknit
To thy neck fit.

Or if sharp Rocks delight for speed,
This hanging cliff will do the deed:
Unless (being come of Royal kin)
Th'adst rather spin,

And be a barbrous Mistress thrall,
Her husbands trull. *Venus* heard all,
And *Cupid* falsely laughing now
With unbent bow;

At

At length she said, This rage forbear;
That naughty Bull thou shalt have here:
Prepare thy self 'gainst he returns
To break his horns.

Jove is thy Bull. These Fountains dry;
Learn to use greatness moderately:
Thy Thirds oth' World shall called be
Europe from thee.

Ode XXVIII. By Sir *T. H.*

To LYDE.

He perswadeth Lyde *to spend the Day dedicated to* Neptune, *pleasantly.*

ON *Neptunes* feasts what else do we?
Straight (*Lyde*) broach, and bring to me
Cecubian Wines laid up in store,
And let strong wisdome sway no more.
Thou seest 'tis Mid-time of the day,
And yet, as if swift hours did stay,
A But thou spar'st, was Cellar-stall'd,
When *Bibulus* was Consul call'd.
With mutual songs wee'l *Neptune* please,
And the green-hair'd *Nereides*.
On crooked Lyre sing thou with art,
Latona, and swift *Cynthia*'s dart:
Whilest our last strain her praise unfolds,
Who *Cnidos*, and bright *Cyclads* holds:
And *Paphos* with payr'd Swans doth view;
The night shall likewise have his due.

Ode XXIX. By Sir *R. F.*

To MÆCENAS.

He *invites him to a merry Supper, laying aside publick cares.*

OFf-spring of *Tyrrhene* Kings; I have,
Waiting thy leisure in my Cave,
Of mellow Wine an unbroacht But,
With Spicknard and Rose buds, to put
Upon thy hair. Break off delay:
Do not moist *Tybur* still survay,
And *Æsulaes* declining hill,
And his that did his Father kill.
Leave fulsome plenty, and thy proud
Palace whose head is in a cloud:
Respite the love of smoak, and noise,
And all that wealthy *Rome* enjoyes.
Rich men are mostly pleas'd with change,
And cleanly meals in a poor grange,
Without their Tapestries, unplough
The furrows of a careful Brow.
Andromed now peeps with his star,
Now *Procyon* shews the *Dog* not far,
He barks, and *Phœbus* kindling Raies
Haste to bring back the sultry daies.
The Shepherd now with his faint Flock
Looks, panting, for a gushing Rock,
The horrors of a gloomy wood;
And no air stirs to crisp the flood.
Thou mind'st affairs of State, and (fraught
With fears for *Rome*) busiest thy thought

What

What *Scythians*, what the *Bactrians* think,
And those that distant *Tanais* drink.
Wise God hath wrapt in a thick cloud
What is to come: and laughs aloud
When Mortals fear more then their share.
Things present manage with due care:
The rest are carried like a stream,
Which now runs calm as any dream
Into the *Tyrrhene* sea; anon
(Beyond all limits overflown)
Sweeps with it houses, herds, and flocks,
And trees intire, and broken rocks,
Making the woods and mountains roar.
That man has happiness in store
For a hard Winter, that can say
Unto his Soul, *I liv'd to day.*
To morrow let it shine, or rain,
Yet cannot this the past make vain,
Nor uncreate and render void
That which was yesterday injoy'd.
Fortune that knows the Mistress part,
To use her Servants with proud art,
Her fickle favours now bestows
Unme, now on another throws.
If she stay, best: if she will pack,
I give her all her presents back,
(Like Wooers when a match is broke)
And wrapping me in my old cloak,
My vertue, marry the next hower
Chaste *Povertie* without a Dower.
When North winds bellow, 'tis not I
Run scar'd to wretched prayers, and cry
Let not my Spice, my Silks increase
The riches of the greedie seas.

When

When men may be in Oars convaid
Through *Pontick* stormes, then I will trade.

Ode XXX. By Sir *R. F.*

By writing Lyricks, he saith, *He hath provided better for the Immortality of his Name, then if he had procured Brazen Statues, and* Pyramids *to be erected to him. And intimates that his chief praise would be, That he was the first of the* Latins, *who in this kind of Verse imitated the* Greeks.

A Work out-lasting Brass, and higher
Then Regal Pyramids proud Spire,
I have absolv'd. Which storming windes,
The Sea that turrets undermines,
Tract of innumerable daies,
Nor the rout of times can raze.
Totally I shall not die,
And much of me the Grave shall flie.
Posterity my name shall boast,
When *Rome* her self in *Rome* is lost.
Where like a King loud *Ausid* reigns,
Where *Daunus* (poor in stream) complains
To neighb'ring Clowns: I shall be sed
The man, that from an humble head
T'a Torrent swoln did first inspire
A *Roman* Soul in *Grecian* Lire.
I labour with deserved praise;
Crown, crown me (willing Muse) with Baies.

The End of the Third Book.

ODES.

ODES.

BOOK IV.

ODE I.

To VENUS.

Argument.

'Arriv'd to Fifty now, he ſhould
His Pen from amorous Theams with-hold:
Yet night and day doth Ligurine
His heart to fervent love incline.

Intermiſſa Venus:

THou *Venus* doſt commence again
Thy long ſuſpended wars. O pray refrain:
I am not as I wont to be,
While gracious *Cynera* ruled over me.
Dire mother of ſweet loves forbear
Me, now obdur'd and at my Fiftieth year,

T'in-

T'incline to thy ſoft precepts. Go,
Where fair-tong'd young mens flattries court thee
In *Paulus Maximus* his houſe,
Thou drawn with Swans more fitly ſhalt carrouze,
And wanton it: if thou deſire
T'inflame thy flagrant Liver with loves Fire,
He, noble, and of comely grace,
And a good pleader in his Clients caſe,
And for an hundred arts renown'd,
Shall ſpread thine Enſigns through the ample round.
And when he laughs, more prevalent
Than thoſe large gifts his Rival did preſent,
He under Cypreſs-roof ſhall make
Thee all of Marble nigh the *Albane* lake.
There copious ſtore of Frankincenſe
Shalt thou ſnuff up, to recreate thy ſenſe,
And lyre, with *Phrygian* pipe, and flute,
All ſhall thine ears promiſcuouſly ſalute.
There Youths and tender Virgins, they
Thy ſacred power advancing twice a day,
Shall with their candid feet rebound,
Like Prieſts of *Bacchus* three times from the ground.
No woman, nor young youth love I,
Nor am I prone to vain credulity,
Nor in carrouzing to conteſt,
Nor with freſh Flowers my temples to inveſt.
But why, ah *Lygurinus*, why
Glide liquid tears thus ſlowly from my eye?
Why in the midſt of language trips
My eloquent tongue with unſeemly ſlips?
I, when ſurpriz'd with gentle ſleep,
Do thee (methinks) in my imbracements keep:
Now o'r woods and *Mars* his plain,
O hard of heart! thee proſecute amain.

Ode

Ode II. By Sir *R. F.*

To Antonius Julus, *the son of* Mark Anthony, *the Triumvir.*

That it is dangerous to imitate the ancient Poets.

WHo thinks to equal *Pindar*, tries
With waxen wings to reach the Skies,
Like him that (falling) a name gave
T' his watry graye.
As a proud ſtream that ſwoln with rain,
Comes pouring down the hills amain,
So *Pindar* flows, and fears no drouth,
Such his deep mouth:
Worthy the Bayes, whither he powre
From unexhauſted Springs a ſhowre
Of lawleſs *Dytherambs*, and thunders
In bolder numbers:
Or ſings of Gods, and Heroes (ſeed
Of Gods) whoſe juſt ſwords did outweed.
The *Centaures*, and *Chimera* ſtout
Her flames put out:
Or mourns ſome youth, from his ſad ſpouſe
Unkindly torn, whoſe ſtrength and prowes
And golden mind he lifts to th' *skie*,
And lets not die.
This *Theban* Swan, when he will ſing
Among the clouds, raiſes his wing
On a ſtiff gale. I *like* the Bee
Of *Calabrie*,
Which (toiling) *ſucks* beloved Flowers
About the *Thymie* Groves, and Skowrs

Of

Of Fount-well *Tyber*, frame a terſe
But humble verſe.
Thou *Anthony* in higher ſtrains
Chaunt *Cæſar*, when he leads in chains
Fierce *Germans*, his victorious brows
Crown'd with Bay-boughs.
Then whom a greater thing, or good,
Heaven hath not lent the earth, nor ſhou'd
Though it refin'd the age to th'old
Saturnian gold.
Thou ſhalt ſing to the *publick* playes
For his return, and Holy-dayes
For our prayers heard, and wrangling pleas
Bound to the peace.
Then I (if I may then be heard)
Happy in my reſtored *Lord*,
Will joyn ith' cloſe, and ô! (Ile ſay)
O Sun-ſhine day!
And (thou proceeding) we'l all ſing,
Jo Triumph! And again
Jo Triumph! At each turning
Incenſe burning.
A Hecatomb's requir'd of thee,
And weaned Calf excuſes me,
In high graſs fat and *friſking* now,
To pay my vow.
Reſembled in whoſe ſhining horns,
The increaſing Moon his brow adorns;
Save a white feather in his head
All ſorrel red.

A Paraphrase on the same Ode, by A. C.

1.

Pindar is imitable by none;
The Phœnix, *Pindar*, is a vast species alone:
Who er'e but *Dedalus* with Waxen wings could flie,
And neither *sink* too low, nor *soar* too high?
What could he who follow'd claim,
But of vain boldness the unhappy fame,
And by his fall a Sea to name?
Pindars unnavigable song, (long.
Like a swoln Flood from some steep mountains pours a-
The Ocean meets with such a voice
From his enlarg'd mouth, as drowns the Oceans noise.

2.

So *Pindar* does new words and figures roul
Down his impetuous *Dithyrambique* tide,
Which in no Channel daigns t'abide,
Which neither *bankes* nor *dikes* controul,
Whither th'immortal Gods he sings
In a no less immortal strain,
Or the great acts of God-descended Kings,
Who in his numbers still survive and raign.
Each rich Embroidred *line*,
By his Sacred hand is bound;
Which their triumphant brows around,
Does all their Starrie-Diadems out-shine.

3.

Whither at *Pisa's* race he please
To carve in *Polisht verse*, the Conquerors Images;

Whither the swift, the skilful, or the strong,
Be crown'd in his nimble artful vig'rous song,
Whither some brave young mans untimely Fate,
In words worth dying for, he celebrate
Such mournful, and such pleasing words,
As joy to his Mothers, and his Mistress grief affords.
He bids him live, and grow in fame,
Among the Stars he sticks his name;
The Grave can but the dross of him devour,
So small is Deaths, so great the Poets power.

4.

Loe, how the Obsequious wind and swelling air,
The *Theban* Swan does upwards bear
Into the welks of Clouds; where he does play,
And with extended wings opens his liquid way:
Whilst, alas, my timerous Muse,
Unambitious tracts pursues,
Does with weak unballast wings,
About the massie brooks and springs,
About the trees new blossom'd heads,
About the Gardens painted beds,
About the Fields and flowry Meads,
And all inferiour beauteous things,
Like the laborious Bee,
For little drops of honey flee;
And there with humble sweets, contents her industry

Ode

Ode III. By Sir *R. F.*

To MELPOMENE.

That he is born to Poetry, and by the benefit thereof, hath obtained immortality and glory.

WHom thou *Melpomene*
Haſt ſmil'd on in his infancie,
Him neither *Iſthmian* game
Shall ever for a wreſtler fame;
Nor ſtout *Olympick* ſteeds
Victorious draw; nor Martial deeds
Shew to the Capitoll
A Lawrel-crowned General
For taming Kings: but floods
Which waſh rich *Tybur*, and green woods
Their buſhy locks grown long,
Make big with an *Æolian* ſong.
Queen *Rome* hath noted me
Of her own ſacred Quire to be,
Where ſweet-tongu'd Poets ſing;
And now I fear not envies ſting.
O *Muſe*! whoſe ſugard words
Are married to the golden Chords:
Who, if thou touch their tongues,
Giv'ſt to mute Fiſhes Swan-like ſongs:
'Tis (all) thy Boon, that I
Am pointed at as I paſs by
Romes Lyric: thine it is,
I live, and pleaſe, if I do this.

Ode IV. By Sir *R. F.*

He celebrates the Victories of Drusus Nero (*who was Son-in-law to* Augustus Cæsar) *over the* Rhætians *and* Vindelicians: *Also commemorates certain valiant deeds of* Claudius Nero.

As th' *Armour-bearer* of great *Jove*
(Made King of all that soars above,
For stealing him from *Troy*
The * yellow-tressed Boy) *Ganymed.
Youth whilom and his Native courage
Drew from his nest ere he could forage:
And now soft Winds, being fair,
Teach him to form ith' air
Unwonted steps: Anon more bold
With hostile force assaults a fold;
Resisting Snakes anon
For fight and prey sets on:
Or such as *kids* a Lion view
From tawny mother weaned new,
Ready in pastures sweet
To hansel his first teeth:
Such *Rhatians* did behold and flie
Drusus beneath the *Alpes*, who why
They carry at their backs
An *Amazonian* Ax,
I list not to determine here:
Perhaps nor can. But this is clear
Their long Victorious bands
Subdu'd by a Boy's hands,
Felt what a mind right got, and true-
Bred under lucky roofs could do,

What

What *Cæsars* fatherly
Care of the *Claudii*.
A valiant man gets men of spirit;
Ev'n beasts their fathers mindes inherit:
Nor doth the bird of *Jove*
Get a degenerous Dove.
But *learning* inward strength thrusts forth,
And *Princely breeding* confirms worth:
Still where good precepts want,
Good Plants turn recreant.
What unto *Nero's*, *Rome* thou ow'st,
Speak *Alpes*, and *Asdrubals* red Ghost,
And that bright day to thee
The black Clouds made to flee:
The first, since the dire *African*
Through the *Italian* Cities ran
Like fire through *Pine* woods,
Or storms on *Tuscan* Floods.
Thenceforth thy youth with prosperous pains
Still grew; and thy religious fanes,
Sackt by the *Punick* sword,
Had their chac'd Gods restor'd;
And perjur'd *Hannibal* 'gan say
At length; Porr sheep (of wolves the prey)
We worry, whom to flie
Were a great victory.
The Nation that through flames of *Troy*,
And *Tyrrhene* billows did convoy
Their Gods, and Babes, and hoar
Sires, to th' *Ausonian* shore,
Like a dark Oak on the rich top
Of *Algidum*, which Hatchets lop,
Grows by it loss, and takes
Strength from the very axe.

Not mangled *Hydra* more increast
Under Alcides, nor that beast
Jason, or he subdu'd
Of *Thebes*, more lives renew'd.
Plunge them ith' sea; they swim fresh out:
Foyl them, with double force they'l rout
The Conqueror: and fight
As in a Mistress sight.
Now shall I send no more proud Posts
To joyful *Carthage*. Lost, O! lost's
Now *Asdrubal* is slain,
The glory of our name.
What is't but *Neros* can effect?
Whom Heavens with prosperous stars protect,
And their own prudent care
Clews through the Maze of War.

Ode V. By Sir *R. F.*

To Augustus.

That he would at length return to the City. Describes the peace and happiness which Italy *injoyed under his Government.*

HEavens choicest gift, *Romes* greatest stay,
Now thou art too too long away:
The holy *Senate* urge thy word
For soon return, return. Afford,
Like day, thy presence; like the Spring
Give a new life to every thing:

The

The first, good Prince, our night will chace,
The second will prolong our dayes.
As a fond mother for her son,
Whom, having over seas been gone
Above a year, the envious wind
Keeps back from her embraces kind;
And now she eyes the Vane, and prayes,
And from the crooked shore doth gaze:
So, with a loyal passion strook,
The People for their *Cæsar* look.
For now the Oxen walk in peace:
Corn, and white innocence increase:
The cleared Main the Sea-men sail:
Faith promises, and dares not fail.
The married Bed unsoil'd remains,
Custom and law preventing stains:
Babes, *like* the *father*, praise the Mother:
Punishment is *Sins* Twin-brother.
Who fears cold *Scythians*? who the *Medes*?
Fierce sons of *Germany*, who dreads?
Whilest *Cæsar* doth in safety raign,
Who is afraid of Wars with *Spain*?
Each man his proper Field doth till,
And hides the Sun behind his hill:
Returning then to sup with Glee,
His second course is praising thee.
For thee he prayes, to thee propines,
Thee with his houshold gods he joyns,
As, for like reason, thankful *Greece*
Did *Castor* and great *Hercules*.
Long last these golden Holy-dayes!
Thus *Italy* for thy life prayes:
Sprinkled at night, not chang'd at morn,
When to dry labour they return.

Ode VI.

To Apollo and Diana.

Argument.

He doth in Sæcularian *verſe*
Phœbus, *and* Diana's *praiſe rehearſe.*

Dive quem.

GOd, whoſe revenge for boaſts, the crew
From *Niobe* ſprung, and *Tytius* knew,
And great *Achilles*, who did *Troy*
Almoſt deſtroy,
The greateſt ſouldier's not *like thee*,
Though Sea-bred *Thetis* ſon he be,
Who did with dreadful Javelin make
Troys turrets ſhake,
No Pine with *keen* edg'd-axe hewn down,
Nor Cypreſs with Eaſt-blaſts o'r-thrown,
So amply fell, his Carcaſs found
On *Trojan* ground.
He ne'r (as *ſculkt* in horſe compil'd
For *Pallas* ſacrifice) beguil'd
Ill-idling *Troy*, and *Priams* Court,
With dancing ſport.
But *publickly* in flames had flung
(O dire?) each *Grecian* infant young,
Yea formleſs Embroyes not yet come
From Mothers womb;
Had not thy own, and *Venus* prayer
Prevail'd with father *Jove*, to rear

Walls

Walls for *Æneas* toyles, of ſtate,
And better fate.
O *Phœbus* ſhrill *Thalias* theam,
Who lav'dſt thy *locks* in *Xanthus* ſtream,
Protect the honour'd *Daunian* Muſe,
Smooth *Agyeus*.
'Twas *Phœbus* gave thee wit, and art,
And name of Poet did impart.
Ye nobleſt Maids, and youths of high-
Born anceſtry;
Ye guarded in *Diana*'s bounds,
Whoſe bow ſwift Stags, and *Lynces* wounds,
My *Lesbian* meaſures patron ſtand,
And guide my hand:
Chaunting (as of old) *Diana*'s Sun,
And the ſtill light-augmenting Moon,
Fructiferous, *making* Moneths to hie
On ſpeedily.
Now wed, thou'lt ſay: I, who each Verſe
Of Horace knew, did Layes rehearſe
T'th' Gods, when ev'ry age in uſe
Did feaſts reduce.

Ode VII. By Sir *R. F.*

To L. Manlius Torquatus.

Propoſing the arrival of the Spring, and the equal neceſſity to all men of dying, without hopes of living again, and propoſing likewiſe the change and viciſſitude of all things, he invites to lead a merry and pleaſant life.

The *ſnows* are thaw'd, now graſs new cloaths the earth,
And trees new hair thruſt forth.
The ſeaſon's chang'd, and *brooks* late ſwoln with rain,
Their proper *banks* contain.
Nymphs with the Graces *link't* dare dance around
Naked upon the ground.
That thou muſt die, the *year* and *hours* ſay
Which draw the winged day.
Firſt Spring, then Summer, that away doth chaſe,
And muſt it ſelf give place
To *Apple-bearing Autumn*, and that paſt,
Dull *Winter* comes at laſt.
But the decays of time, *Time* doth repair:
When we once plunged are
Where good *Æneas*, with rich *Ancus* wades,
Aſhes we are, and ſhades.
Who *knows* if *Jove* unto thy life's paſt ſcore
Will adde one morning more?
When thou art dead, and *Rhadamanthus* juſt
Sentence hath ſpoke thee duſt,

Thy

Thy blood, nor eloquence can ransome thee,
No nor thy piety.
For chaft *Hippolytus* in *Stygian* night
Diana cannot light:
Nor *Theseus* break with all his vertuous pains,
His dear *Perithous* chains.

A Paraphrase on the same Ode.

THe snow is gone, the grass returns
To Fields, the Perucks to the trees,
Earth playes with her varieties.
Each River in Consumption mourns,
And humbly glides beneath her bourns,
Contain'd within her banks degrees.
The naked Graces lead the dance,
With whom the Nymphs in measures move,
The sliding years our hopes reprove;
Which to Eternity advance,
And the swift howers their speed inhance,
The day by snatches to remove.
Soft Western gales allay the cold,
On the *Springs* heels the *Summer* treads,
It self then to destruction leads.
Where *Autumn* does her fruits unfold,
Straight comes the *Winter* stiffe and cold,
And life with lazie humour deads.
Yet Moons may wane, and soon increase;
But when once we thither go,
Where wealthy men and worthy too,
Must all lay down their heads at last,
When their needless toyls are past,

To

To dust and ghost we vanish all;
Who knows that those great powers on high,
The present sum of these our dayes,
Which by to morrows reckoning raise?
Our heirs as well as we must die,
And from our clutcht hands all will flie,
Which our kind will to them conveys.
That once among the dead thou be,
And the just Judge do sentence give,
In glorious state on all that live:
Thee no extraction thence shall free,
No eloquence, no piety,
Thy life recover, or reprieve.
No Father can, though much he mourn,
From the dark vale of shade beneath,
Restore his guiltless Babe to breath;
Nor friend can make his friend return,
When once imprison'd in his Urn,
From cold forgetfulness and death.

Ode VIII. By Sir *R. F.*

To Martius Censorinus.

That there is nothing which can make men more immortal, then the verses of Poets.

MY friends, I would accommodate
With goblets, *Grecian* tripods, Plate
Of *Corinth*-Brass: and, *Censorine*,
The worst of these should not be thine:
That is to say, if I were rich
In those same antique pieces, which

Partha-

Parrhasius and *Scopas* fame;
He skill'd to paint, in stone to frame
This, now a God, a Mortal now.
But I have not the means; nor thou
A mind, or purse, that wants such knacks.
Verse thou dost love. Thou shalt not lack
For Verse. And hear me what 'tis worth.
Not inscrib'd Marbles planted forth
To publick view, which give new breath
To great and good men after death:
Not the swift flight of *Hannibal*,
And his threats turn'd to his own wall:
Not perjur'd *Carthage* wrapt in flame,
By which young *Scipio* brought a name
From conquer'd *Africk*: speaks his praise
So loud as the *Pierian* Layes.
Nar, were Books silenc'd, could'st thou gain
The Guerdon of thy vertuous pain?
What had become of *Ilia*'s child
She bare to *Mars*, had darkness veil'd
The merits of our *Romulus*?
From *Stygian* waters *Æacus*,
Vertue and fav'ring verse assoils,
And consecrates to the blest Isles:
A man that hath deserv'd t' have praise,
The *Muse* embalms; She keeps Heavens Keys.
Thus *Hercules* (his labours past)
With *Jupiter* takes wisht repast:
The sons of *Leda* stars are made,
And give the sinking Sea-man aid;
Good *Bacchus*, crowned with Vine-leaves,
His drooping Votaries relieves.

Ode IX. By Sir *R. F.*

To LOLLIO.

That his writings shall never perish: Vertue without the help of Verses is buried in oblivion. That he will sing Lollio's *praises, whose vertue he now also celebrates.*

LEast thou should'st think the words which I
(By sounding *Ausid* born) compile
To marry with the Lute b'a skill
Never before reveal'd, shall die:
Though *Homer* lead the Van, the Muse
Of *Pindar*, nor *Alcæus* heights,
Grave *Stesichore*, nor *Cean* sighs,
Are silenc't, or worn out of use.
Nor what of old *Anacreon* plaid,
Hath time defac't: *Love* lights his fire,
And with his Quiver wears the Lyre
Of the yet fresh *Æolian* Maid.
Helen was not the onely she
A curled gallant did inflame,
The splendour of his Royal train,
And Gold and Pearls embroyderie.
Nor *Teucer* first that drew a strong
Cydonian Bow. *Trojans* had fought
Before: nor that age onely wrought
Deeds worthy of the Muses song.
Nor valiant *Hector*, and the brave
Deiphob, were the onely men
Receiv'd deep wounds upon them then,

Their

Their children and chaſte wives to ſave.
Men ſlaſht ere *Diomed* was made:
But all are in oblivion drown'd,
And put unmourn'd into the ground,
For lack of Sacred Poets aid.
Vertue that's buried, and dead Sloth,
Differ not much. Un-underſtood
Thou ſhalt not die; nor ſo much good
As thou haſt acted feed the Moth.
Lollio thou art a man haſt skill
To fathome things: that being tride
In either Fortune, couid'ſt abide
In both up-right, and *Lollio* ſtill.
Of covetous fraud a ſcourge ſevere:
On whom the all-attracting Gold
Could with its Tenters ne'r take hold:
Nor Conſul of one year. When ere
A vertuous Magiſtrate, and true,
Shall call good, gain, bid Bribes avaunt;
Upon Oppoſers bellies plant
His conqu'ring Flags; *Lollio*, that's you.
He is not happy that hath much:
But who ſo can his mind diſpoſe
To uſe aright what Heaven beſtows,
He juſtly is accounted ſuch:
If he know how hard want to bear:
And fear a crime, more then his end;
If for his Country, or his Friend
To ſtake his life he doth not fear.

Ode X.

To Ligurinus, *a beauteous Youth.*

Argument.

Though now fair Ligurinus *vaunt*
Of beauty, and be arrogant
Unto his lovers: he'l repent,
When his pure Rosy-hew is spent.

O crudelis adhuc.

O Youth, yet cruel, grac'd with Beauties crown,
When thy *sle k*chin's o'rspread with hairy down,
And locks are shed, now in diffhevell'd wise,
And hue fades, which the Purple Rose out-vies;
When thou'rt all horrid grown, alas! thou'lt say
(When as thy mirrour doth that change display)
Why thought I not of this, while earst a Boy?
Or why doth hair my once-smooth *cheeks* annoy?

Ode XI.

To PHILLIS.

Argument.

He Phillis *company invites,*
Unto some junketting delights
On Aprils Ides, *what day his sweet*
Mæcenas *first the world did greet.*

Est mihi novum.

I *Phillis* have a Butt in store
Of *Albane*, nine years old, and more;

And

And parſley in my Garden grows,
To crown thy brows:
I've Ivie ſtore to *deck* thy head;
A rich houſe, and an *Altar* ſpread
With Vervain, coveting a ſtain
From *Lamkin* ſlain.
All perſons haſten: here, and there,
Youths, Maids, run buſtling everywhere,
And tremulous flames the chimneys choak
With rolling ſmoak:
To know yet to what feaſt I call
Thee: celebrate as feſtival
Thoſe *Ides* which (Sea-born *Venus* tide)
April divide.
Deſerv'dly ſolemniz'd by me,
Yea 'fore my own Nativity:
'Cauſe my *Mecænas* from this Sun
His years begun.
A wealthy wanton Maid reſpected
Young *Telephus*, whom thou affected,
Though not thy match, and him retains
In grateful chains.
Scorch'd *Phaeton* greedy hopes eſchews:
Wing'd *Pegaſus* dire example ſhews,
Who ſcorn'd by baſe *Bellerophon*
To be rode on.
Always beſeeming acts purſue,
And thiue unequal ſtill eſchew,
With lawleſs hopes. *Thou*, on vvhom laſt
My love I caſt,
For none henceforth my heart ſhall heat,
Learn Ditties which thou may'ſt repeat
With lovely voice. For Verſes may
Sad Cares allay.

Ode XII. By Sir *T. H.*

To VIRGIL.

He describeth the approach of the Spring, *and invites* Virgil *to a Banquet under condition.*

SOuth winds, the *Spring* attending ſtill,
Now ſeas becalm, and ſails do fill;
Now Froſts make not the Meadows hoar,
Nor Winter ſnow, ſwoln rivers rore.
The luckleſs bird her neſt doth frame,
Bewailing *Itis*, and the ſhame
Of *Cecrops* houſe, and that ſo ill,
On Kings rude luſt, ſhe wrought her will.
The Shepherds of rich Flocks reherſe,
And to their Pipes chaunt rural verſe:
Seeking his God-head to appeaſe,
Whom Flocks and hills *Arcadian* pleaſe.
Theſe times do thirſty ſeaſons ſend,
But if thou (*Virgil Cæſars* friend;)
Calenian Wines deſir'ſt to try,
To me with fragrant unguents hie,
And purchaſe with a little Box,
Wine, which *Sulpitius* ſafely locks,
New hopes moſt pow'rful to create,
And bitter cares to diſſipate:
To which content if thou agree,
Stay not, but quickly come to me:
I'le not (free coſt) my cups carrouze,
As rich men in a plenteous houſe.

Then

Then leave delayes, and gain's desire,
And mindful of black Funeral fire,
"Short folly mix with Counsels best;
"'Tis sweet, sometime to be in jest.

Ode XIII. By Sir *T. H.*

Against LYCE.

Who being old, is become a scorn to young men.

THe Gods have (*Lyce*) heard my vow,
My vow is heard. Th'art old, yet thou,
Fain wouldst (forsooth) be courted fair,
And quaffe, and wanton with the air:
And (drunk) with trembling voice invite
Slow *Cupid*, who takes more delight,
On *Chia*'s rosie cheeks to stay,
Youthful, and skill'd in Musicks lay.
He restless with swift motion flies
From wither'd *Okes*, and from thee hies;
Whom rotten teeth, and wrinkled face,
And head of snowie hair disgrace.
Not can bright *Coan* Purples use,
Or brightest gems the time reduce;
Which once swift winged age hath clos'd,
In publick Calenders dispos'd.
Where is thy beauty fled! Ay me!
Thy colour fresh, and motion free?
What hast thou left of that, entire,
Which earst enkindled am'rous fire?

And me did from my ſelf divert;
Next *Cynaras*, thou happy wert,
For pleaſing beautie and ſweet grace,
Diſcover'd in a lovely face.
But Fates to *Cynaras* did ow
Short life, and *Lyce* like the Crow,
They here ſurviving longer hold,
That youth inflamed may behold,
Not without laughter, and much ſcorn,
A burning Torch to aſhes worn.

A Paraphraſe on the ſame Ode, *By* W. C.

MY prayers are heard, O *Lyce*, now;
They're heard: Years write thee ag'd, yet thou
Youthful, and green in will,
Putt'ſt in for handſome ſtill;
And ſhameleſs doſt intrude among
The feaſts and ſportings of the young.
There ſham'd with wine thy ragg'd throat
To *Cupid* ſhakes ſome feeble note,
To move unwilling fires,
And croſs our long'd deſires,
When he ſtill awakes in *Chias* face,
Chia that's freſh and ſings with grace:
For he (choice God) doth in his flight
Skip ſapleſs *Okes*, and will not light
Upon thy cheeks or brow,
Becauſe deep wrinkles now,
Gray hairs, and teeth decay'd, and worn,
Preſent thee foul, and fit for ſcorn.

Whither

Whither is now that ſoftneſs flown?
Whither that bluſh, that motion gon?
Alas! what now in thee
Is left of all that ſhe?
That ſhe that loves did breath and deal,
That *Horace* from himſelf did ſteal.
Thou wert awhile the cried-up face
Of taking arts and catching grace,
My *Cynara* being dead;
But my fair *Cynara*'s thread
Fates broke, intending thine to draw,
Till thou confeſs with th' aged Daw,
That thoſe young Lovers, once thy prey,
Thy zealous eager Servants may
Make thee their common ſport,
And to thy houſe reſort,
To ſee a Torch that proudly burn'd,
Now into colder aſhes turn'd.

Ode XIV. By Sir *T. H.*

To AUGUSTUS.

Honours cannot be given to Auguſtus *by the Senate and People of* Rome, *which may be equavalent to his vertues.*

WHat care of Senators, or *Roman* ſtate
May with full Honours meed perpetuate
Thee (*Caſar*) grav'd on Statutes, or comprize
Thy vertues in *Romes* annual memories?

(O thou of Princes mightiest) where his tayes,
The Sun o're habitable Climes displayes;
Who *Vandals*, ignorant of *Latian* rites,
Hast (lately) taught thy worth in Martial fights:
For *Drusus* with thy souldiers hath subdu'd
Swift-footed *Brennians*, and *Genaunians* rude:
Yea Forts on *Alpine* mountains dreadful grown,
Hath more than once (victorious) overthrown.
Then did the elder *Nero* battel wage,
And with success repel the *Rhetians* rage.
Admir'd in fight by all, what slaughters he
Made, where they vow'd to die for liberty.
As when South-winds on surly billows ride,
Whilest showry Pleiades the clouds divide.
He *breaking* Hostile squadrons, with full speed
Rush'd through the *thickest Troops* with fiery steed:
Or as by-forked *Aufidus*, amain
Runs bellowing forth along th' *Apulian*-plain,
When he with rage, and swelling Floods abounds,
Threatning a Deluge to the tilled grounds;
On, *Claudius* with vast force impetuous goes,
Beating down armed *ranks* of barb'rous foes;
And with them all cut off, the Earth he strews,
Yet (Victor) his whole Hoast in safety views:
Thou force supplying, Counsels to direct,
And the Gods made propitious, to protect.
For on the day when *Alexandria*'s Port
To thee did suppliant yield, with th' empty Court,
Fortune, that day, three lustres fully spent,
Gave to thy crowned battels good event,
Aquir'd thee praise, and wished honour won,
Those Martial feats of Warfare being done.
Cantabrians, which before *yoke never knew*,
The *Indian*, *Mede*, and wandring *Scythian* crew.

With

With admiration struck do gaze on thee,
(The present weal of *Rome* and *Italy*:)
Egyptian Nilus, taught his source to hide,
Ister, and *Tygris* streams that swiftly glide,
The Monster-breeding Ocean, who doth rore,
To the far distant *banks* o'th' *Brittish* shore,
The *Gauls*, who fear not death; yea barren land
Of stout *Iberian* clime, serve thy Command:
Sicambrians, vow'd in slaughter to delight,
Lay weapons down, adore, and will not fight.

ODE XV. By Sir *T. H.*

The praises of AUGUSTUS.

MY Muse by *Phœbus* was rebuk'd of late
For singing Wara, and vanquish'd cities fates:
Like those who in the *Tyrrhene* Oceans rage,
Do little sails advance. (*Cæsar*) thy age
Affordeth plenteous fruits unto the fields,
And to *Joves* Capitol our Enlignes yields
From *Parthian* Pillars snatch'd, and after jars
Hath closed *Janus* Temple, free from wars:
Confusion hath with order rectifi'd,
And wandring liberty, with fetters ty'd:
Hath antient Arts recall'd; by which 'tis known
Hesperiaes strength, and *Latine* name hath grown:
Imperial pomp hath spread, and glory won,
Stretch'd from the rising to the setting Sun.

While *Cæsar* is our Guardian, civil war,
Nor violence, our peaceful rest shall marre:
Not anger, which swords sharp'neth, and confounds
Cities, unhappy made with mutual wounds;
Nor they, for thirst, that drink in *Ister* deep,
Shall once refuse the *Julian* laws to keep:
Not *Seres*, faithless *Persians*, nor the *Getes*,
Nor those, who neer to *Tanais* have their seats.
And we on Holy eves, and Holy dayes,
Amongst free Cups, to merry *Bacchus* praise;
With wife and children standing in our sight,
(First Godes invoking with religious rite)
Will gladly, as our Grandsires did, rehearse,
(And tuning *Lydian* Pipe to various verse)
Heroick Captains, *Troy*, *Anchises* gone,
And brave *Æneas*, *Cytherea*'s son.

The end of the Odes.

EPODES.

EPODE I. By Sir *R. F.*

To MÆCENAS.

He offers himself to accompany Mæcenas *going to the war of* Actium, *not for any help he can bring him by his presence, but because being present he shall have less apprehensions for him.*

THou go'ſt now our Fleets General,
Our Fleet, the Empires wall:
To take thy Sov'raigns danger, preſt
Upon thy willing breſt.
I, to whom life in thine is ſweet,
But bitter without it,
Shall I (though bid) mine eaſe purſue
(No eaſe if wanting you)

Or

Or else with courage masculine
Make one in the design?
I will: and thee ore *Alpes* I'le follow,
Through lands unseen b' *Apollo*;
And to the farthest Western part,
With an undaunted heart.
Thou't ask, what serves my going for,
Weak, and unapt for War?
I shall fear less, if I be there;
Absence augmenteth fear.
So Birds, divorc'd from their raw young,
Fear more the Snakes forkt tongue:
Whereas (alas) if they had staid,
They could have lent no aid.
This and all warfares I'de embrace,
Onely to gain thy grace:
Not that my galling ploughs may vex
A hundred Oxens necks;
Nor that my flocks when the Dog raigns,
For hills may change the plains:
Nor that my In-land Seat may reach
To the far-distant Beach.
Thy bounty hath oreflow'd my measure;
I would not mass up Treasure
To bury with the Misers care,
Or squander like his heir.

EPODE II. By Sir *R. F.*

He comprehends in this Ode divers praises of a Countrey life: Commending it chiefly from the tranquillity and frugality thereof.

HAppy is he, that free from mental toil,
Like the old Mortals, ploughs his Native soil
With his own Oxen; out of debt: Nor leads
A souldiers life, still in alarms; nor dreads
Th'enraged sea: and flies at any rate
From Law-suits, and the proud porch of the Great.
What does he then? He, lofty poplars joyns
Unto adult and marriageable Vines;
And the wild branches with his Sickle lopt,
Doth better children in their rooms adopt;
Or in a hollow valley, from above,
Beholds his lowing herds securely rove;
Or, his best Honey, which he means to keep,
Puts in clean pots: or shears his tender sheep.
Or when plump *Autumn* shews his bending head
With mellow Apples beautifully red,
With what a gust his grafted Pears he pulls;
And Grapes, the poor mans purple! whence he culls
The fairest, for thee *Priap*; and for thee
Sylvanus, Guardian of his husbandry.
Under an aged Oak he loves to pass
the heates; or lolling on the matted grass.
Between deep bankes a river rowls the while;
The birds they prattle to the trees that smile;

A purling

A purling brook runs chiding all the way,
Which gentle ſlumbers to his eyes convey.
But when rough *Winter* thundring comes, to throw
The treaſures open of the rain and ſnow;
Either with dogs, behind him and before
He drives into his toils the tusked Boar;
Or ſpreads his thinner Nets beſide ſome buſh,
An *ambuſcado* for the greedie Thruſh,
And (dear delights) inveigles in his ſnare
The Travailer-*Wood cock*, and the Coward-*Hare*,
Who at theſe ſports, evades not all thoſe darts,
With which looſe love aſſaults our vacant hearts.
But if a vertuous Wife, that bears ſweet fruit
Yearly to one, and guides the houſe to boot:
(Such as the *Sabine*, or the Sun-burnt froe
Of him, that was choſe Conſul from the plough)
Build of old logs, 'gainſt her good man comes home
Weary, a fire as high as half the room;
And ſhutting in knit hurdles the glad beaſts,
With her own hand unlade their ſwagging breaſts,
And drawing this years Wine from the ſweet Butt,
Dainties unbought upon the Table put;
Your *Lucrine* Oyſters cannot pleaſe me more,
Nor a freſh Sturgion frighted to our ſhore,
Nor any rarer fiſh. No Pheaſant Hen,
Or Quayl, go down my throat more ſavoury; then
An Olive, gather'd from the fatteſt bough;
Cool Endive, wholſome Mallows; or allow
A Lamb upon ſome mighty Feſtival;
Or Kid from the Wolfs jaws; *that's worth them all.*
Amidſt theſe feaſts, how ſweet 'tis to behold
The well-fed ſheep run wadling to their fold?
To ſee the wearied Oxe come trayling back
Th' inverted Plough upon his drooping neck;

And

And the Plough-boyes (the ſwarm that makes us thrive)
Surround the ſhining Hearth, content and blith!
All this the Uſurer *Alphens* having ſed,
Reſolv'd (*what elſe?*) a Country life to lead;
At *Michaelmas* calls all his Moneys in,
But at *Our Lady* puts them out agin.

A Paraphraſe on the ſame.

THat man is bleſt, who void of care,
(As once the Primitive Mortals were)
With's Oxen ploughs his Fathers land,
Freed from the Uſurers griping hand:
He's neither mov'd at Trumpets call,
Nor dreads the threatning Waves at all;
He ſhuns the place where Lawyers prate,
And comes not at the Great mans gate.
Then either he together twines
The lofty Poplars and the Vines,
And lopping off the uſeleſs wood,
Makes up the breach with branches good,
Or in ſome twiſting vale his eyen
Do view the wandring herds of Kine;
Or pots his Honey, ſtrain'd to keep,
Or ſhears the wool of 's tender ſheep;
Or when *Autumnus* from the ground
Has heav'd his head with Apples crown'd:
How crops he pairs, and Grapes that vie
With Purple 't ſelf for noble Die:

Which

Which ſhould be thine *Priapus*, and
Thine *Sylvan*, Guardian of his land.
The rooted graſs now bears each limb,
Then th'antient *Ilex* covers him,
Mean while the falling waters ring,
And birds unto that Muſick ſing;
The Springs ſuch pleaſant murmurs keep,
As ſeem t' invite to gentle ſleep;
But when *Joves* Winter Quarter brings
Deep ſnows and ſhowers, theſe cruel things;
He either drives the ſwift-foot Bores
With Dogs to th' nets deceitful doors,
Or with his fork ſpreads a ſlight Gin
To trap the warbling Thruſhes in.
Or ſtrives for the delicious prey
Of Hares or Cranes, or ſuch as they.
None of theſe cares can here be found,
With which our City lives abound;
But if my chaſte Wife joyntly do
Her part for th' houſe, and children too,
Such as *Sabina*, or ſuch as
Apulius Sun-burnt Conſort was,
With old Logs if ſhe raiſe on high
A fire againſt her husbands nigh,
And hurdling up the Ewes in Penne,
Empty their well-fill'd dugs again:
If ſhe provide with this years wine,
And home-ſpun-fare wherewith to dine.
For *Lucrine* Shell-fiſh I don't care,
Nor prize the Rhombus or the Scare;
If any ſuch a ſtorm our friend,
Thundring upon the Seas, does ſend,
A Turky-cock won't down with me,
Nor can the *Jovian* Moorhens be

More toothsome then the Olive-tree;
Nor more does please my honest palat
Then Mallows, or green Sorrel-sallat;
Or Lamb that's slain at *Termin*'s feast,
Or Kid snatcht from a rav'nous beast.
Amidst this food, 'tis great delight
To see th'full sheep pad home at night,
To see the bellowing Oxen bring,
The levell'd Plough e'ne languishing:
Lastly, the men, that swarming quire,
Plac'd round about the shining fire.
When *Alpheus* thus his speech had done,
Vowing to turn a Countrey-man,
That Quarter took his Money in,
Next (wisely) put it out agen.

EPODE III.

To MÆCENAS.

Argument.

He rails 'gainst Garlicks flagrant heat,
Which he did with Mæcenas *eat.*

WHat impious man to villany devote,
Assaults his aged Fathers throat,
Let poyson'us Garlick be his constant chear;
O what strong stomacks Reapers bear!
Why raves this *Toxie* so within my Gut?
Hath Vipers boyled gore been put,

And

And ſtrain'd 'mongſt herbs my palate to delude?
Or ſome damn'd doſe *Canidia* brew'd?
When *Jaſons* love *Medea*'s heart had caught,
He chief, and faireſt *Argonaut*;
Who bulls combined never yoak'd before,
With Garlick ſhe beſmear'd him ore.
With this that harlot *Glauca* ſhe beſpred,
And on the wings of Dragons fled.
An influence ſo rageful never rent
Apulia's droughty continent,
Nor gore-ſteept garment ere more fervent fri'd
On powerful *Hercules* his ſide.
But if thou 'gain provide me ſuch a diſh,
Macenas merry friend, I wiſh
Thy ſweet-heart nicely may thy kiſſes flie,
And on the utmoſt Bed-ſtock lie.

EPODE IV. By Sir *T. H.*

To Volteius Mena, Pompey's *freed-man.*

THat diſaccord between us two I find,
Which Natures law hath *lambs* and *wolves* diſ-
joyn'd.
(O thou, whoſe ſides with *Spaniſh* whips are torn,
And galled legs with ſtubborn fetters worn.)
Though, proud of *wealth*, thou walk with pompous
pace,
"*Fortune* correcteth not ignoble race.
Seeſt not when to the Capitol through the Town,
Thou ſtalk'it along clad in thy Six-ell Gown,

How

How *Indignation* limitleſs, and free
Of paſſers to and fro reflects on thee?
He, who was earſt with *Triumvirs* ſmart blows,
Laſh'd till the loathing Beadle weary grows;
A thouſand plough'd *Falernian* Akers brags,
And treads the *Appian* way with well pac'd-nags;
And on chief Benches ſitteth (in deſpight
Of *Otho's* law) a moſt accompliſh'd Knight!
What needs great *Ceſar*, then to go about
So many goodly ſhips to furniſh out
'Gainſt wretched Pirates, and the ſlaviſh band,
This, this man dignify'd with prime command!

EPODE V. By Sir *T. H.*

A noble youth, whom Canidia, *and other Witches had ſtoln, and ſet in the earth up to the chin, purpoſing to famiſh him, that they might by Art Magick make a Love-drink of his Liver and Marrow.*

O God, who e're in Heaven doſt guide
The earth, and men which here abide,
What means this noiſe, and why on me,
Do you all look ſo rufully?
Ah, for thy childrens ſake forbear,
If at ſuch Births *Lucina* were.
By this vain Purple robe, I pray,
By *Jove*, who will not like your way,
Why frown you on me, Step-dame like,
Or beaſt, whom eager Hunters ſtrike?

While here the trembling Lad doth ſtay,
Ma le to diſpoil from rich array
H s tender body (which might force
The cruel *Thracian* to remorſe :)
Canidia, whoſe unkembed head
Was with ſhort Vipers filleted,
Commands from *Graves* wild *Fig-tree* torn:
And *Cypreſs*, which doth *Beeres* adorn:
Eggs ſteept in Blood of Toads, to bring,
With feathers from the Scritch-Owles wing;
Hearbs of *Jolco*'s baneful field,
And poyſons, *Theſſaly* doth yield;
Bones ſnatch'd from jaws of hungry Bitch,
To burn with flames of *Colchique* witch.
Quick *Sagan*, w ho doth waters fling,
Fetch'd from *Avernus* loathſom Spring,
Briſtles her hair, as moody Bore,
Or the *Sea-urchin* near the ſhore.
While *Veia* free from all remorſe
Of horrid deeds, the ground 'gan force
With ſtubborn ſpade; and hard ſhe ſwet
That in it, the whelm'd ſtripling ſet,
Might twice or thrice a day be ply'd
With view of viands, till he dy'd:
In which, up to the chin he ſtood,
As they who wade within the flood.
That his drain'd Marrow, Liver dry,
Her with a Love-drink might ſupply;
When once his fainting eyes were ſpy'd
To ſink at ſight of food deny'd.
Nay eaſeful *Naples* did believe,
And the near Towns for receive
That *Folia* of *Ariminum*
Luſtful (*man-like*) did thither come:

Whoſe

Whose spells have power from Orbes of light,
The charmed Moon, and Stars to fright.
Canidia here for spleen prepar'd,
With black teeth gnawing nails unpar'd,
What mutter'd she? what not? O ye
You conscious Arbiters with me,
Night, and *Diana* Queen of Rest,
Now we perform our dark behest
Be present here: your anger throw,
And powerful God-head on my foe.
While fearful beasts close covert keep,
Charm'd with the ease of gentle sleep.
Let the *Suburran* dogs report,
That all may jeer it, the resort
Of the old wanton, sleek with Nard:
Better my hands have n'ere prepar'd.
How, how! why do *Medæa*'s charmes
And deadly drugs cause greater harmes,
Wherewith she took revenge at full
On *Creons* daughter, that proud Trul,
When a Gown dipt in poyson'us Bane,
Turned the guift and Bride to flame?
But plant nor root in craggs conceal'd
Rests from my notice, unreveal'd:
Yet *Varus*, not with love in ure,
In beds perfumed, sleeps secure:
But, ah, he walkes, freed by the spells
Of some, whose knowledge more excells.
O *Varus*, by strange drugs, to me
(Damn'd to indure much misery)
Thou shalt return; nor thy sick mind
From *Marsian* charmes shall comfort find.
A stronger Cup I will devise
Fill'd for thee, who dost me despise.

Heaven ſhall below the Sea deſcend,
And o're the Sea the Earth diſtend;
If thou like pitch in dusky fire
Conſumeſt not with my deſire.
The Boy ſought them to ſooth no more
With gentle words, as heretofore,
But doubtful what he firſt ſhould ſpeak,
Thus direfully doth ſilence break;
Let *charmes* and *ſpels* do what they can,
They cannot change the Fate of man.
I'le haunt you ſtill: For ſetled hate
No ſacrifice doth expiate.
When forc'd by you my ſoul is fled,
I'le come a Fury to your bed,
And a ſad Ghoſt your faces tear
(Such power on earth have Spirits here:)
And as the Night-mare, on your cheſt,
I'le vex, and ſcare you from your reſt.
The thronging people in the ſtreet,
Baſe Hags, ſhall ſtone you, when yee meet:
Your limbs untomb'd the Wolves ſhall tear,
And Vulters to *Eſquilia* bear:
Nor (ah) my parents after me
Shall fail this ſpectacle to ſee.

EPODE VI.

Against Cassius Severus, *a revileful and wanton Poet.*

Argument.

The surly and crabb'd qualities
Of Poet Cassius, *he describes.*

Quid immerentes.

WHy (curriſh Dog) doſt harmleſs gueſts aſſail,
But not 'gainſt Wolves dar'ſt wag thy tail?
Why, if thou dar'ſt, with menaces ſo vain
Aſſault'ſt not me, who'l turn again?
For like *Coloſſian* maſty, or red-fleſt
Laconian dogs, which herds protect,
Through profound ſnowes with flat-cowch'd ear I'le chace
Whatever obvious game I face.
When the woods eccho with thy diſmal cries,
Thou ſnook'ſt at morſels 'fore thine eyes.
Beware, beware: for I'le ſharp horns prepare,
To puſh thoſe that revileful are;
Like him whom curſt *Lycambe* ſlighted ſo,
Or *Bupalus* his tart-mouth'd foe.
What? if calumniated once, ſhould I
Put 't up and childe-like pule and cry?

Epode VII. By Sir *R.F.*

To the People of *Rome.*

An Execration of the second Civil Warre waged after the death of Julius, *by* Brutus *and* Cassius *on the one side; on the other by* Octavius, M. Anthony, *and* Lepidus.

WHy, why your sheath'd swords drawn again?
Whether rush ye, impious brood?
Have not the *earth* yet and the *main*,
Drunk enough of *Latin* blood?
Not that proud *Carthage* burnt might be,
Rival of the *Roman* State:
Nor the chast Mistress of the Sea
Britain, on our Triumphs wait;
But that the tliing the *Parthians* crave,
Rome, may make her self away.
Lions and Wolves this temp'rance have,
On their Kind they will not prey.
Is't a blind rage, or force more strong,
Or *Crime* drives you? *Speak.* They look
As pale as Death, and hold their tongue,
As their Souls were Planet-strook.
'*Tis so*: dire Fates the *Romans* haunt,
And a *Fratricidal* guilt:
Since blood of *Remus* innocent,
On the curs'ed ground was spilt.

Epode VIII.

To a Luſtful old Woman:

Argument.

The fulſome ſhape, and vitious life,
Of a laſcivious aged wife.

Rogare Longo.

THou to demand of rot-conſumed date,
What ſhould my ſtrength emaſculate?
When all thy teeth black-furr'd with Canker ſhow,
And Old-age wrinckle plows thy brow,
And filthy arſe 'twixt buttocks wither-dry'd,
Like ſome raw-bon'd Cows gapes ſo wide.
But thy down-ſwagging breaſts extub'rant teats,
Like Mares dugs kindle *Cupids* heats:
Thy down-ſoft bellie, and thy ſpindle thighs,
Suſtain'd on legs, which pregnant riſe.
Live happily: let Statutes triumphal
Adorn thy pompous funeral:
Nor may more precious chains of pearl inveſt
'Ere any marri'd womans breſt.
How is't that *Stoic Treatiſes* are by,
And 'mongſt thy ſilken pillows lie?
Are ruſtick Loons leſs pollent at the ſports?
Or doth their courage leſs retort!
Whoſe——— that thou may'ſt urge to ſpend, } *Honor ſit auribus.*
Thou muſt with———contend.

EPODE IX. By Sir *T. H.*

To MÆCENAS.

He beforehand feels the contentment he shall take from Augustus *his victory against* M. Anthony, *and* Cleopatra.

WHen shall I *Cæcube* wines, that stored lie
For banquets, glad at *Cæsars* victory
(So *Jove* will have it) in thy stately house,
With thee, my dear *Macenas*, free carrouze?
Resounding notes that mingle Flutes with Lyre;
This, Dorique, speaking joy, that *Phrygian*, Ire:
As when *Neptunian Pompey* droven, fled
Through straigthned seas, with navie ruined,
Who *Rome* had threatned with those chains, which he
Had ta'ne from treacherous Servitors, made free
The *Roman* Souldier by a woman ty'd
In slavish bands (ah this will be deny'd
By after times) Jugs armes, earth, stakes, and tent,
Striving her with'red Eunuches to content;
And *Phœbus* 'mongst their *ensignes* doth espy,
Her net-like and lascivious canopie.
But the bold *French* proclaiming *Cæsars* name,
Thence with two thousand Horse straight hither came;
And the swift prowes of hostile vessels lie
Turn'd to the left hand, ready set to flie.
O gladsome triumph! thou retard'st the drift
Of golden chariot, and young heifers gift:
O gladsome triumph! from *Jugurthian* war,
Thou brought'st no captain might with this compare;
Nor

Nor *African*, whose noble valours praise,
Did lasting monuments or'e *Carthage* raise.
The foe, by Sea, and Land, now vanquish'd fears,
And a black Cassock for a purple wears;
Not knowing whither adverse windes will cast
Him, on rich *Crete* with hundred Cities grac'd,
Or on the Quick-sands with South-billows tos's'd,
Or the wide main in danger to be lost.
Boy, cups bring hither for a larger draught;
Let *Chian*, or the *Lesbian* grape be sought:
Or fill *Cæcubian* wines without delay,
Which may a queezie loathing drive away:
The care, and fear of *Cæsars* happy state,
Let us with merry *Bacchus* dissipate.

EPODE X.

Against Mœvius *a Poet.*

Argument.

He wisheth raging stormes may rise,
And Mœvius *with wrack surprize.*

Mala Soluta.

THe ship inauspicately quits the Bay,
And noisome *Matins* hoists away.
Auster, see thou impetuously rave,
Dashing both sides with furious wave.
Let gloomy *Eurus* with his stormes adverse
The Tacklings and broke Oars disperse.
May *Boreas* such violent gusts extend,
As from high hills an Holm would rend.

On

On pitchie nights let no ſtars luſter ſhine,
When ſad *Orion* doth decline:
Nor let the Ocean tranquiller ſtand,
Than for the *Grecians* conquering band,
When wrathful *Pallas*, waving fired *Troy*,
Would impious *Ajax* fail deſtroy.
O how do thy induſtrious ſailers ſweat!
Thy ſelf with pallid fear repleat,
Howling out ſadly woman-like laments,
And vows, which ireful *Jove* reſents:
When ſhowry *Notus* lowdly bellowing,
I'th' *Adrian* Gulph doth ſhip-wrack bring.
But if the crooktly-winding ſhore diſplay
Thy ſtill ſtretch'd limbs for Corm'rants prey,
A luſtful Goat, and a She-lambkin ſhall
A Sacrifice to tempeſts fall.

EPODE XI.

To Pettius *his Chamber-fellow.*

Argument.

He Cupid-*ſtruck cannot the while*
To compoſe Verſes frame his ſtile.

Petti nil me.

PEttius, I take no pleaſure, as before,
In writing Verſe,
Now *Cupids* arrows pierce:
Cupid, who me 'bove all inflameth ſore
With wilder heat
Of Youths and Virgins neat.

Now

Now three *Decembers* woods have ſhed their glory,
Since ore I gave
For *Inachia* to rave.
Oh ſhameful folly! what a Citie-ſtorie
('laſs) I became!
My junkettings I blame,
When paleneſs, ſilence, and long ſighs exhal'd
From lungs profound,
Deſcri'd my paſſions wound:
And I lamentful moan'd that wealth prevail'd
'Gainſt honeſtie,
And diſtreſs'd ingeny:
When debaucht *Bacchus* did my ſecrets broach
From heated breaſt,
With fervent liquors preſt.
But if free indignation once approach
My boyling blood,
And this diſtaſteful flood
Expel, which nought allaies my maladie:
Shame profligate
With great ones ſtrife will hate.
When I, thou hearing, theſe extoll'd on high,
Charg'd to get home,
I rov'd with vagrant roam,
To thoſe (ah) flintie threſholds, unkind poſts,
Which as I li'd,
All bruis'd my ſhins, and ſide.
Me now *Lyciſcas* love ore-rules, who boaſts
T' exceed each ſhe,
In ſoft effeminacie,
From whence no faithful counſels can me free
A friend affords,
Nor contumelious words.

A new

A new flame of ſome Virgin it muſt be,
Or youth plump-round,
With long hair backward wound.

EPODE XII.

Againſt a libidinous old Woman.

Argument.

He ſcolds a Whore, who did him court
To ſate her Luſt with Venus *ſport.*

Quid tibi vis.

WHat mean'ſt thou Woman for black El'phants ſit?
Why ſend'ſt me tokens, why are letters writ
To me nor vig'rous, nor obtuſe of noſe?
For I quick-ſented can as ſoon diſcloſe
A Polype, or an arm-pits rammiſh ſcent,
As well nos'd hounds explore where ſows are pent,
What ſtench, what ſweat her wizned limbs hath drench'd,
When (Natures kneener ardours in me quench'd)
She haſtes to ſatisfie her unbridled luſt:
Nor bides her all ſweat-ſteeped cheeks ceruſt,
Or dawb'd with Crocodiles ordure: with mad reaks,
She now both Bed-ſtock, and the Matt'reſs breaks:
Thus jears my Languors with revileful flout;
Thou with *Inachia* could'ſt hold longer out,
Yea, thrice a night: with me at once thou 'rt tir'd.
A Pox take Leſbia, who when I enquir'd

For

For tuff-back'd Actors, shew'd me thee so dull:
Choan Amyntas giving me my full,
Whose unfoyl'd ——more stiff erected ——
Then ere a sapling in the loftie wood:
For whom were garments (which twice tincted show
In *Tyrian* purple) made? for thee I trow.
Least 'mongst his equals ere a guest should be
Whom his dear sweet-heart better lov'd than thee.
Oh wretch am I whom thou eschews as much,
As Lambes fierce Wolves, or Goats the Lions clutch.

EPODE XIII. By Sir *T. H.*

To his merry Friends, that they should pass the Winter pleasantly.

ROugh tempests have the brow of heaven bent,
And showers, and snows cause thickned airs descent:
Now *Thracian* North windes, Seas and woods affray;
Friends, let us take occasion from the day;
While strength is fresh, and us it well becomes,
Let's old age banish, which the brow benumns.
Boy, see you broach those elder Wines were prest,
When *Torquat* first the Consulship possest:
Speak not of other things. God will, perchance,
Them to their Seat, with happy change advance.
Let us in *Persian* unguents now delight;
And with *Cylenian* harp put cares to flight:

As

As noble *Chiron* to *Achilles* sang;
Unvanquish'd Mortal, that from Thetis *sprang,*
Troy *thee expects; which* Simois *rouling Tide,*
And small Scamanders *colder streams divide,*
Whence thou no more (the Sisters so ordain)
With thy blew Mother shalt return again.
All sorrow there, with wine, and Song depress,
(Sweet comforts of deformed heavinesse.)

EPODE XIV. By Sir *R. F.*

To *MÆCENAS.*

That his love to Phryne, *is the Cause why he doth not finish his promised Iambicks.*

'TIs Death, my sweet *Mæcenas*, when so oft
You ask me, why a soft
Sloth turns my sence, as if with thirsty draught
I had together quaft
Lethe's oblivious lake into my blood.
It is a God, a God,
Forbids me finish my Iambicks, though
Promis'd thee long ago.
Besotted thus *Anacreon* was 'tis said
Upon the *Samian* Maid:
Who sobb'd his love out to a hollow Lyre
With stumbling Feet. That fire
Consumes thee too. If fairer burnt not *Troy*
Besieg'd, in thy lot joy.
Me a Bond-woman, such a one torments,
As no one man contents.

EPODE XV.

To his Sweet-heart Neara.

Argument.

Our Lyric dolefully deſcryes
Faithleſs Neæraes *perjuries.*

Nox erat.

'TWas night, and *Cynthia* lighted all the skie
'Mongſt Stars of leſs fulgency,
When thou, profaning Gods of power immenſe,
T' act my will didſt oaths diſpence;
Not lofty Ivies th' Ilex cloſer graſpt,
Than thy limber armes me claſpt:
While Lambs fled Wolves, and while *Orions* orb
Sailours bane, ſhould ſeas diſturb,
VVhile unſhorn *Sol* his hairy beams ſhould dart,
Thou would'ſt mutual love impart.
Neera! how my vertue thou'lt bewail!
For leſs *Flaccus* ſpirit fail,
For cliftier rivals he'l not brook one night,
And vext ſeek thoſe that will requite,
Nor once offended will he conſtant reſt,
If certain grief pierce his breaſt.
But thou who now in favour happy reigns,
Proudly vaunt'ſt at my diſdains,
Though rich in ſtock, and grounds, and to thy hands
Pactole roll his Golden ſands:
Though truly vvrote oft-liv'd *Pythagoras*,
And fair *Nereus* thou ſurpaſs;

Yet

Yet she'l her love to others (*'lass*) translate,
But then I'le deride thy Fate.

EPODE XVI. By Sir *R. F.*

To the People of *Rome.*

Commiserating the Common-wealth, in respect of the Civil VVars.

NOvv Civil VVars a second age consume,
And *Romes* ovvn Svvord destroyes poor *Rome.*
Whom neither neighbouring *Marsians* could devour,
Nor feared *Porsenas Tuscan* power;
Nor *Capua's* rival valour, mutinies
Of Bond-slaves, Treacherie of Allies;
Nor *Germany* (blue-ey'd *Bellona's* nurse)
Nor *Hannibal* (the Mothers curse)
We (a blood-thirstie age) our selves deface;
And Wolves shall re-possess this place.
The barbarous foe will trample on our dead,
The steel-shod horse our courts will tread;
And *Romulus* dust (clos'd in religious Urn
From Sun and tempest) proudly spurn.
All, or the founder part, perchance would know,
How to avoid this coming blow.
'Twere best I think, like to the *Phoceans*,
Who left their execrated lands,
And houses, and the houses of their Gods,
To Wolves and Bears for their aboads;

T'a-

T'abandon all, and go where ere our feet
Bear us by land, by ſea our Fleet.
Can any man better advice afford?
If not, in name of Heaven aboard!
But you muſt ſwear firſt to return again,
When looſned Rocks float on the Main,
And be content to ſee your Mother-town,
When *Betis* waſhes the *Alpes* crown;
Or *Appennine* into the Ocean flies,
Or new luſt weds Antipathies,
Making the Hind ſtoop to the Tygers love,
The ravenous Kite cuckold the Dove;
And credulous Heards, t'affect the Lions ſide,
And Goats the ſalt Sea to abide.
This, and what elſe may ſtop our wiſh'd return
When all, or the good part have ſworn, (breaſt
Fly hence! Let him whoſe ſmooth and unfledg'd
Miſgives him, keep the rifled neaſt.
You that are men, unmanly grief give o're
And ſail along the *Tuſcan* ſhore,
To the wide Ocean. Let us ſeek thoſe Iſles
Which ſwim in plenty, the bleſt ſoyles:
Where the Earths *Virgin-womb* unplough'd is fruitful,
And the unproyned Vine ſtill youthful:
The *Olive Tree* makes no abortion there,
And Figs hang dangling in the air;
Honey diſtils from Oaks, and water hops
With creeking feet from Mountain tops.
The *generous* Goats without the *Milk-maids* call,
Of their full bags are prodigal;
No evening wolf with hoarſe alarums wakes
The *Flocks*, nor breeds the up-land *Snakes*.

And farther to invite us, the plump Grain,
Is neither drunk with too much rain,
Nor yet for want of mod'rate watring drie;
Such the bleſt temper of the skie.
Never did *Jaſon* to thoſe Iſlands guide
His Pirat-ſhip, and whoriſh Bride.
Sydonian Cadmus never toucht theſe ſhores,
Nor falſe *Ulyſſes* weary Oars.
No murrain rots the ſheep, nor ſtar doth ſcorch
The Cattel with his burning torch.
When *Jove* with braſs the Golden age infected,
Theſe Iſles he for the pure extracted.
Now Iron raigns; I like a Statue ſtand,
To point good men to a good land.

EPODE XVII.

To *CANIDIA*.

Argument.

Canidia *the Sorcereſs*
He doth his over-match confeſs:
And ſupplicates her to give o're
Her ſpells, and torture him no more.

Jam, jam efficaci.

NOw *ſubmit* unto thy powerful skill,
And beg by *Proſerpines* imperial will,
And by *Dianaes* ſteddy fixt decree,
And by thy Charm-books which effectual be,
To ſummon ſtars down from the *Ætherial* Sphear;
Thy Spells, *Canidia*, Oh at length forbear,

And

And ceaſe, O ceaſe this giddy whirling wind.
Proud *Telephus*, he dire *Achilles* mind
Mov'd to relent; though againſt him he had ſhown
His *Myſian* ſquadrons, and *ſharp* Javelins thrown.
The *Trojan* dames did warlike *Hector* oyl,
To ravenous birds, and dogs expos'd for ſpoyl;
When *Priam* quitting *Troy*, fell down proſtrate
Before *Achilles*, ah, too obſtinate.
Ulyſſes his induſtrious Sailors left
Their briſled limbs of hiſpid skins bereft,
Circe appeas'd: then Reaſon did retreat,
With ſpeech and wonted favour to its ſeat.
Thou now haſt plagu'd me in abundant meaſure,
O thou the Seamans and Merchants pleaſure.
Youths bloſſom's faded, and my Purple hew,
My skin and bones are ſmear'd with black and blew:
My hair's turn'd hoary with thy diſmal oyles,
No leiſures free me from heart-racking toiles:
I'me cruciated night and day with ire:
Scarce can my grief extended lungs reſpire.
I wretch am now convinced to believe,
Sabellan charmes (which I deni'd) can grieve
The heart, and *Marſian* Spells the head diſpoil.
What would'ſt thou more? O ſea, O land? I broyl,
As not *Alcides* ſtew'd in *Neſſus* gore:
Nor yet *Sicilian Ætna* rageth more
With its e'r flagrant embers: Thou, till I
Become light aſhes ſcatter'd in the skie,
Fry'ſt me, as 'twere in *Colchian* poys'nous forge.
When ends my pain? what tribute wilt thou urge?
O ſpeak; And I religiouſly will pay
Whatever mulct's impos'd; prepar'd to ſlay
Ev'n Hecatombs, or with diſſembling ſong
Chaunt thee for fair, for vertuous, and among

Heavens Orbes to gliſter as a glorious Sphear.
Caſtor and *Pollux* wrathful though they were,
And ſmote him blind did *Helens* honour ſtain,
Yet, won with prayers, reſtor'd his eyes again.
Ev'n thou, who canſt from phrenzies ſet me free,
O thou not ſprung from Sires of baſe degree,
Nor skill'd in poor mens urns, to diſſipate
Their ſilent aſhes after nine dayes date.
Thy heart is bounteous, and thy hands ſincere,
Fruitful thy Womb, and th' Midwife rinſeth clear
Red rugs diſtained with thy fluent blood,
When thou from Child-bed skip'ſt with livelihood.

CANIDIA'S Anſwer.

Argument.

The Inchantreſs will not be won
To hear his ſupplication:
Cauſe he had tatled up and down,
Her Sorceries all ore the Town.

Quid obſeratis.

WHy vainly pray'ſt thou to my lock'd-up ears?
As well the Rock the nake-ſtript Sailor hears
When roaring *Neptune* with his billows beats.
Shalt thou (Scot-free) ſcoff our *Cocyttian* feats,
Divulge licentious *Cupids* Sacrifice?
An Arch-prieſt-like o'th' *Eſquile* Sorceries;
Revengeleſs blaſon our reproachful fames?
To truck with old *Pelignian* haggard dames,
Or mix diſpatching Pills, to what end is't,
If thou can'ſt not reſcind thy deſtin'd twiſt?

The

The Fates (poor wretch) prolong thy irkſome date,
That ſtill freſh torments may thy carcaſe bait.
Pelops his tell-tale Sire for reſt out cries,
Wanting ſtill what abounds before his eyes:
For Reſt *Prometheus* Vultur-chain'd makes moan,
And *Siſyphus* his ſtill down-tumbling ſtone
Would roul aloft, but *Jove* gain-ſaies. And now
Thou wouldſt thy ſelf precipitately throw
From down ſteep clifts: Now *Noric* ſword diſtain
In thine own Guts, and (loathing life) in vain
Striv'ſt with a Halter to conclude thy pain.
Then on thy hateful ſhoulders will I ride,
And make the earth ſtoop to my haughty pride.
I, who Wax Statues can inſpire with motion,
As thou (too curious) know'ſt, and whoſe dark no-tion
Can hale the Moon down by my abſtruſe *Spells*,
And raiſe the dead up from their ſilent Cells,
And fervent Philters mix: Should I bewail,
My Magic Art 'gainſt thee cannot prevail?

Verſes ſung in the Secular games every Century of years, pronounced for the ſafety of the Roman *Empire.*

PHœbus and *Dian*, Grovie Queen,
Heavens ornaments; as you have been,
Still be you honour'd, ever bleſt:
Grant what we ask on holy Feaſt.

In which *Sybilla*'s verſes teach,
Chaſte maids, and youths not ſtain'd with breach,

Unto those Gods songs to recite,
Who on the seaven-fold hills delight.

(Fair *Sol*) who in thy chariot bright,
Dost call forth Day, and shutt'st up Night;
And other, and the same dost come,
Nought greater maist thou see than *Rome*.

Ilythia, open wombes we crave
For ripened Births, and Mothers save;
Whether we thee *Lucina* call,
Or *Cynthia*, which produceth all.

Goddess, bring Children forth, and bless
Senates decrees, give good success
To nuptial laws, that those who wed,
May have a fruitful Marriage-bed.

That ten-times-ten full Orbes mature,
May us to songs and sports enure:
Thrice in the splendour of day light,
And thrice in shades of welcome night.

And you truth-telling Fates, to past
Joyn future fortunes, that may last:
That stable limits may enclose,
What once to Mortals you propose.

That Cattel may, and Corn abound,
Wherewith fair *Ceres* shall be crown'd:
And wholesome streams, with air as pure
May nutriments to plants assure.

Ah *Phœbus* mild, withdraw thy dart,
To ſuppliant youths thy grace impart:
And Queen of Stars, who do'ſt appear
By-forked (*Luna*) Virgins hear.

If *Rome* a work be of your ſtore,
And *Trojan* troops held *Tybers* ſhore:
A part injoyn'd their ſeat to change,
And with ſucceſs from home to range:

For whom ſecure, th'row *Troy* on fire
Æneas chaſte in ſafe retire,
Free paſſage open'd, and gave more
To them, then they poſſeſt before.

O Gods to youth grant matters ſage,
Gods give repoſe to quiet *age*;
And unto *Romulus* his blood,
Wealth, iſſue, honour, all that's good.

Let *Venus*, and *Anchiſes* ſtrain,
Who give ye Oxen free from ſtain,
In Wars atchievements bear the prize,
And courteous be to enemies.

The *Median* now by Sea and Land,
Fears *Roman* power, and conquering hand:
The *Scythians* now our friendſhip crave,
And haughty *Indians* truce would have.

Now Faith, Peace, Honour, modeſt look
And Vertue ſcorned, which forſook
Our C ty, dares return again,
And bleſſed Plenty freely raign.

Phœbus, with radiant Bow, Divine,
Gracious among the *Muſes* nine;
Who doth with Heaven-inſpir'd art,
To crazie bodies health impart:

If he Mount *Palatine* do grace,
The weal of *Rome*, and *Latian* Race,
To farther times and better end,
May he theſe Centuries extend.

And *Dian* who holds *Aventine*,
And *Algidus*, may ſhe incline
To prayers of fifteen men, and hear
Our childrens vows with friendly ear.

Then I, and all well skill'd in Layes,
Phœbus and *Dians* name to praiſe,
Go home, with certain hopes, that *Jove*,
And all the *Gods* theſe things approve.

The end of the Epodes.

SATYRES.

BOOK I.

SATYR I. By *A. B.*

That Men are not contented with their Conditions.

HOw comes it (great *Mecenas*) that there's not
A man, who lives contented with that lot
Which choice inclin'd, or chance expos'd him to,
But all applaud what others are and do?
Oh happy Merchant, then the Souldier sayes,
When by old age and toil his strength decayes;
The *Merchant* when th' insulting *billows* rise,
And toss his tottering *Ship*, Give me (he cries)
The *Souldiers* life, for he meets in a breath
A joyful *victory* or certain *death*.
The *Lawyer* when he hears his *Clients* knock
At's gate before the crowing of the *Cock*,
Admires the Country life, while the poor Swain,
Being from his home up to the City drawn

To

To follow *Law-ſuits*, does conclude no mens
Conditions happier then the Citizens.
But the whole *rabble* of this ſort of men
Would be ſo numerous it would tire the Pen
Of Scribling *Fabius*; ſo I'le paſs by thoſe,
And draw the matter to this point: Suppoſe
Jove ſaid, I'le make you what you would be; thou
Who wert a *Merchant*, be a *Souldier* now.
Thou that a *Lawyer* wert, ſhalt now commence
A *Husbandman*; change ſides, and ſo pack hence
You t'your new Calling, you to yours; Nay, nay,
Now your deſires are granted, why d'you ſtay?
Fond fools! you'l not be happy, though you may.
Is it not reaſon then great *Jove* ſhould be
Highly incenſed, and declare that he
Will be no more *propitious* unto them,
But all their *vain* and various *prayers* contemn?
This is no laughing matter, nor would I
Be thought to ſpeak all this in *Drollery*,
Though to *blurt* out a truth has never been
(In way of *merriment*) eſteem'd a ſin.
The flattering *Maſter* thus his Boys preſents
With *Cakes*, to make them learn their *Rudiments*.
But let's leave fooling, and be ſerious now; (*plough*,
The *Clown* that rends the pondrous Earth with's
The cheating *Tradeſman*, and the *Souldier* too,
The *Sea-man* bold, who ploughs the *Ocean* through;
All theſe their various toils endure (they ſay)
Meerly with this intention, that they may
When they grow *old*, with peace injoy that ſtore
Which their induſtrious *youth* had gain'd before.
Juſt like the *Ant* (for that's their pattern) ſmall
In bulk, but great in thrift; who draws in all

That

That e're she can, and adds it to her store,
Which she fore-seeing *want*, had heap'd before;
And in the rage of *Winter* keeps within,
To feed on what her *providence* laid in:
But neither sword, fire, water, heat, nor cold,
Nor any thing keeps thee from getting Gold,
Onely *spurr'd* on with that ambitious *itch*,
To have the World say, *Thou art Devilish rich:*
What good in thy vast heap of *Treasur's* found,
Which thou by stealth dost bury under ground?
But if it be diminisht once, thou'lt say
Thy whole estate will *dwindle* soon away.
And if thou *spend'st* not out of it, what pleasure
Can'st thou take in a heap of hoarded Treasure?
If thy Barn held *ten thousand* sacks of Wheat,
Yet thou can'st eat no more then I can eat.
Among thy fellow *slaves* when thou'rt pickt out
To bear all their *provision* about,
With which thy Shoulders gall'd and weary grown,
Thou eat'st no more then one that carried none.
Or (tell me prithee) what the difference is
To him that makes the Rules of *Nature* his,
Whether he does a thousand Acres sow,
Or on a hundred does his pains bestow?
But oh (thou cri'st) men do great pleasure reap
In taking *Gripes* out of a plenteous *heap*.
Yet since out of a *little* thou dost leave
As much as we've occasion to receive,
Why should'st thou thy vast Granaries prefer
Before our Willies, which much lesser are?
Or if thou hast occasion to take up
Water enough to fill a Butt or Cup,
Why should'st thou say, thou hast a greater will
Out of that *river*, then this *spring* to fill?

Hence

Hence it proceeds infallibly, that those
Who to their wills are superstitious,
Uncurb'd *desire* drives them to this and that,
Until at last they'ld have *they know not what.*
Whilst who confines his mind to Natures laws,
The troubled *muddy* water never draws,
Nor in the *river* does his life expire:
But most of men deceiv'd by false desire,
" Say, *Noughts enough*; 'cause they *absurdly* guess
" At what men are, by what they do possess.
To such a *Miser* what is't best to do?
Let him be *wretched*, since he will be so.
Thus that *Athenian* Monster *Timon*, which
Hated Man-kind, a sordid Knave, but rich,
Was wont to say, *When ere I walk abroad*
The People hiss me, but I do applaud
And hug my self at home, when I behold
My chests brim-full with Silver and with Gold.
So *Tantalus*, being extreamly drie,
Courts the swift stream, which does as coily flie.
Why laughst thou *Miser*? if thy name should be
A little chang'd, the Fables told of thee,
Who on thy full cramb'd Bags together laid,
Do'st lay thy sleepless and affrighted head;
And do'st no more the moderate use on't dare
To make, then if it *consecrated* were:
Thou mak'st no other use of all thy *gold*,
Then men do of their *pictures*, to behold.
Do'st thou not know the use and power of *coyn*?
It buys bread, meat, and cloaths, (and what's more) (*wine*;
With all those necessary things beside,
Without which *Nature* cannot be suppli'd.

To

To sit up and to watch whole dayes and nights,
To be out of thy *wits* with constant frights,
To fear that *thieves* will steal, or *fire* destroy,
Or *servants* take thy wealth, and run away:
Is this delightful to thee? then I will
Desire to live without those Riches still.
But if the pains of *stomach*, or the *head*,
Or other *sickness* fix thee to thy *bed*,
Hast thou a *visitant* to sit down by thee,
Who with due food and Physick will supply thee?
Or make the *Doctor* rid thee of thy pain,
And to thy friends restore thee sound again?
Thy *wife* and *children* thy quick Death desire;
So do thy friends and kindred: Ne're admire
That they don't shew thee *love*, thou merit'st none,
For before all thou preferr'st *wealth* alone.
If thou thy friends or kindred would'st retain,
And not be liberal, thy task's as vain
As his, who in the Field does teach an *Ass*
T'obey the *bridle*, and to run a *race*.
Make once an end of gaining, that the more
Thou hast, the less thou'lt tremble to be poor.
Begin to end thy labour, having got
That which thou didst desire, and follow not
That rich *Umidius*, whose *chests* did so swell,
He *measur'd's money* which he could not tell,
So *sordid*, that he never did go higher
Then his mean'st Servants did, in his attire:
And to his dying day in fear he stood,
Least he should die meerly for want of food;
Till his bold *Concubine* did boldly do
A *Heroes* act, and cut the Slave in two.
But now thou'lt ask me, whether I'de have thee,
A *Miser* or a *Prodigal* to be?

Thou

Thou ſtill art in *extreams*; I would not have
Thee *covetous*, nor a vain ſquandring *Knave*.
'Twixt rough *Viſellius* and ſmooth *Tanais*
The *Eunuch*, a vaſt difference there is.
" *There is a mean in things, and certain lines*
" *Within which virtue ſtill it ſelf confines.*
But I'le return from whence I came; are none
But *greedy* Slaves delighted with their own
Conditions? Do all praiſe each others lot,
And pine to ſee their Neighbours *Goat* has got
A Dug more full of Milk then theirs? and ne're
Themſelves with the poorer ſort of men compare:
(Though that's the greater number) but aſpire
Still to ore-top this man and that, whoſe higher!
" It curbs the Spirit of that perſon *which* (rich.
" Tugs to grow great, when he meets one more
So when the *Chariots* from the Barriers are
Let looſe to run a Race, the *Charioter*
Minds ſtill thoſe horſes which out-ſtript his owne,
Slighting thoſe which by t'other are out gone.
And hence it comes, we ſeldome find a man
That ſayes *He has liv'd happily*, and can
Like a *well-feaſted-gueſt* depart at laſt
Contented with that part of 's life that paſt.
Now 'tis enough; leaſt you ſhould think that mine
'S like *Criſpins* Volumns, I will not add a line.

SATYR II. By *A. B.*

That while fooliſh men ſhun one Vice, they run into another.

THe *Players*; *Empricks*, *Beggars*, and the noiſe
Of *Fidlers*, all the *roaring Damn-me* boyes,
And all that ſort of *cattel* do appear
Extreamly *ſad*, and much concern'd to hear
Their friend *Tigillus* is deceas'd; For he
Did *treat* them with great *liberality*.
While the cloſe *miſer*, leaſt he ſhould be thought
A *prodigal*; oth' contrary, gives nought
To his dear *friend* (though ne're ſo much he need)
To cloath his body, or his belly feed.
If one ſhould ask the *Prodigal*, why he
By an ungrateful ſottiſh *gluttony*,
That brave *eſtate* bequeath'd him by his friends
And *Anceſtors*, ſo prodigally ſpends;
And at great *intereſt* take up money too,
Meerly in needleſs *luxury* to beſtow:
His anſwer is, Becauſe he ſcorns to be
Eſteem'd a *ſordid* fellow, or that he
Has but a narrow ſoul: So up he's cri'd
By ſome, while others him as much *deride*.
Fuſidius the Uſurer fears to have
The Reputation of an *unthrift Knave*,
Rich both in *moneys* out at *uſe*, and *lands*,
But when he lends, he ſtill detains in's hands
Five times the *intereſt* from the *principal*;
And where he finds his *Debtors* prodigal,

Thoſe

Thoſe he gripes moſt ſeverely: He inquires
For wealthy *heirs* new come of age, whoſe Sires
Had been cloſe-fiſted to them and ſevere.
Good God! what perſons who ſhall come to hear
Such horrid actions, won't exclaim? But oh!
(You'l ſay) he does't for his livelihood. Oh no!
"*You can't believe how much this love of Pelf,*
"*Makes this vile Slave an enemy to himſelf.*
Old *Menedemus*, whom the *Comedy*
Brings weeping in, and living *wretchedly*
For his loſt *ſon*, could not himſelf *torment*
More then this *ſordid* Beaſt. To what intent
All this is ſaid, if you deſire to know,
It onely tends to this deſign, to ſhow
"*That fools, when they attempt one Vice to ſhun,*
"*Into the contrary do madly run.* (wear,
This man his *garment* down to th' ground does
And that ſo ſhort his *privities* appear.
Perfum'd *Rufillus* wears a gaudie coat,
Gorgonius ſtinks as naſtie as a *Goat*.
Men do obſerve no means, but this mans flames
Muſt be allay'd onely with *Roman* Dames.
Another does a common Quean admire,
That proſtitutes her ſelf to all for hire.
A man of note came from the publick *ſtews*,
And, to applaud his action, he did uſe
Cato's Divine old Sentence, "*Bravely done*,
"*Go on, and proſper in what th' haſt begun*:
For when the *rage* of Luſt inflames your blood,
'Tis lawful to come hither, but not good
Another Nuptial *bed* to violate.
While *Cupiennius* cries out, I hate
To be applauded for this nicety,
Give me anothers wife, ſhe's ſafe and free.

'Tis

"*'Tis worth the observation of all those*
"*That would not have uncleanness prosperous,*
"*To see how they are Plagu'd on every hand,*
"*How often they fall into danger, and*
"*How small, and seldome too, they pleasures gain,*
"*And those corrupted with much grief and pain.*
This leaps from th'top o'th'house, and thinks to flie,
But breaks his *neck*; and that's *whipt* till he die;
This as he flies, 'mong *thieves* and *robbers* falls,
And that with's *purse* redeems his Genitals.
This is by Foot-men *buggar'd*, and sometimes
Those *members* which commit these shameful crimes,
Do loose their Heads, and justly too; all say,
None but that rutting *Galba* dares say, *nay*.
But 'tis more safe to venture your estate
In *Ships*, that are but of the *second rate*;
Daughters of *Captives* that have been made free,
Yet *Salust* plaid the *fool* as much as he
That does commit *adultery*; For he had
A *generous* Soul, and would be very glad
Or any good *occasion*, that he
Might but express his *liberalitie*,
(In modest manner though) he would dispence
His *money* to all freely, yet from thence
No damage came to him, no disrepute,
But still he lov'd a gentle *prostitute*.
This was that darling Vice he lov'd to th'life,
But still he cri'd, *I'le meddle with no mans wife*.
Just so *Marcæus* did, who heretofore
Onely admir'd an *honourable whore*,
And his Paternal Fortune fool'd away
On a *she-thing*, that on the *Stage* did play.
Yet still he said, *I thank my stars*, that I
With *wives* of other men did never lie.

But if with *whores* and *mimicks* he'd to do,
His *fame* more suffer'd, then his wealth came to.
"What *satisfaction* can it to us bring,
"To shun one *person*, and not ev'ry thing
"That every way does hurt us? To destroy
"Our *reputation*, and to *fool* away
"Th' Estate our *parents* left us, certainly
"Is a great vice, which way so e're it be.
So *Villius*, who had a mind to be
The Son in Law of *Sylla*, how was he
Severely punish'd? Maul'd with Fists, nay more,
Strabb'd with *Steeletto's*, then kickt out of door. (stile?)
(Poor wretch! how was he chous'd with name and
But *Longarenus* lay with her the while.
Now if that Natural *genius* of his
Should say to him, when he had seen all this,
Sir, what d'you mean? Do I require, when e're
I am inrag'd, the Daughter of a *Peer*
Or any *marri'd* woman? what could he
Then answer to't? that *womans* meat for me,
Who is descended of a *noble* item.
But *Nature* teaches better things then them,
And quite *repugnant* too; Great *Nature*, which
In her own *help* is plentifully rich,
If we would rightly use them, and *descry*
What we should *choose*, from what we ought to *fly*.
Does it no *difference* appear to thee
By *lust* to perish, or *necessity*? (tempt,
Then that thou may'st not that vain work at-
Of which thou surely wilt too late *repent*,
Pursue not *Matrons*; for the cost and pain
Will far surmount the *pleasure* thou canst gain.

Nor

Nor is their *Flesh* more tender, nor are they
More *clean-limb'd*, whose *attire* is rich and gay,
And do with *jewels* deck their necks and ears,
(Such as th' effeminate *Corinthus* wears;)
Nay oftentimes that *Lass*, who's plain and free,
Wears better Limbs then your great *Madams* be.
She does her *mercenary* Flesh expose,
Undeckt by *art*, and openly she shows
The *ware* she means to utter, nor will she,
If any part about her handsome be,
Proudly show that alone, nor strive to hide
Those parts, which *Nature* has not beautify'd.
So *Princes*, when they *Horses* go to buy,
Into the *cover'd* parts most strictly pry,
Least the same *Horse*, that's lovely to behold
With a small *head*, and a *crest* high and bold,
And a round *buttock*, the eager *Buyer* chear,
Because he's lame, or foundred in his feet.
This they do well in; for we should not pry
On their perfections with a *Lynxes* Eye,
And be as blind as *Hypsea* was, when we
Their greater *imperfections* ought to see.
Oh comely legs and armes! (sayes one) and yet
She is *pin-buttock'd*, and has *long-splay* Feet,
Short-waisted, but a *nose* of such a size,
That all the Members shortness it supplies.
Thou canst no part of a grave Matron see,
Except her *face*, the rest all cover'd be,
Unless it be of *Catia*, who, although
She be a *matron*, does unvailed goe.
If thou attempt *forbidden* wives to win
To thy desires, they are incompass'd in
With *guards* and *walls*? 'twill make thee mad to see
How many things there are to hinder thee.

There's *Guardian*, *Coach-man*, *Tire-man*, *Flatterer*,
A *gown* to th' heels, a *vail* that covers her;
And many more such envious things there be,
Make thee the *Flesh*, as 'tis thou canst not see.
A *Lass* ne're hinders thee, she will appear
In dress transparent, as she naked were;
That thou maist by thine Eye discern, that she
Is straight in th' *waste*, and that her *anckles* be
Not great, and *gouty*; and her feet are neat.
Does any man desire to have a *cheat*
Impos'd upon him? and be made pay down
The *price* ere the *commodity* be shown?
But thou art like the *Hunts-man*, who does go
After the *Hare* up to the knees in Snow,
Which being caught, makes him a chearful Feast,
Yet hee'l not touch a *Hare* brought ready dress't. (joy,
Thou scorn'st that *Lass* thou may'st with ease en-
And court those that are difficult and coy.
But doest thou think thy *passions* to appease
With such vain and impert'nent *flames* as these?
Has not wise *Nature* bounded thy desire?
Does it not more avail thee to enquire,
What she cann't be without, and what she may,
And pare what ere's superfluous away?
When thou art *thirsty*, must thou onely drink
Out of a Golden *goblet*? or doest think
All *meat* is loathsome, when thou'rt *hungry* grown,
But *Turbet*, or the *Pheasant poult* alone?
So when thy *amorous* flames grow strong and high,
Wilt thou not take the next thou canst come by?
Be't *Kitchin* wench, or *Scullion* boy; or else,
Wouldst have that burst, which so extreamly swells?
I'm of another humour, for to me
That *girl* is best, that's easiest; and she

The

That I can ſooneſt come at; and when I
Aſk her the Queſtion, ſayes *Yes by and by*,
As ſoon's my *Servant* is gon forth, or ſayes
She'l gratifie me, if the *price* I raiſe.
Thoſe that are hard, and tedious to be won,
Are for the feeble *Eunuchs* taſte alone:
Give me a *coming Lady*, that ne're ſtands
Conſid'ring long, nor great *rewards* demands;
But when I call her quickly comes to me,
Let her not *ugly*, nor yet *crooked* be,
But of good *colour*, and *clean-limb'd* withal,
Of a good ſize, not by *Chipeens* made tall;
Nor let her by her *painting* make more fair
Her *face* and *skin*, then they by *Nature* are.
When ſuch a *Creature* in mine Armes does lie,
She is my *Love*, my *Queen*, my *Deitie*;
I call her by all names, nor do I doubt
When we our Deeds of Pleaſure are about,
The barking *Dogs*, the breaking ope of doors,
And all the Houſe diſturb'd with great uproars,
Her jealous *husband* will return to ſee,
How he is *cuckolded* by her and me;
While the poor *woman* ſtarts from off her Bed,
Pale and affrighted, 'cauſe diſcovered,
And being conſcious cries, *Oh I'm undone!*
I ſhall be fetter'd, and my Portion's gone.
And I without my *Breeches* then muſt pack,
Bare-foot and *coat-leſs*, all to ſave my *back*
From the dire Laſh, or to preſerve my Purſe,
Or elſe my *Reputation*, which is worſe.
"*For to be taken is a Crime*, 'tis true,
"*And 'tis a pitiful misfortune too*;
I dare be judg'd by *Fabius*, who does know
All this is true, for he has been ſerv'd ſo.

SATYRE III. By *A. B.*

That men are quick-sighted to pry into other mens infirmities, and connive at their own.

ALl *Songsters* have this humour, that among
Their friends they can't abide to sing a Song
If they're intreated; but they'l ne're give ore
It not desired. This was heretofore
Tigelins vice; *Cæsar* who could command,
If by the friendship of his Father, and
His own, he did intreat but for one Ayre,
This *Songster* would not sing; yet if he were
Once in the *humour*, all the Supper long
He would to *Bacchus* sing, Song after Song;
His voice to th' highest *treble* rais'd, and then
Descending down to th' lowest *base* again.
A most *unsteady* fellow, sometimes he
Would run, as if pursu'd by's enemy;
Sometimes hee'ld *slowly* walk, as if he were
The Sacred *host* about the street to bear.
Sometimes attended with two hundred men
Heel'd walk, at other times with onely *ten*.
Now *Kings* and *Princes*, and all great things be
The *subjects* of his talk: Anon (sayes he)
Give me a three-leg'd *board*, a shell to hold
A little salt, and to keep off the cold
A *gown*, though ne're so course; if you present
This poor abstemious person, who's content
Now with so *little*, with a *thousand* pound,
In five dayes there will not a *Groat* be found
In's pocket: He the day in *sleep* doth pass,
And sits up all *night* long; there never was

A thing so much unlike so him as he
Was to himself: But some may say to me,
Pray what are you? Have you no crime at all?
Yes, Other vices, not perhaps so small.
When *Menius* absent, *Novius* did upbraid,
You Sir, d'you hear? D'you know your self? (one said)
Or do you think to cheat us, as if we
Did not know what you are? *Menius*, said he,
Could wink at, and forget his own faults; this
Is both a vile and silly love, and 'tis
Fit to be taken notice of, when with blear eyes
We over-look our own *infirmities*.
Why should we into our Friends errors pry
As narrowly as with an *Eagles* eye,
Or *Basilicks* piercing look? 'twill come about,
As we do theirs, they'l find our Vices out.
An *angry* man is no way fit to bear
The jeers, which from the *Wits* he's forc'd to hear:
They'l jeer him if ill shav'd, or if his Gown
In a neglected posture hangeth down:
Or if his Shooes are not well ty'd, though he
May be as honest as their *Witships* be.
Though he's a *Friend*, though a great *Wit* does lie
Within that Body, drest so *clownishly*.
Examine well thy self, see if there be
The seeds of any Vices sown in thee;
By Nature or ill custome we'd scern,
"*Neglected Fields still over grown with Fearn.*
Let's raise our selves up to this frame of mind,
To be t' our Friends infirmities as blind
As *Lovers* to their *Mistresses* can be,
Who either don't their *imperfections* see,
Or if they do, they're pleasing to them, thus
Balbinus lik'd even *Agnas Polypus*.

I wiſh we all would erre in *friendſhip* ſo,
And vertue on that *error* would beſtow
A *glorious* name; for as the Father mild,
If he eſpies a frailtie in his child,
He does not ſcorn, nor loath it, nor ſhould we
The errors of our friends, if any be.
If a Son *ſquinting goggle-eyes* ſhould have,
His Father calls him, *Pretty winking Knave*;
And he whoſe Child in ſtature is no more
Then *Syſiphus* th'Abortives heretofore,
Calls him his *Chicken*; if he bend at knee,
He calls him *Varus*; if he *hurl-foot* be,
His Father liſping calls him *Scaurus*: Thus
When a Friend lives ſomething *penurious*,
Let's call't good Husbandry, and when we find
One that to *jeer* or *vapour* is inclin'd,
Imagine his deſign is but to be
Very *facetious* in company:
If he be rough-hew'd, and will talk and rant,
Count him a *down-right* man and valiant,
And when we meet with any perſon that
Is hot and ſurly, call him paſſionate.
" *This thing joynes friends together, and when joyn'd,*
" *It ſtill preſerves them in a friendly mind.*
But we the very vertues of a Friend
Do into Vices baſely wreſt, and bend
Our mind thoſe veſſels to pollute, which are
Clear of themſelves; if any perſon dare
Live vertuouſly among us; *baſe* and *low*
We count him then, and if a man be ſlow
Of apprehenſion, we are apt to call
Him *dull* and *thick-skul'd* fellow; he that all
Cheats, wiſely ſcapes, whoſe Boſome does not lie
Expos'd to any kind of injury,

Though

Though he lives in a treacherous Age, wherein
Malice and *Slander*, and all kind of ſin
Do grow and flouriſh, ought of right to be
Eſteem'd a *prudent wary* man, but we
Call him a *ſubtle Jugler:* If we ſpy
An open-hearted perſon (ſuch as I
Oft ſhew'd my ſelf to you *Macenas*) which
With his perpetual and impertinent Speech
Diſturbs men far more ſerious, when they
Do either read or ſtudy hard, we ſay
This *fellow* has not common ſence, "*Alas!*
"*How inconſiderately do we paſs*
"*Laws on our ſelves, unequal and ſevere,*
"*Since no man without Vices ever were,*
"*Or born, or bred, and that man is the beſt,*
"*Who's troubled with the feweſt and the leaſt.*
"*A real* Friend *will with my faults compare*
"*My vertues; and if all my vertues are*
"*More then my Vices, he that loves me would*
"*Incline to th' moſt, as 'tis fit he ſhould:*
"*So if to be belov'd he has a mind,*
"*He may by this means the ſame meaſure find:*
"*He that deſires his Wenns ſhould not offend*
"*His friend, muſt wink at the Pimples of his friend.*
"*He that would have his faults forgiven muſt*
"*Give* pardon, *if he take it, 'tis but juſt.*
Now ſince the vice of *anger*, and the reſt
Which do our fooliſh *Nature* thus infeſt,
Cannot be throughly rooted out, why may
Not equal judgement and right reaſon ſway?
And why ſhould not all puniſhments be fitted
Proportionably to the Crimes committed?
When a man bids his Servant lift a *Diſh*
Off from the *Table*, and he eat the Fiſh

That's

That's left, or lick the *sauce* up, if that he
Should suffer *death*, should not his Master be
Esteem'd more mad then frantick *Laleo*
By all those men, who are themselves not so?
How would the Masters crime the mans transcend
In greatness, nay in madness? If a Friend
Commit a fault, at which thou ought'st to wink,
Or else all men will thee ill-natur'd think,
If thou should'st scorn and hate him for't, and shun
His company, as the poor Debtors run
From that damn'd Usurer *Druso*, who when ere
The doleful Day of Payment does appear
To his poor Debtors, if they do not pay
Both *principal* and *interest*, how they
Come by't he cares not, he condemns them then
To stand with naked throats, like Captive men,
Not to be kill'd, but (what's far worse then it)
To hear those wretched *Playes* which he had writ.
Suppose my *fudled* Friend when he did sup,
Bepist the room or break my Mistress cup:
Or if he being hungry took away
That *Chicken* which i'th' Dish before me lay,
Must I fall out with him? What then if he
Should commit theft? Or break his trust with me?
Or should deny his promise? those by whom
All sins are equal held, when once they come
T' inquire into the truth they're at a stand;
For common *reason*, general *custome*, and
Profit it self, which is the Mother now
Of what is *right* and *just*, all disallow
This fond *opinion*: When in former time
Man-kind, which of all creatures is the prime,
Crept out of 's Mother *Earth*, they were a kind
Of dumb and nasty *Cattle*, which inclin'd

To

To brawl for *Maſt*, and Dens to lodge in to,
With nails and fiſts, and next with clubs, and ſo
In length of time, they fought with ſpears and ſwords,
Which need had taught them how to make, till words
And names by them invented were, whereby
They did their ſence and voices ſignifie
Unto each other, then they did begin
To build them *Forts* to live with ſafety in.
Then they enacted *Lawes*, that none might dare
Play either *Robber* or *Adulterer*:
"*For before* Helens *dayes women have been*
"*The cauſe of cruel wars.* When men ruſh'd in
On any women which they next came to,
At the firſt ſight, as wild *Beaſts* uſe to do;
Till like a *Bull* o'th' herd, a ſtronger come,
Kill the firſt *Occupant*, and takes his room:
But unremembred di'd thoſe nameleſs men,
Wanting th' *Hiſtorians* and *Poets* Pen.
We if we do conſider former times,
Muſt grant that *Laws* were made for fear of *crimes*
As *Nature* can't diſcern; what's *right*, what's *wrong*,
Nor ſeparate good from ill, nor from among
Thoſe things we ought to *ſhun*, pick out what we
Ought to *deſire*, nor can't by reaſon be
Made out, that he who on the Hearbs within
His Neighbours Garden treads, do's as much ſin
As he that robs a *Church*, and ſteals away
What to the Gods there *conſecrated* lay.
Let's have a Rule, by which our pains may be
Proportion'd to our crimes, and not that he
Who has deſerv'd a little Rod alone,
Should with a horrid whip be *laſht* to th' Bone.
That thou'lt with *ferule* ſtrike I'le ne'r ſuppoſe,
Him that deſerves to ſuffer greater blows;

While

While thou hold'ſt thefts and robberies to be
Offences onely of the like degree,
And threatneſt if thou reign once to chaſtiſe
Our petty faults and foul enormities
With equal puniſhments: if it be ſo,
That he who is a *wiſe* man's *wealthy* too,
A good *Mechanick* skill'd in every thing,
The onely *gallant*, and indeed a *King*.
What need'ſt thou wiſh to be a *King*, ſince thou
Art ſo already? Thou wilt ask me now
If I don't know what old *Chryſipus* ſaid,
Though a *wiſe* man perhaps has never made
His Shooes and Boots, yet ſtill a wiſe man is
A *Shoo-maker*; to what end is all this?
Juſt ſo *Hermogenes*, though he's dumb, can
Sing well, and is a good *Muſitian*.
And in this ſenſe, *Alfenus* when he threw
Away his *tools*, and ſhut up ſhop, and grew
A cunning *Lawyer*, who had been before
A *Cobler*, was ſtill *Cobler*, and no more:
So the *wiſe* man's alone in every thing,
The skilfull'ſt *Artiſt*, and ſo he's a *King*.
The Roguing Boyes (thou talk'ſt ſo like a Sot)
Will pull thee by thy Beard, if thou do'ſt not
That Scepter in thy hand thy *cudgel* ſway,
And in Majeſtick-wiſe drive them away.
The *cheated* crowd that ſtand about thee, all
Prepare to kick thee, thou maiſt bark and brawl
Till thou haſt burſt thy Royal ſelf, *Moſt high*
And mighty King, in brief thou Royally
Giv'ſt a whole *farthing*, for thy Bath at once,
And haſt no guard to attend thee but that dunce
Chriſpinus; But my pleaſant friends, if I,
Through folly ſhould tranſgreſs, will paſs it by

And

And when they do bewray their frailties, then
I in requital *pardon* them agen;
And thus I live, though but a private man,
More happy then thy fained Kingship can.

SATYRE IV. By *A. B.*

A Discourse concerning POETRY.

THe old *Greek* Poets, *Aristophanes*,
Cratinus, *Eupolis*, and such as these
Who did write *Comedies*, wher e're they had
One fit to be describ'd, as very bad,
Such as a *Thief*, or an *Adulterer*,
Or *Murtherer*, or such like men which were
Notorious in their lives, these all should be
With a brave *boldness*, and great *liberty*,
Expreſt to th'life, and whatsoever is
Writ by *Lucillius* does proceed from this,
Those *Poets* he did imitate, their feet
And *numbers* onely he did change, and yet
His wit was excellent, his judgement clear,
Onely the *Verses* which came from him, were
Harsh and *unpolisht*; for this was his *crime*,
Two hundred Verses in one *hours* time
He ordinarily poured out with ease,
As if he did such *weighty* businesses;
Yet though his Verses like a *Deluge* flow'd,
Th'had something still above the common *road*:

He lov'd to *scribble*, but could not endure
The pains of writing Verses good and pure;
I ne're regard how much an *Author* writes,
" 'Tis not the *Volumn*, but the *sence* delights.
I'le tell you; Once *Crispinus* challeng'd me,
Pointing with's Finger at me, Come (sayes he)
Take Paper, Pen, and Ink, fix place, and time,
Let's both be watcht, try which can swifter *rhime*;
I thank my Stars, *Nature* did me compose
So bashful, and so pusillanimous,
That I speak *little*, and but *seldome* too,
But his laborious *lungs* do alwayes go
Like a *Smiths* Bellows, puffing breath so fast,
That he his Iron audients tires at last.
What luck that Scribling Rhimer *Fannius* met?
That our grave Senate undesir'd have set
His *silly* Book and ugly *statue* too
In *Cæsars* Library? Whilest I that do
Both blush and tremble when I e'er appear
In *publick*, no rehearsing wit does care
To read my Lines to th' undiscerning crue;
But here's the reason for't, there are but few
That love a *Satyr* well; most are afraid
Their Crimes may be like others, open laid.
Pick any person out of all Mankind,
He is to *pride* or *avarice* inclin'd;
This with the lust for's Neighbours wife runs mad,
That's for th' unnatural use of some fair *Lad*:
This loves to gaze on's money still, and that
Is ravisht with the splendour of his *Plate*;
This to get *wealth* by *merchandizing* goes,
Where the Sun sets, from the place where it rose,
Runs through all dangers head-long, and is tost
From place to place as *Whirlwinds* blow the dust,

Fearing

Fearing least he should loose his stock, or not
Increase that vast *Estate* which he had got.
All these hate Verses, and Verse-makers fly
That Beast the *Poet* comes '*ware-horns* they cry:
To make the People laugh, these Fellows use
Not to regard what *friends* they do abuse,
And whatsoe're they write they forthwith to
The *Politicians* of the *Conduit* shew,
Or at the *Bake-house*, that Old Women and
The Rouging Boyes their jests may understand.
Much good may't do them, I on t'other side
With the name *Poet* wo'nt be dignifi'd
Out of their number, whom the world does own
For *Poets*, I'm excluded, being none:
For to compose a *Verse*, or write as we
Do naturally speak's not *Poetry*.
That noble Title *Poet* those doth fit,
Who have good Stile, high Fancy, and quick wit;
And therefore some have askt whither, what I
Have written be *Poem* or *Comedy*,
Because no *salt*, no *flame*, nor *spirit* be,
Or in the words or sence which comes from me;
Which would be very Prose, but onely I
My words to feet and numbers use to tie:
But in a *Comedy* the Poet brings
A Father raging in 'cause his Son clings
T' a common prostitute, and does refuse
That wealthy *match* which the old man did chuse,
And being *drunk* walks in the open day
With a *Torch* flaming in a scandalous way.
Pomponius Father, if alive, would thus
Rebuke his Son for being leacherous;
'Tis not enough to make Verse smoothly run
With fine *cull'd* words, but if they are undone,

And

And made plain Prose, would as unpleasant be
As the sowre Father in the *Comedy*.
If from the Verses which I use to make,
And those which once *Lucillus* writ, you take
The feet and measure, and do discompose
The order of those words, and make them *Prose*;
Placing those words before which stand behind,
And so *invert* their order, you will find
The *quarters* of a *Poet* still appear
In every *sentence*, scatter'd every where,
Not like this Verse; *When as the cruel jars*
Of wars had broke our iron posts and bars.
So much for that; We'l take a time to know,
Whither this Poetry be right or no:
Now I would onely ask whither to thee
A *Satyr* can justly offensive be.
The bawling *Lawyers* and the formal *Judge*,
When they in Gowns and with their *Law-tools* trudge,
Make *Malefactors* tremble, while that he
That's innocent contemns their *Pageantry*.
Though thou 'rt a *malefactor*, yer since I
Am no *Informer*, why do'st from me fly?
No Books of mine do prostituted lie
On publick *Stalls* to tempt th' enquiring Eye
Of Passengers, soyl'd by the greasie Thumbs
Of every prying nasty *Clown* that comes.
I seldome do rehearse, and when I do,
'Tis to my Friends, and with *reluctance* too:
Not before every one, nor every where;
We have too many that *Rehearsers* are,
In publick *Baths*, and open *Markets* too,
In the Seild *chambers*, where their *voices* do
Double by *repercussion*, they rehear'e
In sipid *notions* tortur'd into Verse.

This

This pleases empty *Fops*, who never mind
True *wit* and *sense*, so *rhime* and *feet* they find.
Thou sayest I love to jeer and study it,
To gratifie my own *ill-natur'd wit*;
Where didst thou pick up this Report? or who
Of my acquaintance e're reputes me so?
"*That person who back-bites his absent friend,*
"*Or when another does, will not defend*
"*His reputation; he that aims to be*
"*The jester in all foolish company,*
"*Ambitious of the Title of a Wit,*
"*A blab of 's tongue, who what e're you commit*
"*Unto his trust, discovers and betrayes,*
"*And impudently lies in what he sayes:*
"*This is a dirty fellow, such a one*
"*Every true* Roman *is concern'd to shun.*
I've seen a dozen men together feast,
And one has rudely jeer'd at all the rest,
Except his *Friend*, which entertain'd them all;
But being drunk at last on him did fall,
When *wine* (*Truth*'s Mother) had unlockt his Breast,
Reveal'd those thoughts that there did smother'd rest.
Thou who abhorr'st base Fellows, wilt suppose
This *beast free, civil*, and ingenious.
Whilest if I do discover and deride
Some powdred *Coxcombs* vanity and pride;
Or else some nasty Sloven, thou dost fall
On me, as envious or Satyrical.
If in thy presence any person does
Report *Petillus* Sacriligious,
Thou (as thy custome is) wilt him defend,
And say *Petillus* was thy antient Friend;
From Children you were conversant, and he
With Kindnesses was still obliging thee;

The thought of him does much thy Spirit chear,
That he is well, and thou enjoy'ſt him here:
But yet thou canſt not but admire how he
Himſelf could from that *Judgement* ſo well free.
Such Friends are like the *Scattle-fiſh*, whoſe skin
Is white without, but all black juice within;
This is the *ruſt* of Friendſhip, and this vice
(If any promiſe in my power lies)
I freely promiſe thou ſhalt never find
In all my writings, no nor in my mind.
"If I ſpeak what is *jocular* and free,
"You by the Law are bound to pardon me.
My honour'd *Father*, now deceas'd, did uſe
Into my mind theſe Precepts to infuſe;
Obſerve (quoth he) their end who vice purſue,
And thou by that all Vices wilt eſchew:
When he did preſs me to good Husbandrie,
And thrifty frugal courſes, and to be
Content with that Eſtate which he had got,
And did intend to leave me; doſt thou not
(Said he) obſerve the wealthy *Albius* Son
Into what want he is by wildneſs run?
See what a *ſhabby* Fellow's *Barrus* grown,
Barrus the Ranting'ſt Gallant of the Town;
A good inſtruction for young Heirs, that they
Should not their *Patrimony* fool away!
And when from love of *VVhores* he would deter me,
He to *Sectanus* ſad Fate would refer me,
That after marri'd Wives I ſhould not ſtray,
But uſe my Pleaſures in a Lawful way.
(Quoth he) upon thy name 'twil be a Brand
If like *Trebonius* thou ſhould'ſt be *trappand*.
Philoſophy will with much reaſon ſhew (ſue.
What thou ſhould'ſt ſhun, and what *thou* ſhould'ſt pur-

If

If *thou* canſt well obſerve *thoſe prudent* wayes,
In which our Fathers walkt in former dayes,
And keep thy life and reputation free
From vice or ſcandal whileſt thou'rt under me,
I'm pleas'd: But when thy mind and body too
By age to full maturity ſhall grow,
I'le turn thee looſe into the World. Thus he
Did in my Nonage wiſely nurture me:
When he propos'd a duty to be done,
He'ld ſay, Thou haſt a fair example (Son)
For doing this, thou haſt before thine eyes
Thoſe which to *honour* and great *power* did riſe:
And if he'ld have me any vice to flie,
(Sayes he) A man may ſee with half an eye
This act which now thou art about to do
Is againſt *honeſty* and *profit* too.
Since this mans *name*, and that's who did this thing,
With general *ſcandal* through the Nation ring.
And as one *Gluttons* death doth much affright
Another, and ſuſpends his appetite
For fear of death, ſo others infamy
Makes tender Spirits from thoſe vices fly.
Thus I liv'd unconcern'd in all thoſe Crimes
Which ruine young-men in theſe impious times,
Though I perhaps do'nt unpolluted live,
But have ſmall faults, which men may well forgive,
And which my ſecond thoughts and a *true* Friend,
And *wiſer* age may teach me to amend;
For I'm not wanting to my ſelf when I
Do *walk* alone, or in my *Bed* do lie.
Then I think with my ſelf, this way is beſt
And if I follow't, I am truly bleſt,
And to my Friends am grateful; but when I
Obſerve a perſon doing fooliſhly,

Should I be such an Ass to make the same
Ill course my pattern, which has been his shame?
These are my private thoughts, and when I light
On a spare minute I do Verses write,
And this is one of those small sins which I
Am guilty of, which if thou should'st deny
To pardon, all of my Fraternitie
Would come to help me; for we *Poets* be
A mighty *number*, and as once the *Jews*,
Romans to their *Religion* did seduce,
So we'l dub thee a Brother of the *Muse*.

SATYRE V. By *A. B.*

A Journey from Rome *to* Brandusium.

FRom spatious *Rome* to *Aris* once went I,
With *Heliodorus* in my company,
The best for *Rhetorick* that the *Grecians* had;
Our *Inn* was small, our *entertainment* bad.
From whence to *Apii forum* we did ride,
Where *Sailors* and *lewd Victuallers* most reside.
We made it *two* dayes work, which might be done
By those that had a mind in less then *one*.
The *Appian* Road we did not tedious think,
We travell'd slowly, and did often drink:
Here, 'cause the water was unwholsome, I
Refus'd to eat a *Supper*, but fate by
While my Friends did; I long'd to be in Bed,
For *night on th' earth her sable wings had spread*,

And

And ſtuck the Heaven with ſtars, but ſuch a noiſe
Roſe from the *Sailors* railing at their Boyes,
And their Boyes back again at them! *So ho!*
The Boat, the Boat! Plague on you, where d'you go?
(Sayes one) *you Rogue, you over-load the Boat,*
You lye (ſayes t'other with an open throat)
Hold, hold, now 'tis enough: And thus while they
Harneſt their Mules, and quarrel for their Pay,
They ſpent a whole houers time; the ſtinging *fleas*
And *croaking Frogs* deni'd me ſleep and eaſe.
And now the *Sailor* being got quite drunk,
With naſtie Wine begins to ſing of's *Punck*.
The *Mule-man* does the like of his: both try
Which ſhould roar loudeſt for the *Victory*;
At length the *Mule-man* being weary grown,
Falls faſt aſleep; while to a neighbouring *ſtone*
The *lazie Mariner* did tie the Barge
With the Mules traces which was gon at large
To graze; and likewiſe falls aſleep till day,
Then we perceiv'd the Barge was at a ſtay,
There being no *Mule* to draw her; thereupon
Out leaps a *ſurly* Fellow, and layes on
The *Mule-man* and the *Sailor* head and ſide
With a tough *Cudgel*, which was well appli'd:
Then in four hours we aſhore were ſet,
We waſht our *hands* and *faces*, and did eat:
Then after Dinner three full miles walkt we,
And came to *Anxur*, where the houſes be
Cover'd with *Poliſht* Stone, my honour'd Friend
Mæcenas and *Cocceius* did intend
To take this *Maritime City* in the road,
Both being ſent *Ambaſſadors* abroad
'Bout State Affairs, and uſing to compoſe
All differences which 'twixt Friends aroſe.

Here I *anointed* theſe ſore Eyes of mine
With the moſt true *Collyrium* ex'lent Wine.
Then ſtraight *Mæcenas* and three more I ſee,
Ingenious perſons all, and forthwith we
With ſcorn paſs by that petty Village, where
That *Scrivener Luſcus* proudly rul'd as Mayor.
With *Mace* and *Chain*, and *Fur* and *Purple-gown*,
Strutting and *domineering* o're the Town,
And came to *Formiæ* ſoundly tir'd at laſt,
Where our Friends gave good lodging and repaſt:
The next day was a bleſſed day, for we
Came to a Town where *wine* was good and free:
There *Virgil*, *Varius*, and *Plotius* met,
Men of ſuch Souls the World can't equal yet,
Nor are there any in the World to me
So much obliging as thoſe perſons be.
But oh! what love, and what embracing 'twas?
And what rejoycing did between us paſs?
"No man in's Wits can any thing commend
"Before a real and ingenuous Friend.
Next to a ſmall Maritine village, near
Campania's Bridge we came, the *Townſmen* there
With Wood and Salt *Mæcenas* did preſent
As fees, 'cauſe in an *Embaſſy* he went.
From thence to *Capua* betimes we came,
Virgil and I did ſleep, *Mæcenas* game;
That toilſome play at Ball no way complies
With *Virgils* ſtomack, nor with my blear *eyes*.
Hence we came to *Coccius* houſe, which is
Seated beyond the *Claudian* Hoſteries,
A ſtately houſe, where plentie did abound,
And there we *ſplendid* entertainment found.
And now (my Muſe) aſſiſt me while I tell
That memorable *ſquable* which befel

Be-

Between *Sarmentus* that Buffoon, and one
Meſſius, whoſe Face with *warts* was over-grown;
And from what Noble antient Familie
Theſe *Combatants* deriv'd their pedigree;
The *Oſſian* Nation unto *Meſſius* gave
His being, but *Sarmentus* was a Slave
Of this *condition* and original.
Theſe two Tongue-combatants began their braul;
Thou Horſe-fac'd Raskal (ſayes *Sarmentus* firſt)
At which we fell a *laughing*, like to burſt.
Meſſius replies, *Well be it ſo*; *what then?*
(And Ox-like toſt his head at him agen.)
Oh? (ſayes *Sarmentus*) *what a dangerous Cow,*
Had not thy horns been quite ſaw'd off, wert thou,
Who art ſo curſt without them? thy old face,
(If poſſible) is uglier then it was.------
Since thy great wen on one ſide, now we find
Cut out, it leaves an ugly brand behind.
That botchy face of thine looks as if thou
Hadſt a Campanian *Clap upon thee now.*
Thus he abus'd *Meſſius* face, and bid
Him come and dance as *Polyphemus* did.
No vizard, nor yet buskins need'ſt thou wear,
Thy face and limbs can't ſeem worſe then they are.
Meſſius retorts as much; *Thou Dog, (ſayes he)*
When will thy ſlaveſhip end? for though thou be
Now made a Scribe, *thy Mrs. right thereby*
Is not extinguiſht; tell me, Sirrah, *why*
Didſt thou ſo often run away from her?
Is not a pound of bread ſufficient fare
For ſuch a ſtarveling ſlave as thou to eat?
And with ſuch *paſtime* we got down our meat.
At *Benventum* our officious Hoſt
Roaſting lean Birds, was like himſelf to roaſt.

The pile of *fire* fell down, and ſcatter'd flame
Unto the roof of the old *Kitchin* came,
The hungry Gueſts, and Servants worſe then thoſe,
Being afraid their *ſupper* they ſhould loſe,
Began to *ſcramble*, and did more conſpire
To ſnatch the victuals, then to quench the fire.
And now th' *Apulean* Mountains did appear,
Which by *Atabulus* ſo ſcorched are,
Theſe we had ne're chaw'd ore, but that there lay
Trivicus to refreſh us by the way;
But ſuch a curſed *ſmoak* did there ariſe
From the green Boughs they burnt, it ſcorcht our eys.
Here I the *Coxcomb* of the *company*
Till Mid-night did in *expectation* lie
Of a falſe *Wench*, who promis'd to come to me,
But ſleep did come, and that more good did do me:
But what I dreamt, and what on me befel,
My body and my ſheets can onely tell.
Thence four and twentie miles we were convey'd
By *Coach*, then in a little town we ſtaid,
Whoſe name won't ſtand in verſe, but yet there are
Plain ſigns to know it by, they water there
(The meaneſt of all things) ſell, while trav'lers may
With fine bread *gratis* load themſelves away.
Bread at *Canuſiums* gritty, *water* there
Is as at *Equotutium*, very rare.
Brave *Diomedes* of ſo high renown,
'Twas he, that built in former time, this town.
Here *Varius* parted from's, and weeping went,
While we his abſence did as much lament.
To *Rubi* thence, we being tir'd, did get,
The *journey* long, and worſe becauſe 'twas *wet*.
Next day to Fiſhy *Barus* we repair,
The *way was worſe*, but yet the Weather *fair*;

From

From thence to *Gratia*, which did ſeem to be
Founded in ſpight of th' Water Nymphs, for we
Found wholeſome Water greatly wanting there,
But we had ex'lent ſport; for they did dare
Perſwade me, that their *Incenſe* which they lay
Upon their *Altars*, would conſume away
Without a *fire*, I'le ne're think 'tis true,
This ſtory fits th' *uncircumciſed Jew*;
For I well know *the Gods live free from cares,*
And ne're concern themſelves in mans affairs,
And when as Nature any thing does do,
Which Mortal men are moſt accuſtom'd to,
I don't believe that 'tis the careful Gods
Send down this wonder from their high abodes;
Thence to *Brandusium* we our travels bend,
And here my *paper* and our *journey* end.

SATYRE VI. By Sir *R.F.*

To MÆCENAS.

He reprehends the vain judgement of the people of Rome *concerning Nobility, measuring the same by antiquity of Pedigree, not by vertue; nor willingly admitting to Magistracy any but such as were adorned with the former. That there was no reason to envy him for the friendship of* Mæcenas, *as for a Tribuneship; since that was not given by* Fortune, *but acquired by the recommendations of vertue. Lastly, shews his condition in a private life to be much better, then (if he were a Magistrate) it could be.*

NOt that the *Tuscans* (who from *Lydia* came)
Have nothing nobler then *Mæcenas* name;
Nor that thy Mothers, and Sires Grand-sire were
Gen'rals of old, makes thee as most men, sneer
Thy nose up at poor folks, and such as me,
Born of a Father, from a Slave made free.
When thou affirm'st, *It skils not of what kind*
Any is come; if of a noble mind;
Thou deem'st (and right) that before *Tullus* reign,
(Who was a King, yet not a Gentleman)
Many a man of no degree, no name,
By great atchievements to great honours came.
Levinus contrary (*Valerio*'s Son,
By whom proud *Tarquin* was expell'd the Throne)
Him worthless, Ev'n the people (*whom you know*)
They scorn'd; Those fools that honours oft bestow
On undeservers, doating on gay men,
Dazled with shields and coronets. What then

Shall

Shall we do, lifted fat above their Sphere?
The People to *Levinus* did prefer
A new man *Decius*; yet now, ſhould I
Stand for a place, hoarſe *Appius* would cry,
Withdraw! 'cauſe I'm no Gentleman: and ſhall,
When *Horace* meddles farther then his Naul.
But Honour takes into her golden Coach
Noble and baſe. *Tullus*, what haſt to touch
The Purple Robe (which *Ceſar* forc't thee quit)
And be a Tribune? Envy thou didſt get
Thereby, by whom i'th dark thou'dſt neer been ſpide.
For when the people ſee a ſtrange face ride
Up to the ears in Ermins, and a liſt
(Or more) of Gold; ſtrait they demand, *Who is't?*
What was his Father? Juſt as when ſome youth,
Sick of the Faſhions (to be thought, forſooth,
Handſome) inflames the fairer Sex, to call
His face in queſtion, hair, teeth, foot, and ſmall.
So when a man upon the Stage ſhall come,
And ſay, *Give me the Reins that govern* Rome,
I'le manage Italy, *the State ſhall be*
My care, I, and the Church likewiſe: Ods me!
It forces every Mortal to enquire
And know who was his Mother, who his Sire?
Shall then the Off-ſpring of a Minſtrel dare
Diſplace this General, condemn that Peer?
Novius was one hole lower. Being the ſame
My Father was, you'd think from *Brute* he came.
But if two hundred Draies obſtruct a ſtreet,
Or with their Trumpeters, three Funerals meet;
Louder then all he chafes with brazen lungs,
And this is ſomething to awe peoples tongues.
But to my ſelf, the ſon of the Freed man,
O (*Envy* cries) *The ſon of the Freed man*!

Mecenas,

Mæcenas, now, Because thy Gueſt: before,
Because a *Roman Tribune*'s charge I bore.
Theſe two are not alike: I may pretend,
Though not to office, yet to be thy friend,
Thou being chiefly in this caſe ſo choice,
Not guided by Ambition, popular voice,
Or by a chance: *Virgil* his word did paſs
For me, then *Varus* told thee what I was.
When firſt preſented, little ſaid I to thee,
(For Modeſty's an infant) did not ſhew thee
A long-taild Pedigree: I did not ſay,
I bred Race-horſes in Appulia:
Told what I was. As little thou replied'ſt,
(Thy mode) I go: at nine moneths end, thou bid'ſt
Me, of thy Friends, be one. Of this I boaſt,
That I pleas'd thee (who to *diſtinguiſh* know'ſt)
Not Noble, but of fair and Chryſtal thoughts.
Yet, if except ſome few (*not hainous*) faults,
My Nature's ſtraight (as you may reprehend,
In a fair face, ſome moles.) If (*to commend
My ſelf*) I am not given to avarice;
Not naſtie, not debaucht, not ſold to vice,
Lov'd by my Friends, obedient to the Laws,
Of all theſe things my Father was the cauſe.
Who though but tenant to one ſmall lean Farm,
In *Flavio*'s School would never let me learn.
When great *Centurions* ſent their great Boyes thither,
Their left armes crampt with ſtones, hung in a leather-
Bag, with a counting-board; but boldly parts
With me (a child) to *Rome*: t'imbibe thoſe arts
A Knight, or Senator, might teach his Boy;
That who had ſeen my cloaths and my convoy
Of Servants, cleaving through a preſs, would ſwear
Some wealthy Grandſire did my charges bear.

Him-

Himſelf (*the carefull'ſt Tutor*) had his eye
Over them all. In ſhort my Modeſtie,
(Vertues firſt bloom) ſo watring from this Well,
He both preſerv'd my whiteneſs and my ſmell:
Nor fear'd, leſt any ſhould in time to come,
Blame him he had not bred me ſtill at home
To his own Trade: or I my ſelf complain;
(The more his praiſe my debt,) if I have brain,
Of ſuch a Father now ſhall I repent,
Like ſome that quarrel with their own deſcent,
Becauſe their blood from Nobles did not flow,
Reaſon as well as Nature anſwers, No:
For if I ſhould unweave the Loom of Fate,
And chuſe my ſelf new parents, for my State,
In any Tribe: Contented with mine own,
I would not change to be a Conſuls Son.
Mad, in the Vulgars judgement: But in thine
Sober, perchance: becauſe I did decline
An irkſome load I am not us'd to bear.
For I muſt ſeek more wealth ſtraight, if that were;
And, to beg Voices, many a viſit make,
Muſt at my heels a brace of Servants take;
For fear my honour ſhould be ſeen alone,
To go into the Countrey, or the Town.
There muſt be Horſes ſtore, and Grooms thereto,
A Litter's to be hir'd too: Whereas now
Tis lawful for me on a Bob-tail Mule
To travel to *Tarentum*, if I will;
My cloak-bag galling her behind, and I
Digging her ſhoulders. Not, with Obliquie,
Like *Tullus*, when in *Tiber*-Road he's ſeen
Attended with five Boyes, carrying a skin
Of Wine, and a Cloſe-ſtool: Brave Senator,
More decently then thou, and thouſands more,

I could

I could do that. Where e'er I liſt I go,
Alone, the price of Broath and Barley know;
Croud in at every Sight, walk late in *Rome*:
Viſit the Temple with a prayer: then home
To my Leek-pottage, and Chich-peaſe. Three boys
Serve in my Supper; whom to counterpoiſe
One bowl, two beakers on a broad white ſlate,
A pitcher with two ears (**Campanian* Plate) *Earthen.
Then do I go to ſleep: ſecurely do't,
Being next morning to attend no ſuit
In the great Hall (where *Marſya* doth look,
As if loud *Numio*'s face he could not brook)
I lie till Four. Then walk, or read a while;
Or write to pleaſe my ſelf; noint me with Oil:
(Not ſuch as *Natta* paws himſelf withal,
Robbing the Lamps.) When neer his Vertical
The hotter Sun invites us to a Bath
For our tir'd Limbs, I fly the Dog-ſtars wrath,
Having din'd onely ſo much as may ſtay
My appetite: Loiter at home all day.
Theſe are my ſolaces: this is the life
Of men that ſhun ambition, run from ſtrife.
Lighter then if I ſoar'd on *Glories* wing,
The Nephew, Son, and Grand-ſon to a King.

SATYRE VII. By *A. B.*

A Braul between two Railing Buffoons.

THe venomous railing of that black mouth'd thing
Who lately was preſcrib'd *Rupillius King*,
Againſt that mungrel *Perſian*, and how he
Reveng'd himſelf on *King* again; theſe be

Things

Things (I ſuppoſe) notoriouſly known,
The talk of every *Barbers* ſhop in town.
This *Perſian* being rich, his wealth did draw
Much buſineſs, and that buſineſs ſuits in *Law*;
And with *Rupillius King*, among the reſt,
He had a very troubleſome *conteſt*;
He was a ſurly fellow, proud, and bold,
And able *King* himſelf with eaſe t'out-ſcold,
Of ſuch a bitter and *invective* ſpeech,
That he even *Billingſgate* to rail could teach.
Now as to *King*, ſince nothing could compoſe
The differences which between them roſe,
Theſe two *Tongue-combatants* began their fray,
When *Brutus* govern'd wealthy *Aſia*;
To th' *Hall* they come contending eagerly,
Both matcht as equally as *Fencers* be;
They made an exc'lent *Scæne*: Firſt in the Court
The *Perſian* pleads his cauſe, and made good ſport,
Our General *Brutus* to the skies he rais'd,
And his victorious Army highly prais'd;
Call'd him the *Sun* of *Aſia*, and all
His *Captains* he propitious Stars did call,
Except that Buffoon *King* (ſayes he) who's far
More miſchievous t'you all, than the *Dog-ſtar*
Is to the Husband-man: thus on he ran,
And by his railing, bore that *baffled* man
Quite down before him; like a Winter *flood*,
Which drives down every thing that e're withſtood
Its rapid *motion*, and by violence
Roots up the trees, and ſo the Axe preſents.
Thus when two *Warriers* engage in fight,
And both of equal courage, skil, and might,
Honour's their aim, both ſcorn to yield or fear,
The more their *valour*, the more *miſchiefs* done.

So

So valiant *Hector* when he did engage
'Gainſt ſtout *Achilles*, ſuch a deadly rage
Did animate them both, that nothing could
Satiate their fury but each others blood,
And death of one, meerly 'cauſe both were ſtout;
Conquer or *die* both could, but ne're *give out*.
But when two *Cowards* quarrel, or if one
That *courage* has, contends with one of none;
(As *Diomedes* once with *Glaucus* did)
The *Coward* yields or runs for't, and inſtead
Of blows, gives bribes, and preſents to his *Foe*,
Onely to ſave his life, and let him go.
King rallies up his thoughts, and then retorts
Invectives falſe, and many of all ſorts:
Juſt like a ſurlie *Carman*, whoſe rude tongue
Out-rails all Paſſengers, *be't right or wrong*;
He had not wit to jeer, but rudely hauls,
And the ſmart *Perſian* Rogue and Cuckold calls.
The angry *Perſian* being ſo much ſtung
By the reproaches of the *Italians* tougue,
Cries out, Oh *Brutus*! by the Gods I pray,
Thou whoſe profeſſion's to take Kings away,
Murther this one *King* for me, thou'lt gain more
By this, then all the *Kings* th'haſt kill'd before.

SATYRE VIII. By *A. B.*

A Diſcovery of Witchcraft.

OF an old *Fig-tree* once the *trunk* was I,
And as a uſeleſs piece of *wood* laid by,
Till an ingenuous *Carpenter* who found
Me lying ſo neglected on the ground,

Took

Took me in hand to form me with his *tool*,
But whether he should make of me a stool,
Or a *Priapus*, was a thing that did
Long time perplex this politick *work-mans* head;
Till after long deliberation, he
For *weighty* reasons made a *God* of me.
Hence does my *Deity* proceed, and I
Here stand the *thieves* and *birds* to terrifie;
The *thieves* I fright away with my right hand,
And my long *pole* which does erected stand;
My Crown of Reeds does drive the *birds* away,
That they dare not in our new *Gardens* prey.
The *ground* where I now stand was heretofore
A common *Burying-place* for all the poor,
Whose carcases in mean small graves were laid,
And this the publick *Sepulcher* was made
For th' *meanest* sort of people, those men which
Were much the poorer 'cause they had been *rich*.
The bodies of such *spend-thrifts* here were cast,
As *fool'd* their means away, and lack'd at last.
A thousand foot in length, three hundred wide,
Which from the rest a Land-mark did divide,
Whose plain *inscription* did describe to th' *Heirs*,
Which ground was Sacred, & which ground was theirs.
Now men i'th' healthy *Church-yard* live, and where
Dead bodies stunk, the living take fresh air,
And on that green hill now we walk, which once
Was all *deform'd* and cover'd ore with *bones*.
But yet the thieves and birds which hither come,
And haunt this place, are not so troublesome
To me, as those who *charmes* and *poysons* use,
With which they do poor Mortal minds abuse;
These I can neither hinder nor destroy;
But in the *silent* nights, by *Moon-shine* they

Into these Gardens steal, and pick up there
Dead humane *bones* and *hearbs* that poysonous are.
Here that old Hag *Canidia* I spi'd
In a black garment close about her ti'd,
Bare-foot she walkt, her locks dishevell'd were,
And that *Witch-major Sagana* with her:
Howling like Wolves, of pale and ugly hew,
They both appear'd most ghastly to my view,
With their long nails to scratch the earth they went,
And with their *teeth* a *Lamb* in sunder rent,
Whose *blood* they pour'd into their new dig'd *pit*,
And *conjur'd* up th' infernal *Fiends* with it,
Such *Spirits* as could *answer* to what ere
They did demand; two *Images* there were
Brought by these *Hags*, by which they did their *knack*,
One made of *wool*, the other made of *wax*:
The Woollen was the greater, that it might
The little Waxen *Image* curb and fright.
This Wax *Effigies* stood cringing by,
As sinking under its *servility*,
One *Hecate* invokes; *Tisyphone*
Is charmed by t'other: *Serpents* one might see,
And the *infernal Dogs* run out and in.
The bashful *Moon* for fear she should have been
A witness to these *juglings* hid her face,
And made our *Sepulchers* her lurking place.
If I lie t'you in any thing I've said,
May the *crowes* with their *dung* pollute my head!
May all the *rogues* and *whores*, and *thieves* in town,
Cast their base Excrements upon my *crown*.
What need I all those tricks to mention, which
Were done by *Sagana* that damn'd old Witch?
And by what *Artifice* the Ghosts and she
Discours'd together with variety

Of

Of tones, now ſhrill, now flat, and how they did
Hide under ground by ſtealth the hairy head
Of an old *wolf*, with teeth of ſpeckled *ſnake*,
Then with the Waxen *image* they did make
The fire to blaze: But that I might not be
A tame *ſpectator* of this *foolery*,
And thoſe *impoſtures* unreveng'd behold,
Of both thoſe *Hags* ſo ugly and ſo old;
I from my *Goſhips* entrails backward ſpoke,
As thundring as a *bladder* when 'tis broke;
Away run both the *witches* into *town*,
Out dropt *Canidia*'s ſet of teeth, and down
Old *Sagana* her *ſnakes* and *poyſons* threw,
And all her *conjuring* tools, off likewiſe threw
Her *Periwig*, 'twould make one break his heart
With laughter, to obſerve how one ſound *fart*
Broke from a *God*, two Witches frights away,
And made them run from one more weak then they.

SATYRE IX.

A deſcription of an impertinent prating Fool.

OF late along the *ſtreets* I muſing walkt,
And to my ſelf ſome learned *whimſie* talkt,
When loe a wandring *Trifler* to me came,
Whom ſcarce I knew, ſave onely by his name;
And with familiar freedom took my hand,
Asking me, *How I did?* At *your command*
(ſaid I) *God keep you Sir.* He following ſtill,
I turn'd about, and ſtopt to know his will.

What? don't you know me, man? (said he) *I too*
A Virtuoso am as well as you.
The more I honour you, Sir, (I repli'd)
And still all wayes to shake him off I tri'd;
In thousand different postures I did go,
Sometimes I walkt *apace*, and sometimes *slow*;
Sometimes I *whisper'd* in my *Foot-boys* ear,
And all the while did sweat all o're for fear.
Oh happy he! (to mutter I began)
Who hugs himself at an impertinent man!
Oh happy! who as well himself can feast
On the most *foolish* talker as the best!
In the mean time his tongue did *gallop* on,
Letting no street, nor sign, nor house alone:
At last, perceiving I did nothing mind,
(He said) *you'd fain be rid of me, I find;*
But you, nor I have now not much to do,
I'le therefore wait upon you where you go:
Where lies your way? O Lord, pray Sir do not
Your self for me to so much trouble put;
My journey lies almost as far's the Tower,
To visit one you never saw before.
That's nothing sir, I'm perfectly at leisure,
And a long walk with you I count a pleasure:
With that I shruuk my shoulders, hung my ears,
As a dull Ass that too great lading bears.
Then he begins: *If once you knew me sir,*
You'ld scarce to me would any wit prefer,
Who is there that can better verses write?
Or who with greater swiftness can indite?
Who of your friends can more gentely dance?
Or who can better teach the mode of France?
If you but hear me sing, you will confess,
I do excel the fam'd Hermogenes.

Here

Here it was time to interpoſe: *Have you*
No mother Sir, nor other kindred, who
May want your company this preſent hour?
O no; pale Death did them long ſince devour.
The happier they; *Nay then, in faith, go on,*
Kill me out right, my friend, ſince th' haſt begun;
My laſt hour's come, and now I plainly ſee
Thou wert intended by that Prophecie
Which my Nurſe *ſpake, when I an Infant was,*
Clapping my feet and ſmiling in my face,
She ſaid; *This Boy no poiſon, nor no ſteel,*
No pain of Cough, or Spleen, or Gout, ſhall feel,
But by ſome fatal tongue ſhall be deſtroy'd,
Talkers *let him, when come to age, avoid.*
Over againſt *Guild-hall* at length we came,
He pelting me, I miſerably lame.
Gods ſo! 'Tis well remembred, hold, I pray,
I have a Cauſe here to be tri'd to day;
Good Sir come with me in, I'le ſtraight diſpatch.
In haſt, like dying men, this *bough* I catcht.
In truth Sir I have no great skill i' th Law,
My nod will keep no Judge or Jury in awe,
I'le ſoftly walk before, and if you make
Good ſpeed, you quickly me may overtake.
Here he perplext ſtood ſtill, and ſcratcht his head,
What? ſhall I loſe ſo dear a friend? (he ſaid)
Or by my abſence looſe my Cauſe? Nay Sir,
I pray regard your buſineſs, do not ſtir.
Let my Cauſe ſink (or ſwim) *I'le leave it here,*
So I my ſelf to ſuch a friend endear.
So on he leads, and I found 'twas in vain
To ſpoil my *teeth* by champing of the *chain*;
Straight he reſumes his firſt Diſcourſe; *And how?*
How with my Lord ſtands your condition now?

My Lord's a prudent man, and private lives,
Never himself to much acquaintance gives;
You'l raise a mighty Fortune under him,
But yet me thinks it would great wisdom seem,
If you would take some course those to prefer
About him, who might still possess his ear
To your advantage, and if I were one,
You might be sure govern him alone.
You'r quite mistaken Sir, we live not so
As you suppose, nor yet as others do;
No small Intrignes *that family does breed,*
No plots, nor little jealousies does feed:
None there does look with envious eyes upon
Anothers good, but loves it as his own;
Strange and unusual this which you relate,
But so it is, the more I'm passionate
To make one of your number. That you may
Without dispute, if you'l but try the way;
A man so qualified as you appear,
Can't be deny'd admission any where.
Well, to my self I will not wanting be,
I'le watch his hours, his servants I will fee;
I will salute his Chariot in the street,
I'le bring him home as often as we meet:
We Courtiers strive for interest in vain,
Unless by long observance it we gain.

While he did thus run on, who should we meet
But my friend *C*---- passing cross the street,
C---- straight found what kind of man he was,
Nor to see through him, needed he his Glass:
So when the *usual complements* were past,
I trod on's Toes, and softly him imbrac't;
I winkt, and shrug'd, and many signes I gave,
Which silently did his assistance crave:

But

But my *unmerciful* malitious friend,
Seem'd not to understand what I intend,
Enjoy'd my misery, and smil'd to see
What small thin *Plots* I made to be set free.
Dear friend! d'you remember who last night
Did us to dine with him to day invite?
I well rember it, but yet in troth
I have no mind to go, for I am loth
To break a fasting day, as we shall there,
That's nought I have a dispensation here.
I've none (sayes he) I'm going another way,
I'le keep my *conscience*, and the *Church* obey.
This said my *witty* Friend with cruel spight,
Leaves me even when the *Butchers* going to smite.
Under what cursed Planet was I born?
By my *companion* to be left forlorn!
Condemn'd to suffer this incessant breath,
And by perpetual *chattring* talk'd to death.
But now at last by great good hap there was
A *Bailiff* seas'd on him as he did pass;
O have I caught you Sir, you must with me,
Pray Sir, will you against him witness be?
Along they go, I for revenge too joyn'd,
But in the *Hall* we so great tumult find,
Such heaps of *Women* follow'd us, and *Boyes*,
That I with ease escapt amidst the noise.
Sure great was my distress, when even a throng
Of *Lawyers* was relief against his tongue.

SATYRE X. By *A. B.*

Another Discourse of POETRY.

I Said indeed the Verse *Lucilius* writ
Were rough, 'tis true; and who's so void of wit,
Though ne're so much his *Patron* or his *Friend*,
That him against this *censure* can defend?
But in that very *Page* I said withal,
That with great Wit he does the *City* maul,
And did commend him for it much. But yet
Though I allow him that, I don't admit
Lucilius was so thorough-pac'd a *Wit*,
As to be good at every thing, for so
That fool *Laberius* Dogrel *Rhimes* might go
For exc'lent *Poems*, and be much admir'd.
Though't be a vertue, and to be desir'd
To make an *Audience* laugh well, yet there be
More things requir'd to make a *Poet*; he
Must be *cautious*, his *Verse* must smoothly flow,
And not be clogg'd with *needless* words that grow
A burden to the *Reader*, who is tir'd
With reading that which he at first *desir'd*.
Sometimes 'tis good to use a *doleful* strain,
But most of all the *brisk* and *airy* vain
Now play the *Rhetorician*, and then
To the *Poetical* raptures fly again.
Sometimes write like a *Gentleman*, whose part
Is to write easily without much *art*,
A *Drolling* merry stile does better hit
Great matters, then a down-right railing Wit;

The

The antient *Comick* Poets on this ground
Are *imitable*, and to be renown'd,
But those our spruce *Gallants* about the *Town*,
(Because they understand them not) cry down.
To sing what *Calvus* and *Catullus* writ,
Is th' heighth of all their *learning* and their *wit*.
He that, say they, in's *Latine* Verses can
Mix ends of *Greek*, that that's the onely man.
You aged *Block-heads*! who so doat upon
That *Rhodian* Dunce, Poet *Pytholeon*,
And think that *Pie-bald* way in which he went
To be both *difficult* and *excellent*.
But oh! an elegant *discourse* (you'l say)
Made up of *Greek* and *Latine* words looks gay;
'Tis just like *Chian* Wine when mixt among
The Wine that to *Falernum* does belong.
When thou wouldest *Verses* make, imagine thou
Wert for thy *life* to plead thy own cause now,
As did that criminal *Petilius* once,
Would'st thou thy *Native language* quite renounce,
While the Kings Council in their Mother tongue
Tu; for thy *Condemnation*, right or wrong?
To interlace thy speeeh, would'st thou incline
With *forein* words, and like the *Canusine*,
Speak a compounded *Gibrish*? But when I
(Who am an *In-land Poet* went to try
To make *Greek* Verses, after mid-night, when
Those things are real which are *dreamt* by men,
Romulus straight appear'd to me, and told me,
All men would for as great a *mad-man* hold me,
If I attempt t'encrease that tedious store
Of the *Greek* Poets, too too large before,
As if I should *Coals to New-castle send*;
This to my *Grecian* verling put an end;

While

While swelling *Alpin* with his thundring Pen,
Murders poor slaughter'd *Memnon* o're again,
And by his *barbarous* Poetry destroyes
Those things and persons which he goes to *praise*.
I sport my self with writing Lines, which ne're
Are spoken in *Apollo's* Temple, where
That pedant *Tarpa* does presume to sit,
And with much boldness judge of little *wit*,
Nor are they oft obtruded on the *Stage*,
To *cloy* the Stomack of the *queazie* age,
As now our modern *Fundanus* does,
Who is in *scribling* Playes facetious,
And with a subtle *whore*, a cunning *knave*,
Cheating old men, we the same *fancy* have
In all his Playes. And Tragick *Pollio* sings
In his *three-footed* Verse the deeds of *Kings*:
But our ingenuous *Varius* does produce
Better then any the *Heroick* Muse,
And the smooth Rural *Muses* do inspire
Virgil with soft and most facetious fire.
Hence 'tis that I write better *Satyrs* then
That blundring *Varro*, and that sort of men
Who have so often tri'd to write, in vain,
Yet I fall short of our *Lucilius* strain,
Who first invented them; nor will I dare
To *strip* him from the *Crown* which did adhere
T'his brows with so much glory; though I said
His Verses did run muddily, yet they had
More in them that deserv'd our great respect,
Then all those *Vices* which we should reject.
But, prithee tell me? Did thy learned eye
Nothing to be reprov'd in *Homer* spie?
Did not *Lucilius* himself think fit
To alter something of weak *Accius* wit?

Did

Did he not laugh at *Ennius* lines, as though
Some things in them were not quite grave enough?
And when of thee he a discourse did move,
Thought thee as bad as those he did reprove?
And what should hinder, but when ever we
Do read *Lucilius* works, we well may see
If 't were the imperfection of his wit,
Or *crabbed* Nature of the things he writ,
Would not permit the Lines he made to be
Elaborate, or run more evenly?
Or if that any Poet took delight
A Poem in *Hexameter* to write,
Contented onely that he had made up
Two hundred Verses when he went to sup,
And after Supper just as many more,
Whose *rhimes* did run as *Cassius* heretofore,
More swift and raging then a Torrent does,
Which being condemn'd to fire, as story goes,
Was burnt to ashes with the Books he writ,
(The just reward of a *voluminous* wit)
If he were now alive, and all that e're
He found *superfluous*, away should pare,
He'ld *scratch his head* were he a Verse to write,
And often to the quick his *nails would bite*.
" *He that would write what should twice reading stand,*
" *Must often be upon the mending hand,*
" *Ne're mind the praise of the undiscerning Crew,*
" *Content with learned Readers, though but few.*
Art thou so mad thy *Poems* to expose
To *Ballad-singers*, and to *Puppet-shows*?
Not I (I vow) I'm like the bold *wench*, that
By all the people being *baited* at,
Since I (quoth she) am *Minion* to a *Knight*,
I all the inferiour *rabble* scorn and slight:

Shall

Shall such an *Arse-worm* as *Pantilius*,
Disturb my thoughts? or when *Demetrius* does
Behind my back traduce me, or that Ass
Fannius (who once *Tigellius* Crony was)
Abuses me, his envious rage to vent,
Shall I then foolishly my self torment?
No; let *Mecenas*, and such men of wit
As *Virgil*, will but read what I have writ,
With many *friends* and *learned* persons more,
Whose names I do *industriously* pass ore,
Whom I desire to smile on what I write
How ill soe'er; But if they should delight
Less then my *expectation*, I should be
Exceeding *sorrowful*: But as for thee
Demetrius, thee *Tigellius* that be
But *Fidling Rogues*, go fret your selves and pine
'Mongst your *She-scholars* at these lines of mine;
Sirrah, make all the haste you can, and look
That all I've said be added to my Book.

The end of the First Book of Satyrs.

SATYRES.

BOOK II.

SATYRE I. By Sir *R. F.*

He dilates upon the advice given him by Trebatius *to write the actions of* Augustus, *rather then Satyrs (as things that are dangerous to meddle with) and shews why he cannot obey him.*

SOme think I am too sharp a Satyrist,
And that I stretch my work beyond the list.
Others, what ere I write is needless say,
And that like mine a thousand Lines a day
May be spun. What would'st thou advise me now
(*Trebatius*) in this case? *Sit still.* As how?

Not

Not to write Verſe at all, doſt thou aver
As thy Senſe? *I doe.* Let me never ſtir,
If 'twere not better. But I cannot ſleep.
For that, ſwim *Tyber* (painted) thrice: or ſteep
Thy brains at night in Wine. If thou muſt needs
Write, dare to write unconquer'd *Caſars* deeds,
Great Rewards following. Father, that being it
I'de fain be at, my will exceeds my wit.
Not every Pen can paint in horrid Field (kill'd,
Thick Groves of Pikes, Spears broke in *French-men*
And a hurt *Parthian* dropping from his Horſe.
His juſtice though thou maiſt, and his mindes force:
As wiſe *Lucilius* thoſe of *Scipio*,
I'le not be wanting to my ſelf, if ſo
Occaſion ſerve. The paſſage muſt be clear
When *Horace* words pierce *Caſars* ſerious ear:
Whom, ſtroaking, if we think t' approach: 'ware heels!
Is not that better then in Verſe that reels,
To jeer this Gull, that Prodigal, when each (reach)
Man thinks he's meant (tho quite from thy thoughts
And hates thee for't? what ſhould I do? being hot
Ith' head, and ſeeing double through the Pot,
Milonius friſks. *Caſtor* on Horſe-back fights:
The twin of the ſame Egg in *Clubs* delights.
As many thouſand minds as men there be,
I like *Lucilius* (better then both we)
My words in Meeter love t' encloſe and bind.
His way was, in his Books to ſpeak his mind
As freely, as his ſecrets he would tell
To a tride friend: and took it ill, or well,
He held his Cuſtome. Hence it came to paſs,
The old mans life is there as in a Glaſs.
His ſteps I follow, whom you neither can
Of *Luca* call, nor an *Appulian*.

(For

(For the *Venusian* both their borders ploughs,
A Colony of *Rome*, as old Fame shews,
The *Sabells* thence expell'd to stop that Gate,
And be an Out-work to the *Roman* State.)
Yet I'de not harm a Chicken with my will:
For shew and countenance bearing my Quill
Like a Sword sheath'd; which why should I draw, not
Set on by Rogues? with Rust there may it rot
O *Jove*, Father and King: and none bereave
The peace I seek. But if there do, believe
Me they will rew't, when with my keen Stile stung,
Through the whole town they shall in pomp be sung.
Servius, the penal Statutes (anger'd) threats
Canidia to Witch them, 'gainst whom she sets:
A mischief *Turius*, to all those wage Law
Where he's a Judge. That every one doth awe
Them whom he fears, with that where his strength is,
And that by Natures Law appears in this:
Wolves smite with teeth, Buls with the horn (this must
Be taught them from within.) With *Scæva* trust
His long-liv'd Mother; my head to a groat,
His pious hand shall never cut her throat.
Not his? No more then an Oxe bite, a *Bear*
Kick thee: but she shall die of poison. There
Now lies his skill. Me, whether (in effect)
The quiet Harbour of old age expect,
Or Death with sable wings hover about:
Rich, Poor, at *Rome*, or by hard Fate thrust out
Into exile; in whatsoever way
Of life, I must write Verses: that's my play:
O Childe! thy taper's near the end I doubt,
And that some great Mans brave will puff thee out.
Why? When *Lucilius* durst begin this way
Of writing Verses, and the skins did flay.

In

In which the outward-fair disguis'd their shame;
Were *Lælius* and he that won a name
From *Carthage*-raz'd, offended with his wit?
Or did they winch, *Metellus* being hit?
And *Lupus* stript and whipt in Verse? yet he
Spouted his Ink on men of each degree:
None spar'd but *Vertue* and her friends. Nay when
Retir'd were from the Stage, and croud of men,
Scipio's exalted vertue, and the mild
Wisdom of *Lælius*: Till the Broth was boild,
They both would play and toil with him, ungirt.
Though I in wit, and in condition, short
Am of *Lucilius*: Envy shall confess
Against her will, I've liv'd nevertheless
Amongst *great men*: and (thinking to have stuff
Here, for her rotten teeth) find I am tough,
If learn'd *Trebatius* take me at my rate,
Nay truly I can find nothing to bate;
Onely I warn thee, least through ignorance
Of setled Laws thou come to some mischance:
If any write base Verses against other,
It bears a suit. If base, I grant: but Father,
If any write good *verse*, that man's prais'd,
Cæsar the Judge. If I the street have rais'd
By barking at a Thief, my self being none,
The *Bench* with laughter cracks, I (freed) go home.

SATYRE II. By *A. B.*

The benefits of Temperance and Frugality.

HOw great a vertue 'tis, and how it tends
To the good of *humane* life (my worthy friends)
To live *abstemiously*, is not to be
Learn'd at great Feasts made up of *luxury*,
Amongst your polish'd *Tables* spread in State,
Loaden with Dishes of stupendious Plate,
Whose various splendour does amaze the Eye,
And make the *puzled* appetite pass by
What's good, and *choose* the worse: but when you be
Fasting, then come sift out this *truth* with me.
This is not my Sense onely, but *Offellus*
That Country *wit*, this truth did long since tell us;
A prudent man, yet walkt not by a *rule*,
Nor learn'd the formal *Precepts* of the School.
You'l ask, why fasting? give me leave I'le tell you;
You can no more with a full gorged belly
Know *vice* from *vertue*, then a Judge that is
Corrupt, discern 'twixt truth and falsities.
Suppose you had hunted hard, or us'd your force
To ride and *mannage* a high-metled *Horse*:
Or you whose life before *luxurious* was,
Should'st on a *Roman* Souldiers duty pass,
Or should'st at *Tennis* play with might and main,
Whilest the delight makes you ne're mind the pain;
Or had you been at *Quoiting*, and had thrown
Into the yielding Air a pondrous *stone*,
Till your much exercise had driven away
That sustenance which on your stomachs lay,

When you are very dry and hungry grown,
Then I'ld fain see you let *course* food alone;
Or drink no *Wine*, unless you can procure
Racy *Canary*, or what *Claret*'s pure,
Or if the *Butler*'s absent, or the *Main*
By storms protects her *Fish* from being slain,
A cruft of bread dipt into salt well may
The barking of your empty stomachs stay.
You'l ask me how this vertue may be got?
" True pleasure in the daintiest Dish does not
" Consist, but in our selves, and any meat
" Is to us *Venison*, if obtain'd by *sweat*:
" But no delicious Banquets can invite,
" Or gratifie the gorged *appetite*.
I doubt I shan't perswade you, but that men
Will feed upon dry *Peacocks*, rather then
The Fat, but common Fowl: Mens palats be
Corrupted with the very *vanity*
Of things, and still desire to taste that food
That's very *dear*, and think it therefore *good*.
Peacocks with us the best esteem obtain,
Not for their *Flesh*, but for their gaudy *Train*,
As if it would mens Palats gratifie,
To eat those *Feathers* they extol so high:
Or that the glorious *shew* would not be spoil'd,
When you shall see a *Peacock* stript and boil'd.
Although the flesh of *Hens* and *Peacocks* do
In nothing differ, it appears that you
Are *fool'd* with various *colours*: Be so still
You'l wonder how I have attain'd this skill.
When you've a *Pike* presented in a Dish,
You ask *impertinently*, if that Fish
In the main *sea*, or in *fresh* waters caught?
And madly praise *Mullets* of three pound weight,

Which

Which you muſt cut in pieces; but I ſee
Moſt men meerly with *ſhews* delighted be:
Pray, for what reaſon do moſt men diſlike,
(Though they love *Mullets* large) a well grown *Pike*?
Their *curioſity*'s the reaſon for't,
'Cauſe Nature made *Pikes* long, and *Mullets* ſhort.
When a mans *ſtomach* is once hungry grown,
He ſlights no food, the courſeſt Bit will down;
But the luxurious *Glutton* ſayes, I wiſh
A pondrous *Mullet* wallowing in my diſh;
Such fellows do onely deſerve to eat
With ravenous *Harpyes*. I could wiſh their meat
Would with moiſt weather ſtink, and loathſome grow,
But their *freſh Fiſh* and *Veniſon* will do ſo;
And to their glutted Stomachs nauſeous be,
By their too fulſome *ſuperfluity*,
When the cram'd *Glutton* over-charg'd with meat,
To get new ſtomach does ſharp *Salads* eat.
Yet ſometimes homely Diet does appear
At mighty *Princes* Tables; for *Eggs* there
(Which are ſo common) ſometimes may be ſeen,
And the black *Olives* on their Boards have been.
Though with the *Crier Gallo* 'twas not thus,
Who was for Luxury ſo *infamous*,
Becauſe he Sturgeon firſt did bring to's Board,
What cann't the *Sea* Mullets enough afford?
The *Turbet* in the Sea did ſafely reſt,
And *Storks* lay unmoleſted in their neſt,
Till your luxurious May'r (that would have been)
Ingeniouſly brought their deſtruction in:
And now if any other perſon ſhou'd
Cry up the roaſted *Cormorant*, rare food!
Our *Roman* youth, *who've onely vitious wit*,
Would praiſe and imitate both him and it.

Yet (as *Offellus* held) there's difference great
Betwixt the *ſordid* and the *frugal* meat,
And men in vain do *luxury* eſchew,
If they do *Sordidneſs* the while purſue.
So *Avidienus*, whom we do juſtly brand
With name of *Dog*, would eat wilde *Cornels*, and
Kept till 'twas ſowre all the *Wine* he drunk,
And all his Oyl intollerably ſtunck,
Which from his naſty *horn*, he, *drop by drop*,
Diſtill'd upon the *Colwort* Sallet top
With his own hand, but he would never ſpare
To *dowſe* it o're with his dead *Vinegar*,
Though on his *Birth-day*, or his *Wedding-day*,
Or other *feaſt*, clad in his beſt array.
What *Diet* then ſhould a *wiſe* man be at?
And which of theſe two ſhould he imitate?
Keep the mid-road, and both extreams beware,
Here lurks a Dog, and a feirce Wolf lies there.
So *cleanly* he ſhould be as not t' offend
By's *naſtineſs* the ſtomach of his friend;
Not be extream in either hand in's treat,
Nor by *too much*, nor by *too little* meat;
Not like *Albucius* of old, who when
He entertain'd his *friend* would beat his *men*:
Nor negligent as *Nævius*, who at Feaſts
With *greaſie* water would preſent his *gueſts*.
This is a great vice alſo. Now, pray mind,
What good in *frugal* Diet you may find.
Firſt you'l be very *healthy*; for you know
Much harm to us from *various* meats does flow:
Think on that onely *Diſh* which was your fare,
How blith and healthy after it you were!
But when men fell to mingling *roaſt* and *boild*,
And *fiſh* and *fowl* together, health was ſpoild!

The ſweet meats turn'd to *Choller*, and tough *phlegm*
Bred a diſturbance in the *maws* of them:
Obſerve how *pale* and *ſick* a man does riſe
From board, *confounded* with varieties;
"*Nay when the bodies over-charg'd, the mind*
"*Is alſo in the diſcompoſure joind,*
"*And on the ground inhumanely does roul,*
"*That part of Heavenly breath, the precious ſoul!*
While he that does a ſlender Diet keep,
Can on the ſudden lay his limbs to ſleep,
And in the morning riſe ſo freſh to do
Whatever *buſineſs* he's inclin'd unto.
And yet this *temperate* perſon ſometimes may
Increaſe his *Table* on ſome *Holy-day*,
Or when he means his body to *careſs*,
Which is brought low by his *abſtemiouſneſs*;
"For years will ſteal on men, *old age* muſt be,
"Becauſe 'tis feeble, handled tenderly.
But if *decrepid* age on ſome men ſeiſe,
Or if they fall into ſome ſharp *diſeaſe*,
What *tender* uſage can be added more,
Then they being young and luſty had before?
Our *Anceſtors* ſtale *Venſon* us'd to praiſe,
Not that they could not *ſmell* it in thoſe dayes,
But 'twas with this intent, that if a *Gueſt*
Came ſome dayes after th' ending of the *Feaſt*,
'Twere better he ſhould on cold *Venſon* fall,
Then for the *Maſter* to devour it all.
I would to God I had been brought forth then,
In that *firſt age* among thoſe *worthy* men.
D'you value reputation, which to th' ear
Is gratefuller then *verſe* or *Muſick* are;
Great *Turbets*, and ſuch coſtly Diſhes do
Beget you damage and diſcredit too;

Beſides your parents and your friends you muſt
Enrage, and prove to your own ſelves unjuſt;
And then in vain you will deſire to die,
Not being worth a Groat a *Rope* to buy.
You'l ſay, ſuch a poor Sneak as *Thraſius*,
Juſtly deſerves to be *rewarded* thus:
But you've a great Eſtate, wealth without end,
As much as will ſuffice three *Kings* to ſpend.
What then? Can there no better way be found
To ſpend that Wealth, with which you ſo abound?
"Why ſhould ſo many *brave* men want? and why
"Should the Gods antient *Temples* ruin'd lie (thou
"While you are *rich*? Vile wretch! Why wilt not
Out of thy needleſs ſtore ſomething allow
For thy dear *Countries* good? canſt thou ſuppoſe
Thy *fate* alone will ſtill be *proſperous*;
Oh, how thine enemies will laugh at thee,
When thou'rt reduc'd to want and *beggary*!
Which of the two can certaineſt rely
On his own temper in *adverſity*?
That man whoſe pamper'd body and his mind,
Have ever been to *luxury* inclin'd,
Or that's *content* with little, and doth fear
What may fall out, and wiſely does prepare
In time of *peace* things requiſite for *war*.
Now that you may believe this to be true,
When I was young I this *Offellus* knew,
A man of great Eſtate, yet ſpent no more
Then afterwards, when *robb'd* of all his ſtore.
A man might ſee him with his *cattle*, and
His *children* tilling his allotted land,
And patiently bearing that he is
Farmer of that eſtate which once was his.

I never

I never durſt eat any thing (he'ld ſay)
But *Caul* and *Bacon* on a *working-day*;
But if an ancient *friend* with me had been,
Whom a long time before I had not ſeen,
Or a good *neighbour* came to viſit me,
When *rainy* weather me from work ſet free,
I made him welcome, not with *coſtly* Fiſh,
A *Pullet*, or a *Lamb* ſerv'd for his diſh;
Dri'd *Grapes* and *Nuts* his ſecond Courſe were made,
And double *Figs* were on the Table laid;
Then after Dinner 'twas our *recreation*
To paſs the *Grace-cup* round on Reputation.
A health to *Ceres* that our Corn might grow,
And ſmooth'd with *wine* the wrinckles of our brow,
Let *Fortune* rage, and raiſe commotions new,
Can ſhe make me live meaner (Boyes) or you?
For *Nature* nere appointed him or me,
Or any elſe, *proprietors* to be
Of our own lands, though now the time is his
To turn me out, yet his *unthriftineſs*
Or *ignorance* of *tricks* in law, or elſe
Who e're *ſurvives* him, him at laſt expells,
This *Farm* which now by *Umbrenas* name is known
Was mine, but none can ſay, *it is his own*;
" 'Tis thine, and mine, and his, live bravely then,
" And in all troubles *quit* your ſelves like men.

SATYRE III. By *A. B.*

That every man is in something or other mad.

DAMASIPPUS and HORACE.

Dam.

THou writ'ſt ſo ſeldome, that there does appear,
Scarce a new *Poem* from thee twice a year,
But vainly ſpend'ſt thy time in looking o're
Thoſe things which thou haſt written heretofore:
I'm vext at thee, that thou do'ſt thus reſign
Thy ſelf up to the ſway of *ſleep* and *wine*;
The *Muſes* negligently laid aſide,
And we of what we ſo *deſire* deni'd.

Hor. What would you have me do?

Dam. Here thou haſt been
Retir'd ever ſince *Chriſtmas* did begin,
Now thou'rt at leiſure, let's have ſomethiug from thee
That may appeaſe our *longing*, and become thee:
Come, ſtrike up man, ---- one Verſe.----

Hor. No, 'twill not do. (to

Dam. Thou blam'ſt thy harmleſs *pen*, nay the *wall*
Endures thy cauſeleſs rage for native guilt,
'Cauſe 'twas in ſpight of *Gods* or *Muſes* built.
Thou did'ſt pretend, that if thou once could'ſt be
Out of this *Town* from *noiſe* and *buſineſs* free,
And to ſome little Country *Vill* retire,
In a mean *Cottage* by a little fire,
How many *admirable* lines ſhould we,
As the effects of thy *retirement* ſee?

Elſe

Else to what end didst thou *incumber* thus
Thy self with *Eupolis*, *Archilocus*,
Menander, *Plato*, and such Books as those,
If thou'lt not write at all? do'st thou suppose
That by declining *vertue* thou shalt be
Protected from the jaws of *Calumny*?
Thou wilt be laught at for an Ass; come, loath
Those lewd inchantments of that *Syren* sloath;
Else all that honour which about thee shin'd,
Got by thy exc'lent parts must be resign'd.

Hor. 'Pox on your too true council. Now (I pray)
The Gods to send a man to shave away
That formal *beard* of thine; but prithee how
Cam'st thou me and my *humour* thus to know?

Dam. Since my *Estates* consum'd I go no more
To the *Exchange*, as I did heretofore,
But having now no business of my own,
To other men I am a *Broker* grown;
In former time, I gave my mind to know
Whether a *statue* were well made or no;
What was well *carv'd* or *painted*, and what ill,
And how to sell or buy them I had skill.
If a rare *picture* any where I found,
I would not care to give a thousand pound,
Gardens and *stately houses* I could buy
And sell to great *advantage*, so that I
When I was seen through the *City* ride,
Here comes the Purchaser, the people cri'd.

Hor. I know it, and I can't but wonder how
Thou com'st thus cur'd of that *distemper* now. (true,

Dam. I'le tell you what seems strange, and yet 'tis
My *old* disease was driv'n out by my *new*,
As in some *bodies* there is wont to be
The *Head-ache* cured by a *Pluriste*,

Or

Or one that has a *Lethargy* endur'd
Grows *frantick*, and beats him by whom he's cur'd.
Hor. Be thou as *frantick* as thou wilt, so as
Thou wilt not serve me as the *Doctor* was. (mad,
Dam. Good friend, don't cheat thy self, ev'n thou art
And all the world are very near as bad.
If what *Stertinius* the *Stoick* saith
'Mong prudent men, does merit any Faith,
That grave *Philosopher* at first taught me
These *admirable* precepts, and 'twas he
My Spirits in my great *affliction* chear'd,
And will'd me wear this *Philosophick* beard;
And from *Fabritius* Bridge return agen
With spirit *undisturb'd* and calme, for when
All my Estate was gon, I thither went
My *Cap* pluckt o're my eyes, with an intent
To *drown* my self, I fortunately spi'd
That learned *Stoick* standing by my side.
What do'st thou mean (qd. he) young man? take heed
That thou do not an unbecoming deed,
Thou'rt driven to this by *shame* that's very bad,
Fearing 'mong *mad* men to be counted *mad*:
Consider first what *madness* is, and then
If it be in thee, and in no other men,
Go bravely *hang* or *drown* thy self for me,
I'le never speak a word to hinder thee.
He who to *vitious folly* is inclin'd,
And is by *ignorance* of truth led blind,
Is by the *Stoick* counted out of's wits,
This *definition* all degrees befits:
All persons, nay great Princes, every one
It *comprehends*, but the wise man alone;
Nay give me leave, and I'le *demonstrate* how
He who calls thee *fool*'s as much *fool* as thou.

Like

Like *Trav'lers* passing through a Wood, when they
Range up and down missing their ready way,
This to the right, that to the left hand strayes,
One error fools them both, though several wayes.
And tho thou think'st thou'rt *mad*, yet even he
Is not a jot less *mad* that laughs at thee,
Both to *Fool-coats* have like propriety.
There is one sort of *fools* that start and quake
At the *Chymæras* which their fancies make,
Cries out *rocks*, *fire*, and *water* him detain,
When he is onely walking on the *plain*:
Another which is full as mad as he,
Though in his *humor* he goes contrary,
Runs through all *fire* and *water* ventures life,
Though Father, Mother, Brother, Sister, Wife,
Or (which is more) his *Mrs.* should stand by,
And warn him of the danger he is nigh,
Crying aloud, *Take heed*; he'ld care no more
Then *Fusius* the Actor heretofore
When he the part of *Hecuba* did play,
And should present her sleeping, down he lay
Drunk and asleep; *Catien* the Player who
The part of *Polidore* did also do,
Though he cri'd, *Mother 'tis I call you, wake*,
A thousand *Catieni* could not make
Her stir: I think that all the Vulgar be
In several humours as stark *mad* as he.
To buy old *Statues* you suppose I'm mad,
But was not he that *trusted* me as bad?
Hor. May'st thou now *borrow money* of me, and ne're
Pay me a *farthing* on't agen, if e're
I say thou'rt *mad*. Can it with madness stand
When thou art still on the receiving hand?

But

But is not that *Shop-keeper* madder far
Who slights a *ready-money Customer*,
And deals with thee on *Credit*? for suppose
A *Debtor* should acknowledge that he owes
A Thousand pounds to's *Creditor*, and shou'd
Give it him under's hand, this is not good;
Nay, if he seal a *Bill* or *Bond* for't, or
What e're bindes *Debtor* to his *Creditor*,
Recognizances, *Statutes*, *Mortgages*,
Judgements, and *Executions*, all these
A cunning *Knave* that knows the *Querks* of Law
Will no more value, then he does a straw:
When you *arrest* him he will laugh at all
Those troubles which on other men befal,
And thorough all the *Cobweb-laws* escapes,
Varying his *tricks* as *Proteus* did his shapes.
If by the *conduct* of affairs we can
Judge of a *mad* or of a *prudent* man,
Thy *Creditor*'s a *Coxcomb*, who takes pain
To write in's Books what's ne're *croft* out again.
Come, sayes *Stertinius*, hearken; nay, come near,
And mind what I shall tell you, whosoe're
Is by a vain and lewd *ambition* swai'd,
And he whom sordid *avarice* has made
Look like a *Skeleton*, all those that be
Given up to a destructive *luxury*,
To doating *superstition* are inclin'd,
Or any such *distemper* of the mind.
Are all stark *mad*. The *Miser* stands much more
Then other men in need of *Hellebore*:
I doubt, all that *Antycera* produces,
Was meant by Nature onely for their uses.
Staberius by his Will his Heirs injoyn'd
T'engrave on's *Tomb* what Wealth he left behind.

And

And if they would not do it, he design'd
They should a hundred pair of *Fencers* find
To treat the *rout*, and should provide a *feast*
As sumptuous as if *Arius* were their Guest,
And as much *corn* as e're in *Afric* grew,
This is my will (sayes he) what is't to you,
Whether't be well or ill? you will not be
My Unckles, and leave your Estates to me.

Hor. I think *Staberius* was a prudent man.

Dam. What do you think of his great *prudence* than,
When he injoin'd his Heirs they should engrave
Upon his *Tomb* what monies he did leave
Behind him? and in all his whole life time
Thought *poverty* to be the greatest Crime,
And abhorr'd nothing more, and if he shou'd
Have di'd less *rich*, he thought himself less *good*.

" For every thing *divine* and *humane* to
"*Virtue*, *wit*, *comeliness* and *honour* do
"Submit their Necks to *riches* splendid sway,
"Which *whosoever* heaps together, may
Be *noble*, *valiant*, *just*, and *wise*; nay, *King*,
Or (if 'twere possible) a higher thing:
He hop'd by's Wealth to get *immortal* fame,
As if he had by *virtue* rais'd the same.
How contrary was *Aristippus* mind
To this? That great *Philosopher* enjoin'd
His men to throw his Gold oth' *Lybian* shore,
Because the weight on't made them *travel* slower;
Which was the *madder* of these two think you?

Hor. I think there's no comparing of those two,
For that *Example* ne're prevails *with me*,
Which *shews* the *truth* but by its contrary.

Dam. Should a man load himself with *Lutes*, and yet
To *play* or *sing*, have *neither will*, nor *wit*?

Should

Should one that knows not how to make a *Shoo*,
With *Awls* and *Lasts* cramb'd in a Budget go:
Should one to buying *ships* and *anchors* fall,
Who has no skill in *Merchandize* at all,
A *mad* man and a *Buzzard* he would be:
Call'd by all People, and deservedly.

What difference is there 'twixt these and those,
Who study *gold* and *silver* to enclose,
And know not how to use the Wealth they gain,
But from it as from *sacred* things refrain?

If one by a huge heap of *corn* should stand
Watching all day with a long *club* in's hand,
Yet every grain thereof must let alone,
Though ne're so hungry, and the *corn* his own,
But rather feeds on bitter *barks* of trees,
And for his drink takes *Vinegar* and *Lees*,
Though millions of *Pipes* in's *Cellar* lie
Of as good *wine* as e're blest taste or eye,
And lies in *straw* in his old age, while all
His rich attire to *moths* and *wormes* do fall
To *feed* on, or to rot in's Chest. 'Tis true
Such men seem mad but to a very few,
Because most people are as mad as these,
And much afflicted with the same disease.

Do'st thou *hoard* up all thy Estate for one
Who was thy Slave, or is perhaps thy Son,
Whom thou, accurs'd old wretch, thine heir wilt make
That he in *drink* may spend it for thy sake;
And all least thou should'st want: How much a day
Could'st thou from thy vast Treasure pare away,
That thou might'st feed on good and wholsom *meat*,
And wear *apparel* useful, clean and neat.

If thou can'st live in any manner, why
Do'st thou forswear thy self, and *cheat* and *lye*,

Plun-

Plunder and *filch* from others? art thou in
Thy perfect Senſes? if thou ſhould'ſt begin
To *ſtone* the very *ſlaves* which thou did'ſt buy,
That thou art mad, the *Boyes* and *Girls* would cry.
If by thy *perjury* thy guiltleſs *wife*
Is by the *Judge* condemn'd to loſe her life,
That thou might'ſt get new Portion with another;
Or if by *poiſon* thou deſtroy thy Mother,
Meerly t'obtain her jointure, how canſt thou
Be perfect in thy *underſtanding* now?
This is not done at *Argos*, where ſuch things
Are done, and licenc'd by *inhumane Kings*;
Nor as *Oreſtes* once his Mother ſlew,
Which by her *crimes* ſhe had provok'd him to,
Do'ſt thou ſuppoſe the *frenzie* of his brain
Seiz'd not till after he'd his Mother ſlain?
Or was he not out of his wits before
He bath'd his *ſword* in her *maternal* gore;
Beſides ſince that he was accounted mad,
He did no act *reproveable* and bad;
He ne're attempted *Pilades* to kill,
Nor yet *Electra*; onely he ſaid ill
To both, and curſt them both, calling her *Witch*,
And rail'd at him with all bad Language, which
From his enraged heart and tongue could flow,
Uttring what *gaul* and *choller* ſtir'd him to.
Opimius, that Miſer, was as mad,
For he did need that *money* which he had:
Laid up in *ſtore*, and us'd to drink the baſe
Vejentan Wine on ſolemn *Holy-dayes*,
In courſe *Campanian* Earthen pots, and on
Week-dayes drunk wine whoſe taſte and ſpirit's gon.
This fellow fell into a *Lethargie*,
And his rejoicing *Heir* ran preſently,

And

And ransackt all his *pockets* for his Keys.
An honest nimble *Doctor* this Disease
Cur'd in this manner; first he gives command
Into his room to bring a *Table*, and
Upon it his *money* out to pour,
And bring in divers men to tell it o're,
So rais'd him presently out of his *fit*,
And gave him this wholesome *advice* with it;
If thou keep not thy wealth thy self, thine Heirs
Will greedily seize on't, as if 'were theirs.
What, while I am alive? (sayes he) *yes* (sayes
The *Doctor*) *therefore have a care always,*
That thou may'st live, make that thy business too.
What (sayes the Miser) would you have me do?
Your *veins* (the Doctor sayes) will fail, you'l die
Unless with *meat* and *cordials* you supply
Your fainting *stomach*: Nay, there's no delay,
Come, take this *Cordial*. Sir, what must I pay
For't? (quoth *Opimius*) O! (the Doctor cries)
This Phylick's of a very little price.
How much is that (*Opimius* sayes) Four pence
(The Doctor said.) Alas what difference
(Sayes this damn'd Miser) is't whether I die
Of this *disease*, or by their *thelwery*?

Hor. Who then are in their senses?

Dam. Those that be
Not *fools*.

Hor. But what do you suppose is he
That's *covetous*?

Dam. A *fool* and *mad* man too.

Hor. Must he be *wise* that covets not?

Dam. No, no,

Hor. Why (prithee *Stoick*.)

Dam. I will tell thee why:

Suppose

Suppoſe a *Patient* in his ſick bed lie;
This man has not the Plague (the Doctor cries.)
Is he well therefore? may he ſafely riſe?
No (ſayes the Doctor) for the man may be
Afflicted with ſome other *malady*.
This man perhaps is not a *perjur'd* Knave,
Nor yet a *ſordid avaritious* Slave,
Thank his good Stars for that; yet if he be
O're *impudent*, or elſe *ambitious*, he
Is mad and muſt pack to *Antycera*;
For what's the odds, whether you throw away
All your *eſtate* into the *Sea*, or not
Dare to make uſe of that which you have got?
Opidius a wealthy perſon, who
Had good old Rents, and at *Camiſium* two
Very good *Farmes*, which he 'twixt both his Sons
At's death divided (as the ſtory runs)
Calling them to his Bed, he told them thus;
Since I've obſerv'd thee (my *Tiberius*)
Tell o're thy *Nuts*, and in ſome private place
To hide thy *Play-games* with a careful face;
While thou (my *Aulus*) carelefly would'ſt play
With thine, and *looſe* them, or *give* them away;
I am afraid leſt *madneſs* ſhould poſſeſs
The minds of both, though in a *different* dreſs;
And make one turn a *Prodigal*, and t'other
Be *covetous*, contrary to his Brother;
And therefore he did beg of Heaven, that
One Son might ne're *diminiſh* his Eſtate,
Nor t'other his *increaſe*, but be content
With that which he had thought *ſufficient*;
And *Nature* had confin'd them to; and leaſt
The *itch* of *glory* ſhould their mindes infeſt;

He by an *oath* injoin'd them, that if e're
Either of them were *Alderman* or *Mayor*,
He should b' uncapable to make a *Will*,
But live like one run *mad*, or *out-law'd* still.
Thou mad man! wilt thou spend what e're thou hast
In *gifts* and *presents*, onely that thou maist
Walk on th' *Exchange* in state? or else maist be
Set up in *Brass* to keep thy memory?
When thy Hereditary *Lands* t'hast sold,
And spent thy Fathers *Silver* and his *Gold*:
Must you forsooth have such applauses made
As great *Agrippa*, *Cæsars* Kinsman had?
Or shall the Coward *Fox*, though crafty, dare
With the *magnanimous Lion* to compare?
A Countrey fellow that by chance did meet
With *Agamemnon*, ask'd him in the street,
Why (*Agamemnon*) why didst thou forbid
That *Ajax* body should be buried?
I am a King (said *Agamemnon.*) Nay
Then (quoth the Clown) I have no more to say.
But my commands were just, (the King replies)
And if to any they seem otherwise,
I'le give him free leave to discourse the things.
The Countrey Clown repli'd, *Greatest of Kings,*
Heaven grant you may triumphant bring away
Your conquering Navy from the conquer'd Troy.
Propose the Question (cries the King) and I
Will give an answer to't: Speak. Pray Sir, why
(Reply'd the Clown) should that Heroick wight
Ajax, who was so eminent for might,
And had so oft preserv'd the *Grecians*, not
Second to any but *Achilles*, rot
Above ground unintern'd, that *Priam* may,
And all his baffled *Trojans* laugh, and say

He

He by whose hand so many *Trojans* were
Deny'd their Graves, now wants a *Sepulcher*?
Ajax (sayes *Agamemnon*) being mad,
Did kill a hundred sheep, and said he had
Kill'd that renowned man *Ulysses*, and
That I and *Menalaus* fell by's hand:
But when at *Aulis* you did basely slay
Your beauteous Daughter, and on th' Altar lay
Her body like a *Calf* for Sacrifice,
Vile man (said the Plebean) were you wise?
Why not? (sayes *Agamemnon.*) Quoth the *Clown*,
Pray what has *Ajax* in his madness done?
He with his Sword kill'd Cattle, but his hand
From murthering's wife and children still abstain'd;
True, he curs'd you and *Menalaus* too:
But to his friend *Ulysses* he did do
No wrong: Nor yet to *Teucer* (sayes the King)
That I my *Navy* from the Shore might bring,
The *Gods* with blood I wisely pacifi'd.
Mad King! 'twas your own (the Clown reply'd.)
Yes (quoth the King) with my own blood, 'tis true;
In which I did no act of madness shew;
"Who false things (sayes the Clown) with true, & bad
"With good, together huddles, is stark *mad*;
And whether it be out of folly done,
Or rage, and madness, still the thing is one:
Ajax in killing harmless sheep was mad,
And you in acting your great crime as bad;
Killing your guiltless Daughter to appease,
Those vain imaginary Deities;
Upon deliberation too; is your heart well
And pure, when as it did with passion swell?
If any in a Coach about should bear
A fine white *Lamb*, and *garments* for't prepare

As for a Lady, furnish it with *money*
And Servants, call it his *dear*, *duck*, and *honey*,
Provide a Husband for't; the *Magistrate*
Must seize upon this *Lunaticks* Estate,
And then the *Guardianship* of him commit
To the next *Kin* of his who has more wit.
But what if one his Daughter sacrifice
Instead of a mute Lamb, is that man wise?
No man will say't; and therefore whereso'e're
Is vitious folly, madness too is there;
And he's a mad-man who is given to vice,
That fool whom brittle *Honour* does intice,
Is so *transported* with the various sound
Of *Drums* and *Trumpets*, that his Brains turn round.
Now as to *luxury*, reason doth shew,
That foolish *Prodigals* are mad men too:
There's *Nomentanus*, who as soon as e're
He had receiv'd a thousand pounds, which were
Left him by's Father, he proclaimed straight
The *Fowler* and the *Fisherman* should wait
Upon his Worship, and all *Tradesmen* come
And bring their *wares* next morn to him at home!
Bands, *Pimps*, *Buffoons*, and all that impious crue
Of sherking *Tradesmen*, which young *Squires* undo.
What followed then? They instantly appear
With their *Commodities* from far and near.
The *Band* being at *Rhetorick* the best,
Makes a set Speech at th'instance of the rest;
May't please your Worship, (quoth she) *whatso're*
I or my Brethren have at home, or here,
Is at your service, send for't when you please.
Now mark the silly answer which to these
This *younger* gives; *Poor Huntsman thou dost go*
In heavy Boots, and watch all night in th' Snow,

And

And for my Supper bring'ſt a Bore to me:
Thou Fiſherman in the tempeſtuous Sea
Tak'ſt me a Diſh of exc'lent Fiſh, while I
Glutted with wealth and ſloth ſupinely lie,
Unworthy ſuch a Fortune to poſſeſs;
Your merits muſt make my great fortune leſs;
You Huntſman, there's a hundred pounds for you;
Here Fiſherman, take you a hundred too;
Pimp, for thy Wives ſake, take a triple ſum,
For if I ſend at mid-night ſhe will come.

Æſop the *Players* Son, that Prodigal
In his luxurious prank, out-ranted all;
He pluck'd a *Pearl* out of his *Doxies* ear,
Which when he had diſſolv'd in *vinegar*,
He quaffs it at a draught, as who ſhould ſay,
(Damn me) I drink a thouſand pounds a day.
Had he bin madder if he'd thrown away
That Pearl into the Bog-houſe or the Sea?

Thoſe Sons of *Arrius*, who were arrant Twins
In *luxury*, *toyes*, *love*, and ſuch vain ſins;
No food upon thoſe *Gallants* Tables came,
But *Nightingals* which could ſing *Walſingham*.
How ſhall I rank them, 'mong the wiſe, or no?
Muſt they to th' *Senate*, or to *Bedlam* go?

If one who wears a *beard* ſhould make *Dirt* pies,
Or pleaſe himſelf with *Chariots* drawn with *Mice*,
Or ride a *Hobby-horſe*, or at *Puſh-pin* play,
Who would not ſwear his wits were fled away?

If Reaſon does convince us that to fall
In Love, is the moſt *childiſh* thing of all;
And there's no difference it thou play'it with *dirt*,
And ſuch vain *toyes* (as when a *child* thou wert)
And now thou'rt grown a man thou do'it *adore*,
And whine and vex for ſome fair crafty *Whore*.

Pray, tell me, can you do like *Polemon*?
Who being drunk, run with a Garland on
Into the School of grave *Xenocrates*,
With *Ribons*, *Cushions*, *Handkercheifs*; all these
He privately took off and threw away
When he heard what that *temperate* man did say;
And grew a grave man from a *Cock-brain'd* fool,
So that he did succeed him in that *School*.
If you should offer to a *froppish* Boy
An Apple, he'ld refuse't; and if you say,
Take it (my pretty Child) he will deny;
But if you do not give it him, he'l *cry*.
A puling Lover's such another Ass,
Who being shut out by his cunning Lass,
Hankers about the door: What shall I do,
(Thinks he) shall I return to her, or no?
And though he *unInvited* would have gon,
Yet when by her he is but call'd upon;
Shall I go now (sayes he) or rather find
Some way to ease the troubles of my mind?
Shut out! and straight call'd in! and shall I go?
If she should beg her heart out, I'ld say, No;
Parmeno was much wiser, though a Slave,
Master (sayes he) *those things which neither have*
Reason nor measure, are not fit to be
Dealt with by Rule and rationality.
In that v. in toy call'd love, these mischiefs are,
War, Peace, ill-grounded peace, and groundless war;
If any man should strive to fix and stay
Those things which by their Nature will away;
This way and that by every wind are blown,
And on blind Fortunes *waves tost up and down,*
He does as ill, and is as much a fool,
As if he would be mad by art and rule.

When

When thou do'ſt laugh becauſe a *kernel* hits
Thy Chambers roof, art thou in thy right wits?
And when thou do'ſt thy *Miſtreſs* entertain
With *Childrens* prattle which cannot ſpeak plain,
How canſt thou poſſibly be thought more wiſe
Then little *Children* are, which make Dirt pies?
Now to all *Lovers* follies add the guilt
Of all the blood which has by them been ſpilt,
Both of themſelves and others, with a Sword
Let their devouring fooliſh Fire be ſtirr'd.
Was it not ſtoutly done of *Marius*? who
Firſt his own Miſtreſs, then his own *ſelf* ſlew:
Was he not *frantick*? or wilt thou acquit
Him of that crime, of being out of's wit,
But of great *wickedneſs* wilt him accuſe,
To give *nick-names* to things as people uſe?
There was an old man in the morn would go
Faſting about the ſtreets, with hands waſht too;
And to the Gods he'ld vehemently pray,
That he might ne're by Death be t'ane way,
'Tis a ſmall thing to you, ye Gods (quoth he)
To give to one man Immortality.
If any *Maſter* were about to ſell
Such men for Slaves, and ſhould the *Buyer* tell
That they were perſons perfect and compleat,
Unleſs h' except their *minds*, he is a *Cheat*.
This ſort of people does *Chryſippus* place
Among the *fools* innumerable race.
A *ſuperſtitious* Mother, whoſe young Son
Sick of a *Quartan* lay, as he had done,
Five moneths at leaſt, to *Jupiter* did pray;
"Oh *Jove*, who pains do'ſt ſend and take away,
"If this poor Child of mine may be (quoth ſhe)
"Once from this ſhivering *Quartan* Ague free,

" On the next day thou do'ſt a faſt command,
" I'th' morn in *Tyber* he ſhall naked ſtand.
Now when the Doctor, or good luck (that's more)
Did to his former health this *Boy* reſtore,
His doating Mother, by her *Zeal* beguil'd,
Into the River put her Feav'riſh Child;
Whoſe coldneſs did the Feaver bring again,
So ſhe her Son, which ſhe would ſave, hath ſlain:
But how came ſhe ſo much out of her Wits?
Hor. Perhaps ſhe's troubled with *Religious* Fits.
Dam. Stertinius, that 8th. wiſe man, told me
This as a friend, that I might armed be,
When any man hereafter call'd me *mad*,
I in revenge might ſay, *he is as bad*;
And teach him to look back, that he might find
That unknown part oth' *bag* which hangs behind.
Hor. After thoſe loſſes which thou didſt ſuſtain,
May'ſt thou ſell every thing for ſo much gain;
But prithee tell me, *Stoick*, to what kind
Of *madneſs* do'ſt thou think I am inclin'd,
(For there are ſeveral ſorts) but I ſuppoſe,
That I am free from every one of thoſe.
Dam. When up and down the ſtreets *Agave* bore
Her poor *Childs* Head which ſhe cut off before,
Did ſhe conceive that ſhe was *mad*, (think you?)
Hor. Well, *I'm a fool*, I muſt confeſs, 'tis true;
Nay, I'm *mad* too; but (prithee) let me know
What kind of *madneſs* I'm addicted to.
Dam. I'le tell thee; Firſt, thou haſt a *building* brain,
Next, though thou'rt but an *Urchin*, thou would'ſt fain
Appear a *propper* Fellow: Thou laugh'ſt at
That little Fencer *Turbo*'s ſtrutting gate
When he's in Armes, with what a Spirit he goes,
And art not thou as much *ridiculous*?

Do'ſt

Do'ſt thou conceive 'tis fit for thee to do
What e're *Mecenas* power promps him to?
Wilt thou who art ſo much below him, dare
With ſuch an *eminent* perſon to compare?
A careleſs *Calf* by chance did tread upon
A neſt of young Frogs, when the *old* was gon;
One that eſcap'd did to his *Dam* declare,
That by a huge great *beaſt* her *young* ones were
All trod upon and kill'd. *How big was he?*
Was he as big as I am now? (quoth ſhe:)
Then ſwell'd her ſelf. *Bigger by half* (repli'd
Frog *junior.*) *What thus much* ------ *bigger* (cri'd
The Beldame Frog) and ſtill ſhe did ſwell on,
Until at laſt, *Oh, Mother!* (ſayes the Son)
Forbear your ſwelling, for you cannot be
(Though you ſhould burſt your ſelf) as big as he:
This Picture very much reſembles you.
Add *Poetry* to all thy madneſs now,
Which mixt with other *Vices* is the ſame,
As if thou ſhould'ſt pour *Oyl* into the flame:
Yet if a *Poet* had been ever known
To be a ſober fellow, thou art one;
I'le not ſpeak of thy horrid *cholerickneſs*------
Hor. Hold (prithee *Stoick*) hold.----
Dam. Nor of thy *dreſs*
That's ſo *phantaſtical*, and ſo above
Thy Purſe and Quality; nor of thy love
T'a thouſand *wenches* and a thouſand *boyes.*
Hor. Good *Damaſippus* follow thine own toyes,
And now for ſhame my *peccadilloes* ſpare,
Which no *proportion* with thy Vices bear.

SATYRE IV. By *T. F.* Esq;

A Character of a Belly-god.

CATIUS and HORACE.

Hor.

WHence *Brother* Catius, *and whither bound so fast?*
Cat. *Oh, Sir, you must excuse me, I'm in haste,*
I dine with my Lord Mayor, *and can't allow*
Time for our eating Directory *now,*
Though I must needs confess I think my *Rules*
Would prove *Pythagoras* and *Plato* fools.
Hor. *Grave Sir, I must acknowledge 'tis a crime*
To interrupt at such a nick of time;
Yet stay a little Sir, it is no sin;
You're to say Grace e're Dinner can begin;
Since you at food such Virtuoso *are,*
Some Precepts *to an hungry* Poet *spare.*
Cat. I grant you Sir, next pleasure ta'ne in eating
Is that (as we do call it) of *repeating*;
I still have *Kitchin-Systems* in my mind,
And from my *Stomach*'s fumes a *brain* well lin'd.
Hor. *Whence, pray Sir, learnt you these ingenious arts,*
From one at home, or hir'd from foreign parts?
Cat. No names Sir, (I beseech you) that's foul play,
We ne're name *Authors*, onely what they say. (shion,
1. "For *Eggs* chuse long, the round are out of fa-
"Unsavory and distasteful to the Nation,
"E're since the brooding *Rump* they're *addle* too,
"In the long Egg lies *Cock-a-doodle-do.*

2. "Chuse

2. "Chuſe *Colworts* planted on a ſoil that's dry,
"Even they're worſe for th' wetting (verily!)
3. "If Friend from far ſhall come to viſit, then
"Say thou would'ſt treat the wight with Mortal *Hen*,
"Don't thou forthwith pluck off the *cackling* head,
"And impale Corps on *Spit* as ſoon as dead;
"For ſo ſhe will be *tough* beyond all meaſure,
"And Friend ſhall make a trouble of a pleaſure;
"Steep't in good *wine* let her her life ſurrender,
"Q then ſhe'l eat moſt admirably tender.
4. "*Muſhremes* that grow in Medows are the beſt,
"F'rought I know there is *poyſon* in the reſt.
5. "He that would many happy Summers ſee,
"Let him eat Mulberries freſh off the Tree,
"Gather'd before the Sun's too high, for theſe
"Shall hurt his Stomach leſs then *Cheſhire* Cheeſe.
6. "*Auſidius* (had you done ſo't had undone ye)
"Sweetned his Mornings-draughts of *Sack* with *honey*,
"But he did ill to empty veins to give
"Corroding *Potion* for a *Lenitive*.
7. "If any man to *drink* do thee inveigle in,
"Firſt whet thy *whiſtle* with ſome good *Metheglin*.
8. "If thou art *bound*, and in continual doubt
"Thou ſhalt get no more in till ſome get out,
"The *Muſcle* or the *Cockle* will unlock
"Thy bodies *trunck*, and give a vent to *neck*;
"Some ſay that *ſorrel* ſteept in *wine* will do,
"But to be ſure put in ſome *Aloes* to.
9. "All *Shel-fiſh* (with the growing *Moon* increaſe)
"Are ever when ſhe fills her *Orbe* the beſt;
"But for brave *Oyſters*, Sir, exceeding rare,
"The, are not to be met with every where;
"Your *Wall-fleet Oyſter* no man will prefer
"Before the juicy Graſs-green *Colcheſter*;

"*Hunger-*

" *Hungerford Crawfish* match me if you can,
" There's no such *Crawlers* in the *Ocean*.
10. " Next for your Suppers, you (it may be) think
" There goes no more to't, but just *eat* and *drink*;
" But let me tell you Sir, and tell you plain,
" To dress 'um well requires a man of Brain;
" His *pallat* must be quick, and smart, and strong
" For Sauce, a very *Critick* in the tongue.
11. " He that pais dear for *Fish*, may though the best,
" May please his *Fishmonger* more then his *Guest*,
" If he be ignorant what Sauce is proper,
" There's *Machiavel* in th' menage of a Supper.
12. " For *Swines-flesh*, give me that of the *wild boar*,
" Pursu'd and hunted all the Forrest o're,
" He to the liberal *Oke* ne're quits his love,
" And when he finds no *Acorns*, grunts at *Jove*;
" The *Hamshire* Hog with Pease and Whey that's fed
" Sti'd up, is neither good alive nor dead.
13. " The tendrels of the *Vine* are Sallads good,
" If when they are in season understood.
14. " If Servant to thy Board a *Rabbet* bring,
" Be wise, and in the first place carve a wing.
15. " When Fish and Fowl are right, and at just age,
" A feeders *curiosity* to asswage,
" If any ask, Who found the Mystery?
" Let him enquire no farther, I am he.
16. " Some fansie *Bread* out of the *Oven* hot,
" Variety's the *Gluttons* happiest lot.
17. " It's not enough the *wine* you have be pure,
" But of your *oyl* as well you ought be sure.
18. " If any fault be in thy *generous wine*,
" Set it abroad all night, and 'twill refine,
" But never strein't, nor let it pass through *linnen*,
" *Wine* will be worse for that as well as Women.
19. " The

19. "The *Vintner* that of *Malaga* and *Sherry*
"With damn'd ingredients patches up *Canary*,
"With *Segregative* things, as *Pigeons* Eggs
"Straight purifies, and takes away the dregs. (ease.
20. "An o're charg'd ſtomach roaſted *Shrimps* will
"The cure by *Lettice* is worſe then the diſeaſe.
21. "To quicken appetite it will behove ye
"To feed courageouſly on good *Anchovie*.
22. "*Weſtphalia Hamm*, and the *Bolognia* ſawſage;
"For ſecond or third courſe will clear a paſſage,
"But *Lettice* after meals! Fie on't! the Glutton
"Had better feed upon *Ram-alley-Mutton*. (tage,
23. "'Twere worth ones while in Palace or in Cot-
"Right well to know the ſundry ſorts of *potage*;
"There is your *French* Potage, *Nativity* Broth,
"Yet that of *Fetter-lane* exceeds them both;
"About a limb of a departed *Tup*
"There may you ſee the green Herbs boiling up,
"And *fat* abundance o're the *furnace* float,
"Reſembling *Whale-oyl* in a *Greenland* Boat.
24. "The *Kentiſh* Pippin's beſt, I dare be bold,
"That ever Blew-cap *Coſtardmonger* ſold.
25. "Of *Grapes*, I like the *Raiſons of the Sun*;
"I was the firſt immortal Glory won,
"By mincing *Pickle-Herrings* with theſe *Raiſons*
"And Apples: 'Twas I ſet the World a gazing,
"When once they taſted of this *Hoghan* Fiſh,
"Pepper and Salt *Enamelling* the Diſh. (ter,
26. "'Tis ill to purchaſe great Fiſh with great mat-
"And then to ſerve it up in ſcanty *Platter*;
"Nor is it leſs unſeemly ſome believe,
"From Boy with *greaſie* Filt *Drink* to receive;
"But the Cup foul within is enough to make
"A *ſqueamiſh* creature puke, and turn up *ſtomach*.
27. "Then

27. "Then *Brooms* and *Napkins*, and the *Flander* tyle,
"Theſe muſt be had too, or the Feaſt you ſpoil,
"Things little thought on, and not very dear,
"And yet how much they coſt one in a year!
28. "Would'ſt thou rub *Alablaſter* with hands ſable,
"Or ſpread a *Diaper* cloth on dirty *Table*?
"*More coſt, more worſhip*: Come, be *Al-a-mode*,
"Embeliſh *Treat*, as thou would'ſt do an *Ode*.

Hor. *O learned, Sir, how greedily I hear*
This elegant Diatriba *of good cheer*!
Now by all that's good, by all provant *you love*,
By ſturdy Chine of Beef, *and mighty* Jove,
I do conjure thy gravity, *let me ſee*
The man that made thee this diſcovery;
For he that ſees th' Original's *more happy*
Than him that draws by an ill-favour'd Copy;
O bring me to the man I ſo admire!
The Flint *from whence brake forth theſe ſparks of fire*,
What ſatisfaction would the Viſion *bring*?
If ſweet the ſtream, much ſweeter is the ſpring.

SATYRE V. By *A. B.*

A way to grow Rich.

ULYSSES and TIRESIAS.

Ul. TO all that thou haſt told me heretofore,
Prithee, *Tireſias*, add this one thing more;
By what deſigns and means may I now be
As *wealthy* as I have been formerly?

Why

Why do'ſt thou laugh?

Tir. Is't not enough, that thou
(Thou crafty Fellow) art reſtored now
To *Ithaca*, and do'ſt thy *Gods* behold
Which thy *progenitors* ador'd of old?

Ul. Oh, thou *unerring* Profit! do but ſee
How naked I'm return'd, how beggerly,
(As thou fore-told'ſt) my *Cloſets* rifled all,
And that Eſtate which I my own could call,
Is all conſum'd by thoſe *Gallants* that lay
Courting my Wife, while I have been away;
"*An honeſt man and of a Noble houſe,*
"*If poor, is no more valued then a Louſe.*

Tir. Well then, ſince *poverty* affrights thee ſo,
In brief I'le tell thee how thou rich ſhalt grow;
If any Friend ſend thee a brace of *Pheſants*,
Or any other rarities for *preſents*,
To thy next *wealthy* Neighbour, if he's old,
Send them away, *for they're not given, but ſold:*
And if thy *Garden* or thy *Field* bring forth
Melons, or any other Fruits of worth,
Send to ſome *wealthy* man a taſte e're thou
Do'ſt any of it to thy *Lar* allow;
"*For in this age our mock-admiring Elves*
"*Adore rich men more then the Gods themſelves.*
Though perjur'd Rogues, ignobly born and bred,
Murther'd their Brothers, and their Country fled,
Yet *wait* upon them when they do command,
And let them alwayes have the *upper-hand.*

Ul. What? Shall I give the wall to ſuch a baſe
Inferiour Raſcal as old *Damon* was?
At *Troy* I ever ſcorn'd it, there did I
Contend with Great ones.

Tir. Thou'lt a Begger die.

Ul. This

Vl. This heart wil ſtoutly bear ſuch things as theſe,
I have endur'd far greater in my dayes:
But prithee, learned Doctor, tell me how
I may get heaps of Gold and Silver now.

Tir. I've told thee, and I'le tell it thee again,
Thou art a *fellow* of a ſubtle Brain;
Enquire what old Rich men are like to die,
Obſerve their *humours*, keep them company,
Ply them with Preſents ſtill, that thou maiſt be
Nam'd in their *wills* an *heir*, or *legatee*;
And if perhaps one or two *ſubtle* men
Nible the bait, and ſtraight whip off agen,
And ſcape thy hook, and thou art cheated ſo,
Do not deſpair, nor yet thy *art* forgo.
Next, if there be a *Law-ſuit* great or ſmall,
That ſide that's *rich*, and has no *childe* at all
Be for, though *unretain'd*, and let thy Tongue
Beat down his Adverſary, right or wrong;
Be the man ne're ſo honeſt, and the ſuit
Never ſo juſt, or of ſo good repute,
If he has Children, or a Wife that may
Produce him Children, throw his Cauſe away.
But ſay to thy rich childleſs Client; *Sir,*
May't pleaſe your worſhip, or your honour! (for
"*Titles* of *Honours*, and ſuch terms as theſe,
"Do Mortals tender Ears moſt ſtrangely pleaſe.)
'Tis not your money, but your virtues have
Made me your Friend, *your ſervant, nay your ſlave*;
I know the Riddles of the Law, and can
Menage *your* Suits; *and I'le give any man*
Leave to pluck out mine Eyes, if ever he
Can cheat or fool you, leave your Cauſe to me;
I'le take ſuch care that you ſhan't looſe a Groat,
Noe; et be laught at; *bid him take no thought,*

But

But away home to's Country-house, and there
His mind and body both repose and cheer!
Or else do thou thy self turn Advocate,
And for thy *Client* never cease to prate:
Endure the scorching heat, the piercing cold,
And then thou shalt the *gazing* Clown behold
Jogging with's *Elbow* those that next him stand,
Look, look (sayes he) *how he endures it, and*
How eagerly he pleads there for his friends,
Sure he has all the Law at's Fingers ends:
The Fish will come in sholes then to be caught,
And thou may'st fill thy Net at every draught.
Or if a *rich* man have an onely Son
Lies dangerously sick and drawing on,
Be n't too *officious* to th'old man, least he
Thy purpose through thy *diligence* should see,
But gently *screw* thy self into him, and
Get thy self writ down, *Heir at second hand*,
That if to's Child any *disaster* come,
Thou next in order may'st supply his room;
'Tis ten to one but this *design* will take,
And so his great Estate thine own thou'lt make.
If one desire thee to peruse his *Will*,
Seem to deny't, thrust it away, but still
So as to *glance* thine Eye on it, and see
What *Legacies*, and who's the *Legatee*;
Let thy quick eye run all the Paper o're,
Whether thou'rt *Heir* alone, or join'd with more.
Oftimes an o're-grown crafty Scrivener, which
By being in Offices grows wise and rich,
Cheats the next Kindred of th' expected pelf,
Leaves the right Heir out, and puts in himself,
Makes him both needy and ridiculous too,
(As *Æsops* Fox did serve the gaping Crow.)

Ul. Art thou inſpir'd? or do'ſt thou go about
On purpoſe with theſe *ridling* words, to flout
And to delude me?-----
Tir. No, *Laertes* Son!
Whate're I ſay, will, or will not be done;
For great *Apollo* hath beſtow'd on me
This admirable *knack* of *Propheſie*.
Ul. If it be lawful then, prithee unfold
The meaning of this Fable which th'haſt told. (he
Tir. The time ſhall come when our young *Emperor*,
Who does derive his Royal Pedigree
From the Divine *Æneas*, at whoſe beck
The ſturdie *Parthians* ſhall ſubmit their Neck,
And he ſhall grow ſo great by Sea and Land,
All *Princes* elſe ſhall ſtoop at his command:
Some crafty Courtier, as *Coranus* was,
Shall have a mind t' a handſome ſtrapping Laſs,
And wed that Dog *Naſica's* Daughter, who
Will not a Groat on him with her beſtow,
Nor yet will put her off at any rate,
Unleſs to one that has a vaſt Eſtate:
But here's the cheat, he bids th' old man read o'er
His Will, which ſubtly was contriv'd before.
The griping *ſlave* thinking he has his end,
Denies to view the Will, and does pretend
He aim'd not at the Wealth, but to have one
Of Honour and of Merit to his *Son*.
What need I ſtand gazing on's Will (thinks he)
My Daughter muſt have all whate're it be:
But being much intreated, does peruſe
The Will at laſt, and after divers views,
Finds nothing is bequeath'd to him or his,
But ev'n to hang himſelf, or mourn for this.

One

One thing more I would have thee mind; where
Thou of an old rich *doating* man do'sthear, e're,
Who's govern'd by his *Serving-man*, or by
His crafty *Wench*; joyn in society
With those, and praise them to their Master, so
To him behind thy back they'l praise thee too:
This trick will will help thee much; but nothing can
Avail so much as working on th'old man.
If he writes *Verses* ne're so like an Ass,
Extoll them to the Skies; and if he has
A mind t'a *Wench*, send thy *Penelope*;
Do't of thine own accord; be sure that he
Don't ask thee for her; freely her present,
And wish she may to's Worship give content.
Ul. D'you think my Wife, who is so vertuous
And modest, who so stoutly did oppose
So many *suitors*, and continued chaste,
Will be *seduc'd* t'anothers *lust* at last?
Tyr. They'd little Souls, and knew not how to treat,
Nor to present a *Lady* that's so great:
Theirs was but *Kitchin-love*, they did desire
To fill their *Bellies*, not to slake their fire;
So thy *Penelope* continued chaste;
If she of one old man but once should taste,
She'ld share the gains with thee, and cease no more
Then *dogs* from sheep, when they've kil'd sheep before.
Nay wonder not at this that I have told,
I found it all too true when I grew old.
A damn'd old *Hag* who did at *Thebes* die,
Order'd this *Funeral* solemnity
By her last Will; her body she would have
Anointed o're with Oyl, and to her Grave
She order'd him who was to be her *Heir*,
On's naked Shoulders her oyl'd Corps to bear,

And if by th'ſlipprineſs he let her fall,
What e're ſhe left, he was to forfeit all:
He, while ſhe liv'd, did (I believe) pretend
Great love to her, ſhe'ld have it without end.
Walk warily, and ſee thou be not found
Wanting in duty, nor too much abound;
To ſickly men, and ſuch as are moroſe,
A prating fellow is moſt tedious.
Yet *ſullen* ſilence affect not at all,
But *Davus*-like be ſomething *Comical*,
Thy Head on one ſide lean'd, as if he were
A man of whom thou ſtood'ſt in mighty fear:
Be very dutiful, and if the Air
Blow ne're ſo little, bid him have a care
Of his moſt precious *tender head*, and when
He's in a Croud, get him ſtraight out agen,
And with both ſhoulders thruſt aſide all thoſe,
Who do his eaſie coming out oppoſe.
And when he falls to talking bow thine ear,
If his own praiſes he delights to hear,
Ply him with high *Encomiums*, and fill
Him Bladder-like with ſwelling words, until
He lifts both hands up to the very skies;
An honeſt Servant! *'tis enough*, he cries.
And when at length thou by his death ſhalt be
From this great care and tedious ſervice free,
And being broad awak'd ſhalt hear it read,
Ulyſſes *quarter-heir to him that's dead*,
Then with a loud voice cry; *And is he gon,*
What? Have I loſt my dear Companion?
Where now ſhall I another Patron find,
Who's of ſo juſt and of ſo ſtout a mind?
Nay weep a little, if thou canſt; 'tis good
Thy inward joy ſhould not be underſtood.

And

And if th' *interment* ſhould be left to thee,
Be ſure thou do't with *pomp* and *decency*;
The *Neighbours* all about will celebrate
A *funeral* that's manag'd in great State.
If one of the oldeſt *Coheirs* chance to be
Infirm in's body, or *cough* dangerouſly,
Apply thy ſelf to him, tell him he ſhall
Buy what to thy ſhare by the Will does fall;
Whether't be houſe or ground, tell him thy mind
Is more to money then to land inclin'd.
But *Proſerpine* recalls me to my Cell,
I muſt obey and go; *Live long*, farewel.

SATYRE VI. By Sir *R. F.*

He ſaith he lives content with what he hath, and wiſhes no more. Then compares the Commodities of the eaſe he injoyes in the Countrey, with the diſcommodities of buſineſſes and troubles which accompany the City life.

THis was my wiſh, *A moderate ſcope of Land,*
A Garden with a plenteous Spring at hand:
And to crown theſe a plump of trees: Heaven gave
Better then this; 'Tis well, no more I crave
Good *Mercury*, make but theſe things indure;
If neither by ill wayes I did *procure*,
Nor by ill wayes ſhall *waſte* them: if I ſcape
Longings: *O that yon Nook, which doth uiſhape*
My Field, were added! *O that I might find*
A pot of Gold! *as* (Hercules *to friend*)

He did, who hir'd to delve anothers ground,
Bought the same Land he digg'd with what he found:
If what I have please me: if thou incline,
When I pray, *Make my Flock, and all that's mine*
Fat, but my wit; and as th'ast ever done,
Stand my great Guardian. Therefore (when being flown)
Out of *Romes* Cage into the Woods, I put
Discourses in rough Verse, and horse my Foot)
Nor Feavers kill me, nor Ambitions itch,
Nor sickly Autumns making Sextons rich.
FATHER MATUTE: *or* Janus *(if that style*
Affect thee more) from whom their births, and toil,
According to the Julian *year men date,*
With thee I auspicate my work. When straight
Thou thy self hurriest me away to *Rome*
To be a Surety: *Quick, least some one come*
Before, that's more officious; Rain, or Blow,
And though the Colds shrink day to nothing, goe
I must: and *after*, wrastle through a Croud,
And crack my Lungs, t'undo my self aloud:
Injure, who ere is slower. *Name of* Mars!
What mean you? whose Solicitor? (Thus curse
Those men, upon whose Corns I tread) *O! you*
Hasting to serve Mæcenas, *care not who*
You run o're. I'le nere lie; this grieves me not:
'Tis Musick. But anon, when I have got
Esquilias misty Top, thousand affairs
Of other men flie buzzing in mine ears,
And sting me back and sides; *Roscius requests*
To morrow, Two, you'd help him i'th' Requests.
The Secretaries *pray you'd not forget*
A business that concerns the Publick, Great,
And new, to day: stay Quintus, *get this Bill*
Sign'd by Mæcenas: If I can I will.

Nay,

Nay, thou can'ſt do't ; and preſſes me. 'Tis now
A ſeven years paſt, *Mæcenas* doth allow
Me of his Family, onely t'adviſe
Whom he ſhould take into his Coach in journeys,
To whom commit his Meddals: What's a Clock?
Which Fencer will beat(think'ſt thou)or which Cock?
'Tis a hard Froſt: Will't bear another Coat?
With ſuch like trifles as are ſafely put
In leaking ears. This Prentiſhip have I
Serv'd under *Envy*'s laſh,more and more daily.
Our Friend Bowl'd with Mæcenas *th'other day,*
I,and they ſate together at the Play: (ſtreet,
(*Some men have Fortune*!) Blowes there through the
A bleak news from the *Change*? ſtraight all I meet;
Good man: (*for thou being near the Gods muſt know*)
Do'ſt hear ought of the Dacians? In ſooth,No.
Thou'lt ne're leave jeering. Hang me, if I do.
The Lands then which the Emperor promis'd to
The Souldiers, in SICILIA *ſhall they be*
Allotted to them, or in Italy?
Swearing, I nothing know: *Well, Goe thy wayes*
For a deep pit of ſecreſie! and gaze.
Mean while my Taper waſts: ſcarce time to pray:
O Fields,when ſhall I ſee you? O,when may
I,rould in Books,or lull'd in ſleep and eaſe,
Opium life's cares with ſweet forgetfulneſs?
When ſhall I taſte the *Pythagorean* Bean
With ſav'ry broth,and Bacon without lean?
O nights,and ſuppers of the Gods,which I
And mine, conſume in my own Family;
Where my Clowns,born within doors,tear the feaſt
I taſted to them; where the lawleſs gueſt
Dries the unequal Cups,as his Complexion
Asks ſoaking ſhowres,or moderate refection.

Then talk we not of buying Lands, nor ſchool
Other mens lives: nor whether *Cæſars* Fool
Dance well, or not: But things of more concern,
Are our diſcourſe, and which men ought to learn:
Whether to happineſs do more conduce
Vertue or wealth? if we our Friends ſhould chuſe
For ends, or honeſty. What's underſtood
Truly by Goods? and which is the chief good?
My Neighbour *Cervius*, interweaves his old
Fables, as thus: *Aurelius* wealth extoll'd,
(Forgetting with what cares it tortures him)
I'le tell you a Tale (quoth he:) *Once on a time,*
The Country Mouſe receiv'd in her poor houſe,
Her antient and good friend the City Mouſe;
A mighty Huſwife, and exceeding nigh,
Yet free in way of Hoſpitality.
In ſhort, the Chick-peaſe ſhe had laid for hoard,
And unthraſht Oats ſhe ſets upon the Board,
Brings ſcraps of Bacon in her mouth, and dry
Barley; deſiring with variety
(Had it been poſſible) to have o'recame
The ſtately niceneſs of the City-dame.
When the good wife her ſelf on her Straw-bed,
(Leaving the beſt) on Chaff and Acorn fed.
At length, her gueſt: Friend, how canſt thou indure
To live in this Rock-ſide, moapt and obſcure?
Wild Woods preferr'it Thou to a Town, and Men?
Come go with me. Since all ſhall die, and when
We go, our Mortal ſouls reſolve to duſt,
Live happy whil'it thou may'it, as one that muſt
Be nothing a while hence. *Drawn by this ſpell,*
The Country Mouſe skips lightly from her Cell,
And both their way unto the City keep,
Longing by night over the walls to creep:

And

And now 'twas mid-night, and her foot each sets
In a rich house: where glittering Coverlets
Of Tyrian *Die, on Ivory-beds were past,*
And many Offals of a great feast past,
Lay in the Pantry heapt. Her Rural mate
Pray'd to repose under a Cloth of State;
The City Mouse, like an officious Hoast,
Bestirs her self to fetch bak'd, boil'd, and roast,
And playes the Carver, tasting all she brings, (*things*
She thinks the world well chang'd; and Heavens good
Stretching, injoyes; when straight flies ope the room,
And tosses both out of the wrought Couch plom,
Running like things distracted, but much more
When with Molossian *Dogs the high roofs roar:*
Then said the Country Mouse, No more of this,
Give me my Wood, my Cave, and Roots with peace.

The same by another Hand.

THis, this the sum of all my *wishes* was,
In a small *farm* my life obscure to pass,
Where I a *Garden* and a *Spring* might see,
A little *Grove*, or at the least a *Tree*:
But here the *bounteous* Gods have given me more,
Then all my *largest* hopes *conceiv'd* before;
'Tis well, I'm *thankful*, and no more I wish,
But onely that they should *continue* this.
If by no *wretched* gain I ever yet
Made my self *guilty*, that I might be *great*;

If

If by no *vitious* course, or *squandring* way,
I shall my life to *poverty* betray;
If I send up to Heaven no *prayer* like these,
"*O that kind Heaven would give me to possess*
"*That narrow spot of ground which nere me lies,*
"*And o're my Garden walks too high doth rise!*
"*Oh, that some luckie hit of* Fortune *won'd*
"*Bring to my hands such* unexpected *good,*
"*As once she did to a hir'd Plough-man, who*
"*While he with usual hopes the* Field *did plough,*
"*He found of hidden treasure so great store,*
"*He bought the* Field *wherein he toil'd before.*
No, if my mind be *equal* in desires,
And to no more then what I have aspires,
Then let just *Heaven* keep my Estate from harm,
Keep my *Lambs* safe, that they may keep me *warm*:
Let me enjoy what's needful, and what's fit,
Have all things *fat* about me but my *wit*!
May the Gods be propitious still to me,
And be my guardians as they use to be.
And now in this so close and silent life,
Stole from the arts of *Court* and *Cities* strife,
What should I write but Humerous *Satyres* here?
Satyres the Woods inhabitants alwayes were.
Here no *ambitious* Raptures heat my head,
Here no *infection* through the air is spread;
Here I in midst of *tempests* am secure,
Nor fear the fall of *Chimneys* every hour;
Here all the stormy *windes* that chance to rise,
Onely bring sounder *sleeps* unto my eyes:
Or if sometimes their fury they do spend
On some tall Oak, and it asunder rend,
Their very *mischief's* useful here, and by
Their rage my *wood-mans* labour they supply.

But

But hold, while I my ſelf thus flatter here,
Reck'ning before each *pleaſure* of the year,
I had forgot that I *ſubpena'd* was,
And up to *London* ſuddenly muſt paſs;
Away I muſt, and ride *through thick and thin*,
There to arive before the *Term* begin;
To *Horſe* I muſt what ever wind doth blow,
Whether the dayes do long or ſhorter grow;
For all my *ſhrugging*, yet away I muſt;
Thither I come, and through the *croud* I thruſt:
Methinks the *ſtream* I do already feel;
As I paſs through, ſometimes I kick ones heel,
Sometimes anothers *Cornes* I tread upon,
While they do curſe and cry, *whither d'you run?*
What ails you? why ſo faſt? do not you ſee
That we by thoſe before us hindred be?
To my *Macenas* Houſe I ſtill preſs through,
Remembring to what *company* there I go,
That, that indeed is ſweet to me; for there
Is pleaſant *company* and healthy *air*
To me, who from the Sea-coals and the noiſe
Eſcap'd, a while a *mouthful* there injoyes;
But when I tired and puffing thither come,
A hundred ſtrangers buſineſs do *hum*
About my ears, a hundred trifles fall
Upon my head, back, ſhoulders, covering all.
Of my whole life the greateſt part I've ſpent,
Not with my *ſelf*, or to my own *content*,
But in that *pomp*, which I of all things hate,
Th' acquaintance of *chief Adminiſters of State*,
Though all th' *employment* I had with them was
Onely to help ſome idle hours to paſs:
Sir, my Lord ſuch a one deſires that you
Would be at Weſtminſter *at two*:

There

There did a Merchant, *Sir, for you inquire,*
Your aid in ſome rich project to deſire:
I pray Sir get his Graces hand to this,
He knows me, and it reaſonable is.
And if I ſay I'le do my beſt in it,
Oh Sir (ſayes he) if you but think it fit
To ſpeak a word, th' *event* I need not fear,
And then ſome *Bribe* they whiſper in my ear;
All's but for them to exerciſe their *pride*,
And all that wait for *buſineſs* to deride,
While we within in private ſhut the while,
With ſuch vain *tattle* do the time beguile:
What is the clock? 'tis very cold to day,
How do you like theſe Verſes, or that Play?
Such were the grave affairs of *State*, that we
Tranſacted in our envy'd *ſecreſie*;
Yet by this means, 'twas noiſ'd about the Town
That I a mighty *favorite* was grown:
D'ye hear the news? (ſayes one) our *friend* did ride
Laſt night with my *Lord Chancellor* ſide by ſide;
He is a riſing man, and happy me,
I him to day at leaſt two hours did ſee
In private with his *Highneſs*, and his *Grace*
Gave him a Friendly *ſmile* as he did paſs.
When once the World hath taken this report,
Then all the *Monnſieurs* brisk about the *Court*,
Where e're I meet them kindly me ſalute,
Y'are well met Sir, you know without diſpute
How matters goe; (ſay they) *for now you are*
Acquainted with all States-men ſecrets here.
And how? and how? and when d'ye expect the Fleet?
When will the King ſet forth the Queen to meet?
I know not. Come you'r ſuch another man!
Let all the *Gods* their judgements on me ra'n,

If I

If I know any thing. *And what d'ye hear,*
When did the Portuguez *resign* Tangier?
Is all in Ireland *quiet still or no?*
When will my Lord Lieutenant *thither goe?*
Which way are things accommodated there,
For the old Irish, *or the Purchaser?*
Still I persist that I do nothing know,
At my reserv'dness they much wonder shew;
That I'm a close and trusty man they swear,
Fit to be made a *Privy-counsellor.*
Thus I my time to such vain *fopperies* give,
And onely in my wishes truly live:
"*Oh, when shall I the Country see again,*
"*When in a medow, or a shady plain,*
"*Shall I once more securely read and sleep,*
"*And no account of the dayes* motion *keep?*
"*But by a pleasant thoughtful* idleness
"*Of humane life make the long* journey *less:*
"*Oh* Beans and Bacon! *O delicious meat!*
"*Such as the first and* innocent *men did eat*
"*Of fruits, for which* Pythagoras *was wise,*
"*When he all other* dainties *did despise;*
"*Oh nights and* suppers *fit for* Gods *to eat,*
"*For even the* Gods *have sometimes lov'd* retreat.
There o're my merry Servants I am *King,*
Yet fear no Poison in what e're they bring.
There free from all the *gentle rudeness,* which
The Laws of *Drinking* in the City teach,
One takes a *Brimmer* up, another cries,
Hold, hold, pray not too much, that will suffice.
All drink what e're they please, and none by stealth
Need put this *Glass* by, or escape that *health.*
There no *discourse* of other men comes in,
Nor who this *Race,* who did that *Cock-match* win,

Nor

Not who commands the *fashion* of the Town,
Who the best *Actor* is; *Lacy*, or *Mohume*?
We talk of things that nearer us concern,
And which 'tis more *material* to learn;
What kind of life a prudent man should chuse,
Or to be *rich*, or to be *virtuous*;
What into strongest *friendship* men doth bind,
Profit and *interest*, or the Goods oth' *mind*:
What of true *happiness* the nature is,
What are its measures, properties, degrees.
C---- the while (for he too did the same)
Forsook the *world* with me, and thither came
C---- still mingles things that are more gay,
Rough *Morals* with old *Stories* doth allay:
Yet not that all our talk should *stories* be,
But onely when they genuine come and free:
Then if some new arriv'd *half-witted* Guest,
(Half witted sure he needs must be at best,)
Admires the *City* and the *glories* there,
How splendidly these *Lords* or those appear,
Against him which such *railery* he disputes,
And with a *Mouses* Argument confutes.

By Mr. A. Cowley.

AT the large Foot of a fair *hollow* tree,
Close by plow'd grounds, seated *commodiously*
His antient and *hereditary* house,
There dwelt a good *substantial* Country Mouse,
Frugal and grave, and careful of the main,
Yet one who nobly once did entertain

A *Ci-*

A *City* Mouſe, well coated, ſleek, and gay,
A Mouſe of high degree, who loſt his way
Wantonly walking forth to take the air,
And *arriv'd early*, and *belighted* there
For a dayes *lodging*; the good hearty *Hoſt*
The antient plenty of his *Hall* to boaſt,
Did all the ſtores produce that might excuſe,
With various taſte the *Courtiers* appetite,
Chitches and *beans*, *peaſon*, and *oats* and *wheat*,
And a large *Cheſnut*, the delicious meat
Which *Jove* himſelf were he a Mouſe would eat;
And for a *haut-gueſt* there was mixt with theſe
The *ſword* of *Bacon* and the *coat* of *cheeſe*,
The precious *relicks* which at Harveſt he
Had gather'd from the *Reapers* luxury:
Freely (ſaid he) fall on, and do not ſpare,
"*The bounteous* Gods *will for to morrow care.*
And thus at eaſe on Beds of *ſtraw* they lay
And to their Genius ſacrific'd the day:
Yet the nice Gueſts mind
(Though breeding made him *civil* ſeem and kind)
Deſpis'd this *Countrey* Feaſt, and ſtill his thought
Upon the *cakes* and *pies* of *London* wrought.
Your *bounty* and *civility* (ſaid he)
Which I'm ſurpris'd in theſe rude parts to ſee,
Shews that the Gods have given you a mind
Too noble for the fare which here you find:
Why ſhould a Soul ſo virtuous and ſo great,
Looſe it ſelf thus in an obſcure retreat?
Let Savage Beaſts lodge in a Countrey Den,
You ſhould ſee *Towns*, and *manners*, and know men,
And taſte the *generous luxury* of the Court,
Where all the Mice of qualitie reſort,

Where

Where thousand beauteous *shees* about you move,
And by high fare are *pliant* made to *love*.
" *We all ere long must render up our breath,*
" *No Cave or Hole can shelter us from Death;*
" *Since life is so uncertain and so short,*
" *Let's spend it all in feasting and in sport.*
Come (worthy Sir) come with me and partake
All the great things that Mortals happy make.
" *Alas, what vertue has sufficient armes*
" *T' oppose bright Honour and soft pleasures charms?*
" *What* wisdome *can their* Magick *force repel?*
It draws this Reverend *Hermit* from his Cell.
It was the time when witty Poets tell,
That Phœbus *into* Tethys *bosome fell,*
She blusht at first, and then put out her light,
And drew the modest Curtains *of the* night.
Plainly the truth to tell, the Sun was set,
And to the *town* the wearied *travellers* get
To a Lords house, as Lordly as can be,
Made for the use of *pride* and *luxury*.
They come; the gentile *Courtier* at the door
Stopt, and will hardly enter in before.
But this, Sir, you command, and being so,
I'm sworn t' *obedience*; and so in they go
Behind a *Hanging* in a spacious room,
The richest work of *Mortelacks* noble Loom.
They wait a while their wearied Limbs to rest,
Till silence should invite them to their *feast*,
About the hour that Cynthia's *silver light*
Had toucht the pale meridies *of night*.
At last the various Supper being done,
It happned that the *company* was gone
Into a room remote, Servants and all,
To please their noble fancies with a Ball.

Our

Our *Hoſt* leads forth his *ſtranger*, and does find
All fitted to the bounties of his mind:
Still on the *Tables* half fill'd Diſhes ſtood,
And with delicious *bits* the flow'r was ſtrew'd,
The courteous Mouſe preſents him with the beſt,
And both with fat *varieties* are bleſt:
The induſtrious *peaſant* every where does range,
And thanks the Gods for his lives happy change;
Loe in the midſt of a well-fraighted Pye
They both at laſt glutted and wanton lie:
When (ſee the ſad reverſe of proſperous fate,)
And what fierce ſtormes on mortal glories wait,
With hideous noiſe down the rude Servants come,
Six Dogs before run barking into th' room,
The wretched *Gluttons* fly with wild affright,
And hate their *fulneſs* which retards their *flight*.
Our trembling *Peaſant* wiſhes now in vain,
That *rocks* and *mountains* cover'd him again:
Oh, how the change of his poor life he curſt,
This of all lives (ſaid he) is ſure the worſt.
Give me again ye Gods my Cave and Wood,
With peace let *tares* and *acorns* be my food!

SATYRE VII. By *A. B.*

HORACE and *DAVUS.*

The miſeries of a Debauched life.

Dav. I'Ve over-heard you, and a mind I have (Slave,
To ſpeak a word t'you, but being buſy your
I am afraid.---

Hor. ------ Who art thou, *Davus*?

Dav. ------ Yes,
Davus, who alwayes to his Patron is
A Slave so loving and so true, that he
Deserves at length that you should make him free.

Hor. Go on, and use *Decembers* freedom now,
(Because our *Ancestors* did that allow.)
Speak what thou hast a mind.

Dav. ---- Most men delight
In Vice continually, and with all their might
Pursue their lewd designes: Many there be
Float up and down with much *inconstancie*.
Now they will lead a virtuous life, but then
They quickly tumble into *vice* agen.
How fickle *Priscus* is! sometimes he'l be
With ne're a Ring on's hand, sometimes with three;
And every hour he'l vainly change his *Gown*;
Sometimes he'l lodge i'th noblest house in Town,
Straight in the meanest Cottage he will lie,
And thence come forth looking so nastily.
Now he at *Athens* studies hard, but straight
Away he comes to *Rome* to fornicate.
So various in his life, as if he'd been
Born in all shapes *Vertumnus* e're was in.
That Gamester *Volanerius*, when the *Gout*
Had rack'd and shrunk up all his joints throughout,
A Fellow by the day he hir'd and fed
To rake the *Dice*, and throw them in his stead.
" *How much more* constant *men in Vices be*,
" *So much the easier is their misery*:
" *'Tis better far to keep an equal pace*,
" *Then sometimes slack and sometimes stretch the Trace.*

Hor. Yet all this while thou tell'st not to what end
(Thou fleering Knave) these sullen words do tend.

Dav.

Dav. They're meant of you.---
Hor. Why so (you *Rogue*?)
Dav. --- You praise
Mens fare and wayes who liv'd in former dayes,
And yet if any *God* move you to use
The like your self, you obstinately refuse,
Either because you don't conceive what you
Your self affirm thereof is right and true;
Or else the *truth* you faintly do defend,
And are not such a man as you pretend;
And when you stick so fast, you do desire
In vain to pluck your feet out of the mire.
The Country you admire when you are at *Rome*,
But when into the *Country* you are come,
A *City* life you above all things prize,
And *Rome* you vainly do extoll to th' skies.
When you are not invited forth to sup,
Your own safe *Diet* you do so cry up,
Pretending if you e're go forth, 'tis still
To please your Friend, but sore against your will:
And you're so pleas'd, and count your self so blest,
When you are not invited out to feast.
But if *Mecenas* send for you to come,
How all the house rings with your noise at home!
What, not the Barber come yet? --- Jack! --- *who's there?*
Where are these Rogues, my Servants? --- *does none hear?*
And then away you post t' your Patrons feast,
Where *Milvius* that Parasite, and the rest
Which feed upon him, curse and rail, and speak
Base words of you, when they away must sneak.
One (I confess) did tell me to my face,
You did your pleasure in your Belly place;
And call'd you *smell-feast*, *feeble*, *sluggard*, *sot*,
What they could think, as *Glutton*, and *Toss-pot*.

Now since you are as bad as I can be,
Nay perhaps worse, why should you rail at me,
As if you're better? when you but disguise
With vertuous names the foulness of your vice.
When you were with anothers wife in bed,
And simply by his Slave discovered,
Trapand and apprehended, were not you
A verier *fool* then I? ---- Nay, never go
To fright me with your surly countenance;
Bridle your passion, don't your *fist* advance,
While I impartially declare unt' you
That which *Crispinus* Slave reveal'd to me.
You're for a *married* woman, while your poor
Slave *Davus* is content with a poor ——
Which of our crimes are greater, yours or mine?
When heat of blood does me to th' flesh incline,
I take a *common-wench*, with whom I do
Such things as humane Nature promps me to;
And having done, I presently depart,
My *name* not blemish'd by it, nor my heart
Solicitous, where those who next there lie,
Be handsomer or richer men then I.
But when you lay your *Ornaments* aside,
And sneak along for fear you should be spi'd:
Are you not what you seem, when you become
Instead of a grave *Senator* a *Groom*?
And are into anothers Lodgings led,
With an old Cap to hide your powdred head;
'Twixt lust and fear such a contest is in you,
Your flesh and bones still trembling do continue.
What difference is't if you are bound for hire
To be destroi'd, whether by Sword or Fire?
Or to be thrust into a nasty Chest
With head and heels contracted to your breast,

Where

Where by the Maid you have ſecured bin,
The *Band* that's privy to her Miſtreſs ſin.
Has not th' abuſed Husband then juſt power,
Both o're his wife and o're her Paramour?
More juſt o're the *Adulterer*, yet ſhe
Nor place nor habit ſhifts, nor *publickly*
Commits the ſin; the woman is in fear,
And believes not your promis'd love to her:
But you're a voluntary *Slave* to your luſt,
And with that raging *Tyrant* do intruſt
All your eſtate; your *ſafety*, *liberty*,
Repute and *life*, things which ſo precious be.
And when you have eſcap'd from all thoſe Snares,
A man would think you ſhould be full of fears,
And would by this take *warning* now, but you
Seek how to ſin, and to be plagu'd anew.
Oh! you that make your ſelf ſo oft a Slave,
What *bruit Beaſts* are ſo mad, that when they have
Made their eſcape by breaking off the chain,
Will to the ſnares expoſe themſelves again?
You ſay, you are no *Adulterer*, nor I
A *Theif*, becauſe I warily paſs by
Your *plate*, but were the puniſhment away,
You to Adultery, I to Theft ſhould ſtray.
Are you my *Maſter*, and ſo much a *Slave*,
To thoſe ill powers which Dominion have
O're men and things? and have ſo often bin
Freed from your ſlavery, yet again get in?
Adde this thing to the reſt, which ſeems to me
An *Argument* of great validitie,
If he that does a *Slave* ſerve and obey,
Is a Slaves *Vicar* (as you Scholars ſay)
Or but his Fellow-ſlave, pray tell me then
What muſt I be to you? for even when

You rule o're me you are a wretched *Slave*,
To other powers, and no true motion have,
But are like wooden Puppets mov'd about,
Not by your Nerves within, but Wires without.

Hor. "*Who then is free?*

Dav. "*He that is wise, and can*
"*Govern himself, that, that's the true Free-man;*
"*Whom prisons, want, nay Death, can't terrifie,*
"*Who quells his vain desires, and valiantly*
"*Contemns the froth of popular applause,*
"*And squares his actions all by virtuous laws:*
"*No outward thing can alter him at all,*
"*And Fortune's baffled if on him she fall.*

Can you pick a discription out of this,
Which may express your self? — Your high *Mistress*
Demands a hundred pound a time of you,
And if not given her, pouts and looks askew,
And in a *fit* she thrusts you out of door,
Flings water on you to affront you more:
Then in another mood she calls you back;
And are you free? Come, come, withdraw your neck
Out of this shameful Yoke, and say I'm free,
Which you in this condition n're can be;
For you've a *Master* rigid and severe,
Does o're your mind and body domineer;
And though you're tir'd, and able scarce to stir,
He cruelly rides on with *switch and spur*.

Pray Sir, when you so many hours lie lazing,
On some rare peice of Painting vainly gazing,
Wherefore are you more innocent then I,
When on a *Battle* do cast mine eye,
With *Char-coal* or *Red-cher* rudely done,
And see the *Foteers* nimbly strike and shun

Each others blows, in various postures, so
As if the Fight were real, not a Show:
I must be call'd a loytering Rogue, but you
In antient Painting for a Critick go.
If I pursue a hot well-sented Cake,
I am call'd Rascal; but when you do have
Your sumptuous Banquets with all luxury,
You must a noble person counted be:
Pray wherefore should my petty luxurie
Be far more prejudicial to me,
Then yours that's greater is to you? if I
Indulge my Belly, I'm lash'd presently:
And are not you punish'd as much as that,
Who on your Belly spend your whole Estate?
Feasts to perpetual Feasters odious are,
And Drunkards feet refuse their paunch to bear.
If a poor Boy sell his stoln Comb to buy
A bunch of Grapes, we blame him presently;
And yet that Bellie-slave goes blameless, that
To gratifie his paunch sells his Estate.
Besides all this, you are not the same man
For two hours space together, neither can
You tell which way to pass your time away
As you ought, when you have a leisure day,
But Vagrant-like you from your self do flie,
Sometimes with wine or sleep you vainly try
To ease your mind, but wheresoe're you go
Your guilty Conscience dogs and pricks you too.
Hor. Where's e're a stone?----
Dav. ---- At whom Sir would you throw,
If you could finde a stone?----
Hor. 'S death! where's my Bow?
Dav. Alas! my Master's grown stark raging mad,
Or else makes Verses, which is full as bad!

Hor. Get hence, or to my Farm else, where I have
Sent eight already, I'le send thee the nineth Slave.

SATYRE VIII. By *J. W.* Esq;
A description of an unhansome Treat.

HORACE and FUNDANUS.

Hor. *How lik'd ye wealthy* Nasider us *feast?*
For yesterday, intending you my guest,
'Twas told me you were there, and from noon too.
Fund. Troth we were never merrier. (Hor.) *As how?*
(*And if it ben't too* troublesome) *declare*
How he receiv'd you; what your bill of fare?
Fund. Our first encounter was a *Lucan Bore*,
Kill'd, the wind *South*, for so the *Master* swore;
About the Dish lay *Lettice*, *Radish*, *Beets*,
And such as whet the squeasie appetites,
As *Skirworts*, *Pickled Herrings*, and next these,
A Poynant *sauce* made of the *Coan* Lees:
This took away, two pretty Striplings come,
One wip'd the *Table*, t'other swept the room;
And, as you have seen an *Attick* Virgin go
To *Ceres* Sacrifice; straight other two,
A *Black* the one, brought each his *basket* in,
This full of *Cacub*, that of *Chian* wine:
When straight mine *Host*; *Macenas!* if you like
A fuller bodi'd, or a greener, speak;
I have 'um both. (Hor.) *Poor wealth!* --- *But prithee say,*
What were your company? (*Fund.*) On the first bed lay
My self, next me *Thurinus*, and below
Was *Varius*; On the second, *Balatro*,

With

With him *Vibidius*, both *Mæcena's* guests;
On the third, lay the *Master of the feasts*
Twixt *Nomentan*, and Buffoon *Portius*,
That swoops whole *Custards*, ere ye say, *what's this*;
For his sake, t'other came, who understood
The way of eating, and with his Finger cou'd
Point out each *sauce*, and what was in't; while we
Eat Fish and Fowl, and such like *trumpery*;
Though yet, the best in season, as the *Plaise*,
And *Turbats* Belly which he carv'd me, was.
Next, came the blushing *Apples*, gathered
The *Moon* encreasing; how they differed
From others, he can tell you best; when thus
To *Balatro* began *Vibidius*;
We've fed our selves top full, and now must die
Quite unreveng'd, unless we drink him dry;
And calls for bigger Glasses; at which word
Mine *Host* lookt, as he'd have sunk underboard;
So went and came his colour, dreaming least
T'have met with such stiff *Drinkers*, or a jest
So home, but rather thought, t'ave seen his wine
Deaded their *palats*, for 'twas hardly *fine*;
But to small purpose, for the *Rundlet* now
Was set a *tilt*, and round the *brimmers* go;
Onely some one or two of the *prime* Guests
Made little spoil: ---- But see! A second Feast;
A *Lamprey* stretcht at length, swimming as 'twere
Amidst a shole of *shrimps*: On which, *Mine Here*
Cries *note*, *This Fish was big with young when caught*,
Or otherwise, *t'ad not been worth a Groat*;
Then, for the rare *Potage*! But taste it pray!
The *Oyl* in it is right *Campania*,
T'has more *ingredients*, as *Caviare*,
The best *white Pepper*, *Lesbian vinegar*,

Itali-

Italian wine. (But this, I dare be bold)
Not a drop of 't was less then five years old;
All this was in the boiling (that once done
Pour that of *Chios* in, or better none:)
I was the first e're boil'd *Elicampane*,
And *'Ringoes* in it; from *Curtillus*, came
Salt-water-craw-fish pickled, better far
Then such as brought us from beyond Sea are:
While thus mine *Host*, a piece of *Tapstry*'s fall
Rais'd such a dust, it spic'd us, Dish and all;
We thought at first, 't'had been the *house*, but when
We saw there was no danger, *chear'd* agen;
But he (poor man) hung down his head, and cri'd
As if his Son had at that instant dy'd;
Nor gave he ov'r, till *Nomentanus*, thus,
Fortune our Foe, thou art a scurvy Puss!
Ah what a cruel Vixen th'art! ah how
Do'st thou delight to mock us here below!
'Twas even as much as *Varin*'s Towel could do
To keep his laughter in, when *Balatro*
Gib'd on, *And since the course of life is such,*
We can't (quoth he) *admire your pains too much;*
Is't fit, to make me handsomely receiv'd,
You should disquiet your self, and thus be griev'd,
For fear the Bread be burnt, or the Potage
Ill season'd, to be sure that every Page
Perform his office right: add to all this
What other accidents may fall amiss;
As this 'oth' Hangings was, or that a Clown
Should stumble in, and run the Cup-board down;
But (General-like) *Masters of Feasts reveal*
That temper by cross hits, the good conceal:
At which, mine *Host*, *Gods blessing on your heart!*
So good a man, and boon Companion th'art;

And

And with it clapt his Sandals on; when streight
There went a *whisper* round the beds. Hor. *But what?*
What laughs y'at next? Fund. *Pibulus* cries, *I think*
The Bottles broke, that we can get no drink;
And while they laught at what was past, quoth he,
Balatro *seconding*, *Mine Host for me!*
How lively he returns! he looks as pert,
As if he'd help our late mischance by art:
Which said, his Boyes brought in a *Charger* fill'd
With several things; a *Crane* cut up, and grill'd
With Salt and Flower; and fed with with *figs* (to chuse)
The well grown *Liver* of a Milk white *Goose*,
The Shoulders of some *Hare*, by much the best
Of all the body, *a broil'd Black-birds* breast:
Ringdoves, their thighs cut off; things excellent
Had he not run so Damn'd a *Lecture* on't;
As the cause why, drawn from their Nature too:
But we reveng'd our selves, I'le tell ye how;
We did not taste one bit, but fled it more,
Then if a *Witch* had shook her *Kercher* o're.

The end of the Second Book of Satyres.

M

Epistles.

EPISTLES.

BOOK I.

EPISTLE I. By Sir *R. F.*

To MÆCENAS.

He sayes he dismisses his trifling studies, and embraces those that tend to vertue: yet so as not to swear to any Masters words. And that these studies are such, that there is none but may be better'd by them, if he but lend a patient ear thereunto. In the end he reprehends the depraved judgement of men placing vertue after wealth and honours, and caring more for the things of the Body then the things of the mind.

MÆcenas mention'd in my Odes, to be (me
Mention'd in all I write; thou would'st have
(Enough seen, and applauded on the Stage)
To the old sport; I have not the same age,

Nor

Nor the same mind. Upon *Alcides* post
His Armes hung up, ere his won Fame be lost;
The *Fencer* that is wise, retires, I hear
A voice sound daily in my cleansed ear,
Free an old Horse, lest he (derided) lagg,
And, broken-winded, in the last act flag.
Therefore Love-songs, and all those toyes adieu;
My work is now to search what's *good*, what's *true*;
I lay in precepts, which I straight may draw
Out for my use. If thou demand, *whose Law,*
What Guide I follow: Sworn to no mans words,
To this and that side I make Tacks and Bords.
Now plung'd in billows of the *active* life,
At vertues Anchor ride contemplative;
With ARISTIPPUS now yield to the stream,
More studying to *get* wealth, then to *contemn*.
As *nights* are long to them their Mistress fails:
To Hirelings, *dayes*: To curb'd Wards *years* are snails:
So *slow* and so *unpleasant* my Time flowes,
Till seriously I *act*, as I *propose*;
That which alike boots *rich* and *poor*, if done,
Alike hurts *young* and *old*, if let alone.
It rests, these rules I to my self apply.
Thy eyes will never pierce like *Lynceus* eye,
Scorn not to noint them though if sore they are:
Nor, of a Wrastlers strength if thou despair,
Neglect to salve the knotted Gout. If more
'S dem'd, 'tis something to have gon thus fur.
Revenge and Avarice boil in thy heart:
There's words and sounds will cut off a great part
Of thy disease. Swell'st thou with love of praise!
There is a Charm too which this Devil layes;
Reading a good Book thrice devoutly over,
The Envious, Wrathful, Sluggish, Drunkard, Lover:

No

No Beast so wild, but may be tam'd, if he
Will unto Precepts listen patiently.
'Tis Vertue, to flie Vice: and the first Stair
Of Wisdome, to want Folly. With what Care
Of Mind, and toil of Body, we *avoid*
Mean wealth, and honours *hunt* (Ambition's God!)
Th' unwearied Merchant runs to farthest *Ynd*,
Through Fire, through horrid Rocks, Riches to find
What thou thus fondly dost't on, to despise,
Sit, learn, and hear from those that are more wise.
Whose Sword hath won him Honour in *true* Fights,
Dusty *Olympick* Laurels, that man slights;
(Above those toyes, and in his own self rowld.)
Gold excels silver, Vertue *excels Gold*.
O *Romans*, *Romans*, first seek *money*; then
Vertue. This drops from every Scriv'ners Pen.
This is the Doctrine old and young men preach,
Carrying a black Box dangling at their Breech.
If of *Sesterces* fourty thousand lack
Six or seven thousand onely, though you make
It up in Virtues, Courage, Eloquence,
Faith, and the like; you'r a *Plebian*, Hence.
But playing in the streets, the children sing
Another song: *He that does well's a King.*
Be this a wall of Brass, to have within
No black accuser, harbour no pale sin.
Now (sadly) which is better, *Otho*'s Law,
Or the Boyes Song, which gives a Regal awe
To him that well? A song oft sung of old
By manly *Curii*, and *Camilli* bold.
Counsels be better, that sayes, MONEY GET,
If thou canst, well: but if not, get it yet,
That thou some piteous Play may'st neerer see?
Or he that bids thee, *Brave, erect, and free,*

To face proud Fortune? If ROME's people now
Object, *Why plac't on our Bench vot'st not Thou*
The same with us? abhorr'st not what we hate?
Affect'st not what we love? My answer's, That
The slie Fox once to the sick Lion made:
The foot-steps that way all, make me afraid,
And from thy Den that I perceive no treads.
The People, 'Tis a Beast with many heads.
What, or *whom* should I follow? some by-places:
Some for rich Widows trade with Beads and Glasses,
And feed old men with Gifts, like Fish with bread,
That they on them may afterwards be fed.
Many grow fat with Usury. But well,
Let *sev'ral men have sev'ral minds.* Now tell,
How long will any in the same mind stay?
Baiæ? The World hath not a sweeter Bay,
The *Rich man* cries: when streight the Sea and Lake
The joy of their arriving Lord partake.
Who, if an ominous Hare (forsooth) come thawrt
To morrow; *Smiths unto the* THEANUM *Cart*
The Iron work. Has he at home a wife?
No life (he sayes) *like to the single life.*
If not, *None blest* (he swears) *but married men.*
What knot can hold this changing *Proteus?* Then
The poor man (laugh) alters his eating room,
His Barber, Bed, and Bath: and sick of *Rome*
As much as rich men that keep Barks, to float
Upon the water, goes and hires a Boat.
If thou meet one, by an ill Barber nocht,
Thou laugh'st: If one in Scarlet breeches bocht
With Frize, *thou laugh'st.* But what if my *mind* fight
With it self? *Seek* that which it *slighted, slight*
That which it *sought?* all Rules of Life confound?
Turn like the Tide, build, raze, change *square* to *round?*

Thou

Thou think'ſt me mad in *faſhion*, and *laugh'ſt out*,
Nor that I need to have a Doctor got,
And to be plac't in Bedlam by the Mayre:
Though th're my Patron, and conſum'd with care
At the leaſt fingers aking of thy friend
That honours thee, and doth on thee depend.
In ſum, *a wiſe man's onely leſs then* Jove,
Rich, free, fair, noble; laſt a King, above,
The common rate of Kings: But chiefly ſound,
That is to ſay, Unleſs his ſpleen abound.

EPISTLE II. By Sir *R. F.*

To LOLLIO.

He ſayes Homer *in his Poems teaches fuller and better what is honeſt, then ſome* Philoſophers; *bringing arguments to prove the ſame. That in the Iliad, what are the incentives of war to fooliſh Kings and Nations is deſcribed: and in the Odyſſee, by* Ulyſſes *example, what vertue and wiſdome can do, is ſhown. Then exhorts to the ſtudy of wiſdome, as that which will heal the diſeaſes of the mind, which he reckons up. But teaches withal, that men muſt from their tender age accuſtome themſelves to ſuch like precepts.*

WHil'ſt thou (Great *Lollio*) in *Rome* do'ſt plead,
I, in *Præneſte*, have all HOMER read:
Who, what's our *good*, what *not*; what *brave*, what *baſe*,
Fuller then *Crantor*, and *Chryſippus*, ſayes.

Wh

Why I think thus (unleſs thou'rt buſie) hear.
The Lines, that tell how *Greeks* and *Trojans* were
Involv'd in a long War for *Paris* love,
Raſh Kings and Nations fooliſhly reprove.
Antenor's counſel was, to ſend the Cauſe
Of the War back. PARIS ſayes, *No: What Laws*
Compel Kings to be ſafe? NESTOR, to peece
The difference, runs, betwixt the King of *Greece*
And *Tethy's* ſon: *One* boyling with Love's flame,
With anger *both*. The PRINCES, *They're* too blame,
And the poor PEOPLE ſmart for't. Miſchief, Strife,
Fraud, rage, and luſt in *Town*, and *League* rife.
Again what *vertue* and what *wiſdome* can,
He ſhews us in th' example of the * Man *Ulyſſes.*
Of *Ithaca*: who (*Troy* in aſhes laid)
The Towns and Manners prudently ſurvay'd
Of many Lands; and through the *Ocean* vaſt,
Returning home with his Companions, paſt
Many ſharp Brunts, not to be ſunk with ſtormes
Of adverſe Chance. Thou know'ſt the *Sirens* charms,
And *Circe's* Cups: which had he greedily
And fondly taſted with his Fellows, he
Had ſerv'd a Whoriſh Dame, and liv'd a Dog
On his own vomit, or mire-wallowing Hog.
The Suitors of *Penelope* were meer
Puppets, made onely to devour good Cheer:
Raskals, who minded nothing but their skin,
And, that perfum'd and ſleek, to ſleep therein
Till it was Noon: then thought it brave, to wake
With the ſame Lutes with which they reſt did take.
Do Thieves ſit up all night to kill and ſteal,
And cannot we riſe to intend our Weal?
But if in health thou wilt not ſtir about,
Hereafter thou ſhalt run (though with the Gout).

To a Phyſitian: and unleſs thou knock
For Candle, and a Book, with the firſt Cock:
Unleſs to ſtudies, and to honeſt things
Thou bend thy mind; with Love's or Envy's ſtings
Thou'lt lie awake tormented. If a Fly
Get in thy Eye, 'tis pull'd out *inſtantly*:
But if thy *Mindes* Ey's hurt, day after day
That Cure's deferr'd. Set forth, thou'rt half thy way.
Dare to be wiſe: Begin. He that to rule
And ſquare his life, prolongs, is like the Fool
Who ſtaid to have the River firſt paſs by,
Which rowles and rowles to all Eternity.
Money is ſought, and a rich wife for brood,
And a ſharp Culter tames the ſavage Wood.
Let him that has enough, deſire no more.
Not Houſe and Land, nor Gold and Silver Oare,
The Body's ſickneſs, or the Mind's diſpel.
To relliſh wealth, the palat muſt be well.
Who fears, or covets: Houſe to him and Ground,
Are Pictures to blind men, Incentives bound
About a gouty Limb, Muſick t'an ear
Dam'd up with filth. A veſſel not ſincere
Sowres whatſoe're you put into't. Abſtain
From pleaſures: Pleaſure hurts, that's bought with pain
The Cov'tous alwayes want: your pray'rs deſign
To ſome fixt mark. The envious man doth pine
To ſee another fat: Envy's a Rack;
Worſe, no *Sicilian* Tyrant ere did make.
Who cannot temper wrath, will wiſh undone
What, in his haſte, he may have done to one,
To whom he (poſſibly) would be moſt kind.
Anger is a ſhort madneſs: Rule thy mind:
Which reigns, if it obeys not: fetter it
With chaines, reſtrain it with an Iron bit.

The Quiry moulds the Horſes *tender* mouth
T'his Riders will. The Beagle from his *Youth*
Is train'd up to the woods, being taught to ball
(A *Whelp*) at the Bucks heads nail'd in the Hall.
Now Boy, in the *white* paper of thy breaſt
Write VERTUE: Now ſuck precepts from the beſt.
A pot, well ſeaſon'd, holds the Primitive taſte
A long time after. If thou make no haſte,
Or ſpur to over-run me, I am One
For none will ſtay, and will contend with none.

The ſame by Dr. W.

WHile you at *Rome* (my honour'd *Lollius* plead,
I *Homer* at *Praeneſte* once more read.
Aquinas ne're ſo well, nor *Lumbard* taught
So fully yet, *what's fair, or fit, or naught.*
My reaſon's this (if y'have no buſie hours)
The ſtory that relates *Paris* amours,
And *Greece* ſpent with the tedious *Trojan* Leager,
Shews us how ſilly *Princes* are, how eager
The giddy *Rout.* That ſhould be mov'd which ſeems
The cauſe o'th' war, *Antenor* wiſely deems.
But *Paris* to enjoy his ſtoln delight,
Thinks ſcorn to yield. *Neſtor* to ſet things right
'Twixt *Agamemnon* and *Achilles* ſtrives;
While *Love* the One, and both their *paſſion* drives.
"The *Officers* are mad, and ſtill the ſmart
"Lights on the *Commons*; ſtill they have the art,

What with their *mutines*, their plots, their sin,
To loose as much without, as those within.
But then, what vertue and good *conduct* can
Perform you'l see; *Ulysses* is the man:
Troy wisely gain'd, he many *Cities* next
Views and their various *Lawes*, is oft perplext
In hazards, stormes himself and his he saves,
Not to be drown'd in *Fortunes* roughest waves.
The *Sirens* charmes you know, and *Circe*'s bowl
Which had he quaft with's Drunken-train, his soul
H'had lost, a brutish servant to the *whore*,
A *Shag-tail Cur* h'had been, or miry *Bore*.
We are that *rout*, methinks, those Idle Knaves
Made to be cramm'd, *Penelope*'s lewd *braves*,
Rising at Noon to wash, and powder hair,
And then with noise of *Fidlers* lull our care.
Will you not wake? *Fellons* are onely stirring
For *mischief*; for your safety you're *demuring*.
You'l easier now, then with a *Dropsie* run,
Call for a *Book* and Light before the Sun.
Your early thoughts in Vertue unemploy'd,
Will be with *Love* or fretting *Envy* cloy'd.
You'l move an *Eye-sore* streight; and is it fence,
To let the *Mind* be cur'd a *Twelve-moneth* hence?
Begin: 'tis half the work: assume the power
To live: expect not for a fairer hower.
[So stayes the Clown till th' hasty *Brook* be dri'd,
But th' everlasting streams still still do glide.]
We gripe for *money* still, marry for Goods,
(Such *Wives* are fruitful) grub and fill our *woods*.
VVho hath enough, why should he wish for more?
Did ever goodly *seat*, or Farmes, or Store,
The sickly *Landlord* of his *Quartan* ease,

Or of his cares? the *Owner* must have health,
Who reaps a satisfaction from his wealth.
The carking Heart's not eas'd by bags or land,
(No more then *Bleared-eye* by *Titians* hand,
Or *Gout* by *pultis*, or the *Ear* in pains
With *Rhume*, by *Feraboſco*'s melting ſtreins;)
But what it holds, like muſty Bottle ſpoils.
"*Pleaſures ill bargains are, if bought with toils,*
"*Deſires are endleſs, till you fix the end,*
"*Envy conſumes for fatneſs of a friend;*
"*Envy the worſt of Plagues, the Tyrants ſcourge,*
"*Anger let looſe, th' unwary mind doth urge*
"*To actuate revengeful thoughts, in haſte,*
"*Which afterward in cold blood you'l diſtaſte.*
"*Anger's a ſhorter phrenſie. Paſſion reigns*
"*If 't be n't enſlav'd, but curb it in with chains.*
The manag'd *Colt* is by the Horſeman taught
T'obſerve the *Riders* check: the *Whelp* is brought
(Since firſt he trail'd the *Buckskin* in the Hall)
To hunt abroad the *Stag* unto his fall.
Now (hopeful *Boy!*) counſels that wholeſome are
Take early next thy heart: the ſeaſon'd *Jar*
Will hold his ſcent: now run, I'le but give aim,
I'le neither ſtop the *ſwift*, nor help the *lame*.

Epistle III. By *A. B.*

To JULIUS FLORUS.

Advice to follow his Studies.

IN what part of the would *Claudius* fights now,
(My *Julius Florus*) I desire to know:
Claudius our great *Augustus* Son in Law,
Whether to *Thrace* his Army's march'd away.
Or whether Icy *Heber* them detain,
If on the *Hellespont* they still remain;
Or fruitful *Asian* hills and plains, or what
The learned troop of *Drusius* will be at.
These things I mind too, and what eminent *wit*
VVill to *posterity* dare to transmit
Those mighty things, which done by *Cæsar* are,
How *wisely* he makes peace, how *stoutly* war:
VVhat ex'lent *piece* will learned *Titius* write,
The *Roman* admiration and delight;
He that so bravely dares transfer the flame
Unto us *Romans*, which from *Pindar* came,
That scorns to *dabble* in the vulgar *lakes*,
And into the *Ocean* a brave Voyage makes:
How does he do? what does he say of me?
By his propitious *Muses* aid will he
Translate the Verses writ with *Theban* fire,
And tune them smoothly to the *Roman* Lyre.
Or with a *tragick buskin* does he rage,
And with high stately *language* fill the *Stage*.
And (prithee) how does *Celsus* deal by me?
That most incorrgible *Plagiarie*,

VVho

VVho has been warn'd so oft, and must be more,
To search for *wit* and *sence* from his own store;
And leave off *pilferring* out of Books that be
By others writ, and plac'd i'th' *Library*.
" *Least all the plunder'd Birds should flock together,*
" *And from his gaudy back pluck each his feather;*
" *And he of his stoln colours like the Chough,*
" *Stand stript, and make all Spectators laugh.*
But what art thou about? with what rare stuff
Does thy *Muse* load her thighs? th'hast wit enough,
And that well *polisht*, not absurdly rough.
If thou wilt *Orator* or *Lawyer* be,
Or falst upon delightsome *Poetry*,
Thy wit away the *Lawrel* justly bears;
" *But if thou canst shake of those seeds of cares,*
" *Where e're* Cœlestial *wisdome draws thou'lt goe,*
" *This work, this study, great and mean men too*
" *Should set upon, if we design to be*
" *Dear to our selves, and to Posterity.*
I prithee send me word, whether or no
Thou do'st such kindness to *Munatius* shew,
As betwixt Friends and Brothers ought to be;
Or is your *breach* since you did disagree
So ill *pacht* up, that it will never close,
But every foot to it's old rancour grows;
Yet whether height of *blood*, or want of *wit*,
Inflam'd your untam'd spirits, 'tis not fit,
That your *fraternal* knot should be unti'd,
In what part of the world so e're you 'bide;
I've a fat *Heifer*, which I'le gladly burn
In *sacrifice* for your desir'd return.

Epistle IV. By *A. B.*

To TIBULLUS.

That he should live comfortably, and without Cares.

TEll me *Tibullus*, thou that do'it so far
Indulge such trifles as my *Satyres* are,
What shall I tell my friends that thou dost do
Now in that *Countrey* thou'rt retir'd into?
Writing whole *Volums*: or hast thou thy mind
Wholly to th' healthy *woods* and *walks* confin'd?
Considering onely to enjoy and doe
Things which become a wise and good man too.
Thou art no thick-skull'd *block-head*; for wise Heav'n
To thee an understanding Soul has giv'n.
And with a fair *Revenue* does thee bless,
Which thou know'st how t'*enjoy* as well's *possest*.
" *What could a* Nurse *for her deer* Child *beseech*,
" *More then right understanding, and plain speech?*
" *To live belov'd in honour and in health,*
" *To eat wholesome* Diet, *and to want no wealth?*
" *When thou'rt tost up and down 'twixt hope and care,*
" *Enflam'd with anger and shrunk up with fear:*
" *As soon as such a day is overpast,*
" *Comfort thy self, that that's to be the last:*
" *When an hour comes that brings thee joy and bliss,*
" *If unexpected, Oh! how grateful is!*
And when thou'rt minded to laugh heartily
At a right *Hog* of *Epicurus* Sty
Come see me, thou shalt find me *plump* and fair,
I, of this *Corps* of mine, take special care.

Epist. 5.

EPISTLE V. By Sir *R. F.*

To TORQUATUS.

He invites Torquatus *to ſupper, which he ſayes will be a frugal one. Exhorts him (bidding farewel to Cares, and the deſire of Riches) to give himſelf to Mirth; and (ſeeming a little light-headed with the joy of* Auguſtus *his birth-day) laſhes out into the praiſes of drinking. Names three things whereof he is ſtudious in his entertainment, and the firſt of theſe, Cleanlineſs.*

IF thou (a Gueſt) on a Joyn'd-ſtool canſt ſup,
And in a ſmall Meſs all the broath ſup up:
I ſhall at home expect thee by Sun-ſet.
Wine thou ſhalt drink of middle age, and wet
Minturnæ's growth hard by. If thou haſt ought
That better is, command it to be brought,
And treat thy Hoſt. Already the Logs burn,
And the ſcowr'd Pans ſhine, on thy ſcore. Adjourn
Light hopes, and riches ſtrife, and *Moſco*'s Cauſe
To morrow; CÆSAR's birth-day gives a Pawſe
To toil, and leave to ſleep. Without offence
We may ſpin out with chatting Eloquence
The Summer night. What do I care for wealth,
Unleſs to uſe? 'Tis a mad kind of ſtealth,
For one to rob himſelf, t'enrich his Heir.
I'le quaffe, and ſprinkle Roſes, and not care
Though I'm thought wild for this. The rare effects
Of Wine! Love, hid in Bluſhes, it detects:
Hopes it enſures: it makes the Coward fight:
Learned the Ignorant: the ſad heart light.

Whom

Whom have not flowing Cups eloquent made?
Whose debts (though nere so great) have they not paid?
I am the Man: and my charge I will make it,
Willing, and not unfit to undertake it)
To have the Forms clean rubb'd: the Napkins such
As may not curl our Noses up to touch:
That in the Platters thou maist see thy face:
That no false brother carry from the place
Ought that is spoke: that all of a Suit be,
Optimius? *Brutus*? Sure Cards, these. Let's see:
Then (if not taken up with better chear,
Or by his Girl) *Sabinus* shall be here.
Each Guest may bring his shadow. But the sweat
Will be offensive, if too close we set.
Thy number, write: and (all things laid aside)
Thy Clients bobb'd, out at the back door glide.

Epistle VI. By *A. B.*

To *NUMICIUS.*

Not to trouble himself with worldly matters.

Numicius, to admire nothing at all,
Which in this world to *Mortals* may befal,
Is *one*, if not the *onely* thing, which can
Make and *continue* thee a *happy* man.
Philosophy renders some men so bold,
They're not *affrighted* when they do behold
The *Sun* and *Stars* so *variously* appear,
In all the *different seasons* of the year:

Or

Or in unusual *motions*, why should'st thou
Be more *transported* with the things below?
Why should'st thou mind the *treasures* of the earth,
Those *gums* to which *Arabia* gives birth?
Or *Silver*, *Gold*, and *pretious jems*, with which
Both *Indies* do the rest o'th' world enrich?
Pleasure or *Honour*, or those *gifts* which come
From the self-ended Citizens of *Rome*,
With what a *mind* and *look* should these things be
Possess'd, or but *reflected* on by thee?
He that the contrary to this does *fear*,
His *passions* like th' *Admirers* passions are.
A mind disturb'd, which way soe're it come,
On one side and the other is *troublesome*;
And sudden *apprehension* of all things,
To those that *fear* or *love* much terror brings.
What is it to the purpose, whether we
Desire and *fear*, and sad or joyful be?
Who when a thing befals him, bad or good,
If more, or other, then he thought it wou'd,
Do'st presently look blank upon't, and grow
Astonish'd both in mind and body too.
The *wiseman* is an *Ass*, the *just man* grows
Unjust, if they would be too *virtuous*.
Go now, and gaze upon thy massie *plate*,
Thy Brass and Marble *pillars* made for *State*;
Thy costly *Hangings* of rich *Tapestry*,
And costly garments of the *Tyrian* Die,
And hug thy self when thou shalt *thousands* see,
While thou art making *speeches*, gaze on thee,
Rise early in the *morn*, away to th' *Hall*,
And till 'tis late at *night* there *tug* and *bawl*,
Least *Mutius* grow rich before thee, he
Who is by *birth* inferiour much to thee.

Shall

Shall such a *sneaking* fellow, as he is
Be thy *example*, when thou should'st be his?
" *What ere is hidden time will bring to light,*
" *And that will vanish, which now shines so bright.*
" *Nay thou, who on th' Exchange and at the* Hall
" *Art so well known, and honour'd too by all,*
" *Forsaking all these things, must go at last*
" *Where our Fore-fathers are, whose dayes are past.*
If thou do'st any sharp *disease* indure,
Use all thy Wits to get a *present* cure.
" Wilt thou live well? who would not? *Virtue is*
" *The onely way to gain true happiness.*
And therefore all thy vanities thrown by,
To it *couragiously* thy mind apply.
" Make that thy *business*, and *do not suppose,*
" *That to talk much is to be virtuous.*
That *words* together put will *vertue* prove,
As *Trees* together put will make a *Grove.*
But if *wealth* be thy aim, pursue thy Trade,
Take heed no other *Merchant* do invade
Those Ports thou traffick'st to, and take from thee
Thy *businesses* which now so *gainful* be.
Heap up a *thousand talents*, then one more,
Add a third thousand, and then make 'um four.
" *This mighty Monarch* Money *to us sends,*
" *Fair Wives, great Portions, Reputation, Friends,*
" *This makes us Noble, though our Birth be base,*
" *And gives our persons comelinesse and grace;*
" *That man who has his pockets lin'd with Chink,*
" *All men ingenious and handsome think.*
The *Cappadocian* King, though he had store
Of *Slaves*, was in's Exchequer very poor:
But be not thou like that unhappy *King,*
T' *abound* in one, and not in every thing.

Lucul-

Lucullus was desir'd (the story sayes)
To lend a hundred Cloaks for some new Playes.
Where should I have so many Cloaks (said he)
But yet I'le look, and what I have send t'ye.
A little after this he sends them word,
That he 5000 Garments could afford,
Which in his house lay by unknown to him,
And that they might have part or all of them,
That house is much unfurnish'd where there are
Not many things superfluous, and to spare.
Goods which the *Owner* knows not of, but may
Be unconcern'd when they are stoln away.
If (as *Mimnermus* said) nothing can be
Delightsome without love and jollity:
Then live in love and jollitie; farewel:
If thou of any better Rules can'st tell
Then these, impart them candidlie;
If not, I pray, make use of these with me.

The same by J. W. *Esq*;

IF then, *wealth* onely makes, and keeps man blest,
Make that thy first of *works*, and leave it last:
If publick *Honour*; buy some progging *Slave*,
May point thee who goes by, what *names* they have;
Pluck thee by th' *sleeve*, and tell thee such or such
Are worth your hand, you can't reach't out too much:
His *interest* lies here, and t'others there,
Make 'um your friends, and you are *Consul* clear.
Thus putting on a *pleasant* face to all,
As their years are, this *son*, him *father* call.
If *eating* be the business, let's away
In order to't; we stay too long, 'tis day;

Rous-

Rouse our dull Servants, make one take the *Nets*,
Another hunting *Poles*, a third the *Spear*,
And so returning through the gaping *Fare*,
Lead a tall *Mule* home laden with a *Boare*,
Not *kill'd* (as they suppose) but bought before.
Let's *bathe* on a full stomack, as forgot
Whither convenient for our *health*, or not.
Right *Cerites*, lawless; very *Greeks* that think
Their Countrey far of less esteem then *drink*.
If (as *Mimnermus*) nothing's to be done
That has not *Love*, and *Pleasure* in't, Let one
Live, and farewel; And if yo've better chear,
Impart it pray, if not, be merry hear.

Epistle VII. By *A. B.*

To MÆCENAS.

That Liberty is more acceptable to a friend, than costly Entertainment.

I Promis'd when I left you last, 'tis true,
Within five dayes to come again to you
Into the Country, and you look'd for me
All *August* long, to come accordinglie;
Yet I have *fail'd* you: now I'll tell you why;
Not that I slight such *worthy* company;
But your hard *drinking* kills me. I profess,
"*You'ld love me* better, *if you'ld love me* less.
If you'ld have me live *long* and *healthfully*,
Give me now I am *well* that *liberty*
Which were I *sick*, I'm sure you would allow,
For I fear *sickness*, though I'm *healthy* now.

In

In these hot *Dog-dayes*, when each little thing
That stirs the *blood*, does *mortal* sickness bring.
Autum the *Sextons* harvest, when we meet
Mourners and *funerals* in every street:
When Women send their *Children* out, for fear
They should be spilled by the *City* air.
The *Lawyers* venting *mercenary* breath,
Brings *Feavers* and (a happy riddance!) *death*.
But when the *Winter* comes, and heav'n bestrews
The *shabbed* ground with frequent *frosts* and *snows*;
Then comes your *Poet* to the waters side,
Where he t' *indulge* his body will abide,
And *study* very little. And (if you
Will give me leave) I'll wait upon you too
When gentle Zephr' *blows* (as Poets sing)
And the first Swallow ushers in the Spring.
Your favours do *inrich* me, not like those
Which the *Calabrian* Inn-keeper bestows;
Who with crabb'd choaky *Pears* his guests did treat,
And *rudely* over-pressed them to eat.
Eat (if you love me) all these Pears, sayes he;
No (sayes the guest) *I thank you heartily*,
I've eat enough already. Put up, pray,
Those you can't eat, and carry them away,
(Sayes the free Host:) *No* (replyes the Guest)
You are too liberal to me in your Feast.
Nay fill your pockets, (quoth the Host) *these toyes*
Are grateful presents to your Girls and Boyes.
I'm as much oblig'd t' you (sayes his friend)
As if with Pears you me home loaden send.
Do as you please (sayes the Host) *but what you leave*,
I've Hogs which will be ready to receive.
"Thus *Prodigals* and *fools* are free of that
"Which these do *vainly slight*, those vainly *hate*:

Such

Such roots *ingratitude* do alwayes bear,
And will yield only that from year to year;
Whileſt he that is both *good* and *wiſe* declares,
That he for *worthy* men himſelf prepares;
And can diſcern *good* men from *bad*, as well
As he can *ſilver* from *braſs-money* tell.
'Tis my deſign to anſwer th' expectation
Of all the *worthy* perſons in the Nation.
But if you'ld have me never leave you more,
My former *ſtrength* of body, pray reſtore;
My black curl'd *locks*, which on my *forehead* grew,
And my bewitching nimble *tongue* renew.
Revive my witty merry *ſprightly* vain,
And in my *Cups* my amorous *flames* again;
Oh! make me weep, or run ſtark mad, nay die
For Love, if my coy *Miſtreſs* ſhould denie.

A little Fox with hunger ſlender worn,
Crept through a crevice int' a hutch of Corn,
And, having fill'd his paunch, ſtrugled in vain,
With his great belly, to get out again:
A Weezle ſpy'd him tugging at the chinck,
Gave him this good advice, Friend if you think
E're to creep out, you muſt become as thin
As you were when you did at firſt creep in.

I will apply this Fable, and *reſtore*
To you what e're you gave me heretofore.
I love not to be *cram'd*, for I deſpiſe
Thoſe drowſie *Banquets* which the *Vulgar* prize:
Nor for *Arabias* wealth would I deſtroy
That *eaſe* and *freedom* which I now enjoy.
You've often prais'd me for my *modeſtie*,
And I've declar'd that you have been to me
A *Father*, nay a *King*, both to your face,
Nor ſaid I leſs when you were not in place.

Try

Try me, if I can *cheerfully* resigne,
All those rich things your *bounty* has made mine.
'Twas not ill said by young *Telemachus*,
Son of *Ulysses*, who did answer thus
To *Menelaus*, profering to bestow
A horse upon him, *Sir, I do not know*
What to do with your Horse; for Ithaca
Is an ill place to keep a Horse in; Hay
And Grass are very scarce there, and there's no
Plains or Champaigne for Horse to gallop through;
Therefore pray keep your Presents, for they be
Fitter by half for you, than th' are for me.

Mean things become mean men. I now do not
Admire *Romes* stately Palaces a jot,
But quiet *Tybur* and *Tarentum* be
My aime to live in for my *privacie*.

Philippus, a great *Lawyer*, when he came
From pleading home at night, grown old and lame,
Complain'd much, that the *Court* too distant was
From the *Carina's* that's his dwelling place.
The story sayes, that he by chance espy'd
One trim'd, that did i'th' *Barbers* shop abide,
Paring his nailes with's *Penknife*; calls to's boy
(A *Lad* that was ingenious to obey
And quick t'observe his *Masters* minde) sayes he,
Demetrius, Go, ask and bring word to me
What yonder idle person is, and who,
And what Patron he's related to;
Where he was born, and what estate he has,
What his name is, and who his Father was.

The *Boy* went, ask'd, and told him presentlie,
Vultejus Mena was his name, and he
A *Cryer* by profession, of a small
Estate, but he giv'n to no *vice* at all;

Sometimes he up and down, did *trade* to get
Money, then stay'd at home and liv'd on it.
Play'd with his little *Children* when alone,
And in a small house liv'd, but 'twas his own;
Follow'd his business, but his leisure dayes
Spend at th' *Artillery* ground, or seeing *Playes*.
From his own mouth (sayes he) *I long to know*
Whether all this which thou relat'st be so.
Therefore go tell him that his companie
I much desire, pray him come sup with me.
The *Lad* goes, comes, and tells his Master, *Sir*,
I told the Gentleman, but he'll not stir,
Neither indeed would he believe that you
Invited him, or what I said was true.
But wondring with himself, 'tis strange! sayes he,
What! an old, rich, great Lawyer, and so free!
But he was civil, and put off his hat,
Thank'd you, as who should say --- here's this for that.
Did he deny me? --- *Yes perversly too,*
And slights, or else stands much in fear of you.
Next day the *Lawyer* in his sight appears,
As he sold *Fripery* to the *Wastcoateers*:
Gives him the first *salute*; surpris'd hereat,
The bashful *Merchant* lowly doffs his hat,
And goes t'excuse the *meaness* of his trade,
Complains that he thereto a *slave* was made.
Begs *Philips* pardon, that he did not come
To *Supper*, when he was invited home;
But that which did seem to *affect* him worst,
Was that he did not visit *Philip* first.
Come (sayes *Philippus*) *you've no other way*
For pardon, but to sup with me to day.
I'll wait upon you, noble Sir, sayes he.
The Laywer tells him, *that the hour was three.*

Bids him i'th' interim minde his *calling* ſo,
That he by *trading* might the richer grow.
He talk'd at *Supper* what e're came in's way,
Said what he *ſhould*, and what he *ſhould* not ſay:
At length he takes his leave, and hies him home
To Bed. Next morning he does thither come,
And is obſerv'd ſo often there to wait,
And nibble at the *Lawyers* dangerous bait,
That he became his *Clyent*, after that
He every day at *Philips* table ſate,
And on the *Holy-dayes*, when there were no
Pleadings, to *Philips* Country-houſe they go
In his brave gilded *Coach* together, where
Vulteius prais'd the *Sabin* fields and air:
Which when the *Lawyer* found, it pleas'd him much:
Sayes he, *My bodies conſtitution's ſuch,*
That hither I'll for good and all retire,
And live at eaſe here; only I deſire
The company *of ſuch a friend as you,*
That is ſo prudent and ſo cheerful too.
And if you'll purchaſe ſomething in this Town,
One hundred pieces I will give you down,
And I will lend another hundred t' ye,
Meerly t' enjoy your pleaſant companie.
So (not to make more words on't then I ought)
A ſmall *Farm* there, at length the *Merchant* bought.
Now he that was ſo ſpruce a *Citizen*,
Became one of the herd of Countrymen.
Of *Sheep* and *Oxen's* all his talk, and how
To plant young *Trees*, and go to *Cart* and *Plough*.
To all his *Studies* now he puts an end,
And to grow *rich* his minde does wholly bend.
But when his *Kids* were ſtolen, and *Sheep* did rot,
His *Oxen* kill'd at plow, his fields did not

Bring forth according to his expectation,
Grieved with these heavy losses, in a *passion*,
He takes his Horse at *Midnight*, and away
To the *Lawyers* house, whom when the *Lawyer* saw
With such a *rustick* discontented look,
You look (sayes he) *my friend, as if you took*
Overmuch care and pains. Truly, sayes he,
My honour'd *Patron*, if you would call me
By any *name* that fits me, let it be
A miserable wretch; and I intreat
You, by the *God's* and all that's *good* or *great*,
By all that's *dear* to you, that you'll *restore*
Me to that *life* which I enjoy'd before.
As soon as *Philip* had considered, what
Difference there was 'twixt what he would be at,
And what he so *declin'd*, *Let him* (sayes he)
Return to what he has been formerlie.
What fits us best is best; 'tis *good and meet*,
To make our shooes according to our feet.

The same by S. W.

I Promis'd but five dayes from you to stay,
And now all *August* I have been away;
But (dear *Mœcenas*) if you'd have me live
Lusty and strong, that *freedom* to me give,
(Now I fear *sickness*) as you would allow,
And bid me take, if I indeed were so.
Excuse your friend till sickly *Autumn's* o're,
Autumn that is in *funerals* never poor;
When *the fond Mother* for her child looks pale,
And a full *term*, and business, croud's the *Hall*;

Where, whilſt the drudg *Sollicitour* attends,
A *Feaver* haſtes his will, and Lawſuit ends.
But if ſharp *Winter* cloaths the fields with ſnow,
Your *Poet* down to your Country houſe will go,
And living there obſcure, himſelf will ſpare,
And only for his *book* and *health* take care:
With hopes to viſit you again at *Spring*,
And the firſt tidings of it with him bring.
Not as my Country *Hoſt* his *Pears* do's force,
Have you return'd me full; *Our fare's but courſe*,
Yet feed (he ſaies) *I thank you I've done well*,
Do better then, theſe fruits we never ſell:
Your Servant Sir. Nay thoſe you ſhall take home,
You will more welcome to your children come.
I am oblig'd, as much as if I did
Take what you pleaſe; but I ſhould thus be rid
Of that, with which I muſt to th' Hogs be kind,
Who ſtrait ſhall have, what ere you leave behind.
"So Fools and Prodigals no gifts beſtow
"But what they hate, or what they do not know.
Yet this ranck ſoyl a *thankleſs* crop does bear,
Nor will it better yield another year;
But a *wiſe* man, though he the difference knows
'Twixt *gold*, and *trifles*, when he theſe beſtows,
"For worthy hands, ſays he, they were deſign'd;
"Nor me leſs worthy, ſay I, ſhall you find.
But if I muſt alwayes with you remain,
Let me my *youth* and *beauty* have again;
My luſty *back*, ſmooth forehead, and blach *hairs*
Now all impair'd, or chang'd, by *age* and *cares*;
Return my mirth and *ralliary* again,
And *Cynare*, whoſe loſs I grieve in vain.
Once on a time, through a very little hole,
A hungry Fox into an Hen-rooſt ſtole,

And glutted there with Poultry, *all about,*
But all in vain, ſought where he might get out:
The hole too ſtrait was grown, his paunch too wide,
Which, at a diſtance, when the Weezel ſpy'd,
" *Sir Reynard ſaid ſhe, you muſt be as thin*
" *If you'd get out as when you firſt came in.*
Urge me but thus, I'll quickly all reſign,
Yet not ſo *fooliſh* am I to repine,
And a Swains ſleep, before full tables chooſe,
Though for both *Indies* I'de no freedom looſe.
My Modeſty you heretofore have prais'd,
Nor have I leſs your worth with titles rais'd;
Father and *King* were the worſt names I gave,
My ſelf in every place I ſtil'd your *ſlave*;
And judge you now if I can well reſtore,
Or unſay what ſo oft has been ſaid ore.
Telemachus was wiſer to refuſe
Great *Menelaus* proffer; " *I've no uſe*
" *For Courſers*, ſaid he, *nor have wee good feed,*
" *Or running with us, for ſo high a breed.*
" *Rather, great* Atreus *Son, thy gifts retain,*
" *And let them, where they better ſuit, remain.*
A little does a little man content,
Give me no *Palace*, but a *Tenement*;
A Cottage at *Tarentum* will ſuffice,
And *Rome* compar'd with *Tybur* I'll deſpiſe.
Philip the famous *Oratour*, one day;
As from the Barr he came, and thought the way
To him grown *old*, and wearied with the throng,
Thence to his *Chamber*, ne're ſeem'd half ſo long,
Seeing i'th' ſhade, cloſe by a *Barbers* door,
One newly trim'd, that with light knife ran 'ore
Each ſing'e nail, and pair'd it with ſuch grace
As if he ſtudied to out trim his face;

" *Go*

" *Go* (said he to his boy) *inquire his Name,*
" *What Father, whose Retainer, whence he came?*
" *He's call'd* Vulteius Mena (sayes the boy)
" *A Cryer, that does little wealth enjoy,*
" *But a good Name,* (*that to th' whole World is known*;)
" *Who sometimes business has, and sometimes none.*
" *Just enough for a livelyhood, which yet*
" *He does as freely spend* (*he sayes*) *as get.*
" *Of mean acquaintance, but a house of's own,*
" *And when he's either tir'd, or work quite done,*
" *Can to a play or wrestling wager go*;
" All this I from himself desire to know,
" (Replies the Sage) bid him to supper come
" This night, whilst I before walk softly home.
" How now! *An't please you Sir he'd scarce believe*
" *I came from you, and wondring did receive*
" *The Invitation.* What else? *And by me*
" *Returns his thanks.* Deny'd then must I be!
" *I think so, and he you does scorn, or fear,*
" *Or else invited thus, would scarce forbear.*

Philip next morning, as to Court he went,
Menas Good morrow did with his prevent,
And greeting gave the day, and ease from cares,
As to the *People* he expos'd his Wares.
Vulteius to excuse himself began,
His pedling trade, and mercenary *Chain*,
That his commands he had not sought at home,
Nor was so happy as to see him come;
" *All this I'll pardon* (said the Counseller)
" *But on condition you no more defer*
" *Your coming to me, whom I now invite*
" *The second time, to sup with me this night.*
" *You shall command me,* (*Mena* said); *Let three*
" (*Philip* return'd) *the latest minute be*;

" *Till then your business mind* --- But Suppers come;
Where when they'd freely talkt, my *Guest* goes home.
Yet like a *Fish* that nibles at the past
So long, that by the gills he's caught at last;
By often *visits* he becomes more bold,
Turns *Client*, and unbid a room does hold
At every Feast; By *Philip* is desir'd,
To go where i'th' *Vacation* he retir'd:
And out they ride. *Mena* commends the air,
And *Sabine* fields, with fruits all gay and fair.
Which *Philip* hears and smiles; but *mirth* and *ease*,
What may himself, or new *retainer* please,
Being his care, he gives him fifty pounds,
And lends him fifty more to buy such grounds;
Which done (for I'll make all the haste I can)
My *City Cryer*, is turn'd *Country-man:*
Prunes his'l grown *Vines*, can stoutly hold the Plough,
Clime a tall Elm, and trim its highest bough;
Dies at his labour, and with *care* grows old,
And equals nothing to fat land, but *Gold*.
But when his Goats by Thieves, Sheep fell by th' rot,
The field his hopes and charges answer'd not,
His *Cattle* dy'd, his *Ox* at plow was slain,
Himself no longer able to restrain,
At midnight up he gets, and in a rage
Rode post to *Philips* house, his furthest stage;
Whom as the *Lawyer* saw all rough with hair,
And never shav'd since they together were;
" *Vulteius*, said he, *you too thoughtful look*,
" *As if more care than what is fit, you took.*
" *Undone good Patron*, said he, *I'me undone*,
" *And by the name of* Wretch *must hence be known.*
" *By your self therefore, and the Gods you adore*,
" *Your own good Genius, I your help implore*,

" *That*

"*That but this once you'd ease me of my pain,*
"*And turn me to my former life again.*
He whose past state the present does excell,
Let him take quickly up if he'd do well.
Return in time; For reason this requires
That a mans own foot measure his desires.

EPISTLE VIII. By *A. B.*

To CELSUS.
That preferment should not transport him.

GO when I bid thee Muse, and wish my friend
Celsus, who now on *Claudius* does attend
As *Secretary* and *companion* too;
Much health bid him, *Live merrily, and do*
His business prudently, and if he doubt
What kind of business I am now about;
Tell him I promise *ex'lent* things, but I
At present live not well, nor pleasantly.
Not 'cause the *Hail-storm* broke our *Vines*, nor yet
Because our *Olives* by th' immoderate heat
Are *shrivel'd* up, nor cause my Flocks that lie
In Fields remote are sick, but because I
Am *sick* in mind more then in body; for
I can't endure to hear what men say, nor
To learn a *Physical receipt* that may
My great *distemper* cure or but allay.
My learn'd and true *Physitian* me offends,
And I do *peevishly* rail at my friends,
Because they offer to deliver me
Out of my much bewitching *Lethargie*;
"*Those things which hurt me most I most pursue,*
"*And what is good for me I still eschew.* "At

" *At* Rome *I* Tyber *love, and when I'm come*
" *To* Tyber, *I am mad to be at* Rome.
After all this ask how he does, and know
How he proceeds, and how all matters goe.
Ask him how he does *Claudius* pleaſe, and how
He and the *Regiment* do *Cotton* now:
If he ſayes, Well; tell him, I'm glad to hear
That happy News; then whiſper in his ear
This truth; " *In this promotion*, Celſus, *we*
" *As thou demean'ſt thy ſelf, will value thee.*

Epistle IX. By *A. B.*

To CLAUDIUS NERO.

On behalf of a Friend.

GReat Sir, *Septimius* underſtands how vaſt
That *Princely* love is which on me you caſt,
And by entreaties hath prevail'd with me,
That I ſhould *praiſe* him and *preſent* him t'ye
As a man worthy every where to be
Receiv'd into your *breaſt* and Family.
Who onely worthy men and things elect,
He thinks I'm honour'd with that great reſpect
To be your *boſome friend*, he knows my power
Better then I my ſelf, for till this hour
I never tri'd it on you, and I us'd
What *arguments* I could to be excus'd;
But fearing leaſt I might too far diſown
Thoſe *Princely* favours you on me have thrown,
And ſo be thought ſuch a *diſſembling Elf*,
That's onely beneficial to my ſelf,

There-

Therefore that I may not be thought to be
Ingrateful (*that's the worſt of infamy*)
I've put on *ſuburb-brows*, and if you can
Once pardon a *neceſſiated* man,
Who waves his *modeſty* to ſerve his friend,
Accept this perſon which I recommend
Into your Houſhold, and take this from me,
A ſtouter, better man you ne're did ſee.

EPISTLE X. By Sir *R. F.*

To FUSCUS ARISTIUS.

He praiſes to Fuſcus Ariſtius (*a lover of the City*) *the Countrey life, with which himſelf was delighted, and recounts the ſeveral Commodities thereof. Withal deters him from ambition, which accompanies the City life, not that of the Countrey.*

TO *Fuſcus*, the *Towns* Lover, health I wiſh,
That love the *Countrey*: diffring much in *this*,
In all *elſe* twins. Both like, diſlike, what *either*:
A pair of old Doves bred of Eggs together.
Thou keep'ſt the Neſt: I love to flie abroad,
To haunt ſweet Brooks, the moſſie Grott, and Wood.
What would'ſt thou have? I live and reign, when I
Have ſhun'd thoſe things *thou* praiſeſt to the sky.
And like a Comfit-makers Prentice fled,
Cloi'd with *Preſerves*, am better pleas'd with *bread*.
If one would live with all conveniency's,
And firſt in building the foundation is,
Where doth frank Nature thruſt out ſuch a breaſt
As in the Countrey, with all good things bleſt?

Whe

Where is it that the Winter's warmer? where
To cool the Dog-ſtars byte, is freſher air,
And the fierce Lyon's rage, when all his heat
Th'exalted Sun pours in, to make it great?
Where does leſs envious care our ſleeps diſpell?
Do Floores of *Parian* Marble look or ſmell
Like Flowers? The water when it heaves to burſt
The leaden Pipes with which in ſtreets 'tis forc't,
Runs it ſo pure, as when melodiouſly
It quavers in the Rivers Falls? Ev'n Hee
Affects t'have Trees, who in the *City* builds,
And that his houſe ſhould but ſurvey the fields.
Drive Nature with a Pitch-fork out, ſhee'l back
Victorious (ſpite of *State*) by'a ſecret Track.
He that wants skill right Scarlet to deſcry
From counterfeit, will not more certainly
Be coſend in a Shop, then he ſhall be
That knows not true from falſe Felicitie.
Him, whom a proſp'rous State did too much pleaſe;
Chang'd, it will ſhake. What thou admir'dſt with eaſe
Thou canſt not quit. Fly great things: In a Cell,
Kings, and the Friends of Kings, thy Life may excell.
The *Stagg* ſuperior both in Arms and Force,
Out of the Common-Paſture drove the *Horſe*:
Untill the vanquiſh'd after a long fight
Pray'd *Man*'s aſſiſtance, and receiv'd the *Bit*:
But, having beat the Victor, could not now
Bit from his *Mouth*, nor *Man* from his *Back* throw.
So He that fearing *Poverty*, hath ſold
Away his *Liberty*; better then Gold,
Shall carry a proud Lord upon his back,
And ſerve for ever, 'cauſe he could not lack.
Who fits not his Minde to it, *his* Eſtate
If *little*, pinches him: throws him off *great*.

Wiſely

Wisely (ARISTIUS) thou wilt like *thy* lot,
And wilt chide Me, if *mine* content *Me* not:
If more I cark for, or if more I crave.
Who ere has Money, either 'tis his Slave,
Or 'tis his Master, as when two men tug
At a Ropes ends: W'are dragg'd unless we drag.
Giv'n in Vacation, at that * *Goddess Cell:*
Save that I have not Thee, perfectly well.

* The *Romans* adored *Vacation* as a *Goddess*, by the Name of *Vacuna*.

EPISTLE XI. By *S. W.*

To BULLATIUS.

That Felicity consists not in any Place or Condition, but in tranquillity of the Minde.

NOw you have *Lesbos*, and fair *Samos* seen,
At *Sardis*, *Colophon*, and *Smyrna* been,
What thinkest Thou, good *Bullatius*, is all true
That Fame reports? (for she knows less then you.)
Do they exceed the Common voyce, or are
Their fields, with ours, unworthy to compare?
Is not our *Tyber* better then their Seas?
Or which o'th' *Asiatique* Cities please?
Does *Lebedus*, because you rested there,
And found that ease, you else sought every where?
'Tis a poor place indeed to *Gabii*,
Yet there I'de choose to live retir'd and die;
(*Forgetting all, of all my friends forgot*;
Whom though they *pity*, yet they *envy* not.

Where

Where from the ſhoar I might behold the *Main*,
And rate my pleaſures, by anothers pain.
Yet neither he, that does from *Capua* come,
Wet to the skin, and on his way to *Rome*,
Would take an *Inn* for home, or think a fire
Or *Stove*, though numb'd with cold, his chief deſire;
And ſeek no further, but his kind ſtarrs bleſs,
As one arriv'd to perfect *happineſs*:
Nor for a ſtorm ſhould you *forſwear* the Sea,
And ſell your *Barque*, that you reveng'd might be.
To one that's ſafe *Mit'lene* and *Rhodes* are fair,
But as Furs in Summer, Silks in Winter are:
As *Tyber* is to ſwim in when it ſnows,
And as a fire i'th' midſt of *Auguſt* ſhowes.
While Fortune ſmiles, let *Rhodes* be prays'd at *Rome*,
Chios and *Samos* fayreſt are at home.
Uſe the ſweet Intervals *the Gods allow*,
Nor tell next year put off what may be Now.
That every *place* alike may ſeem to thee,
And thou alike *content* in any bee.
If prudent *Reaſon* ſets no bound to *Care*,
Nor can thoſe Lands that bounds to th' *Ocean* are;
And he that reaches them too late, ſhall find
The place is only chang'd, and not his Mind.
And yet we ride, and ſail, and journies make,
Or happineſs to find, or to o'retake;
That which thou ſeek'ſt is ready at thy hand,
And *Ulubræ* may be the *happy land*;
For (friend) *an even Soul can make it there,*
And what we no where find, have every where.

EPISTLE

EPISTLE XII. By *A. B.*

To ICCIUS.

That the use of Estates makes man rich.

WHy dost thou murmur *Iccius*, and repine,
Because *Agrippa's* wealth is more then thine?
Thou art his *Steward* if thou rightly use
Those fruits which his *Scicilian* lands produce;
Jove himself can't give thee a greater store,
Therefore leave off complaining that thou'rt poor:
"*For he's not poor, whom fortune does produce,*
"*What e're is necessary for his use.*
"*If thou canst get good Diet, and warm Cloaths,*
"Cæsars *Estate can't give thee more than those.*
"*If at a Table stor'd with various meat,*
"*Thou canst abstemiously a Sallad eat,*
"*Thou by that virtue wilt as wealthy be,*
"*As if kind fortune had shown'd Gold on thee;*
"*For thy firm soul will above money soar,*
"*And thou wilt think all things inferiour*
"*To amiable Virtue, which alone,*
"*To good men, is guide and companion.*
Men wondred at *Democritus* when hee
Sate in his *Study*, and his *Hoggs* did see,
Root up his Corn field, and his *Garden* spoil,
And he sate studying *unconcern'd* the while;
His thoughts were set on higher things, and thou
Wilt be as great an *admiration* now,
Who in this scabbed *avaritious* time,
Mind'st nothing *mean*, but aim'st at things *sublime*.

What

What bounds the Sea, *what makes it ebb and flow,*
What makes the year round so exactly go;
Whether the Planets move by their own power,
Or do obey some cause Superiour;
From whence th' Eclipses of the Moon proceed,
And how she's from her obscuration fre'd.
What means the jarring sympathy of things;
And whether good or evil from it springs;
Whether Empedocles *deserve our faith,*
Or that be righter which the Stoick *saith.*
But whether thou delightest to feed on Fish,
Or only Leeks and Onions be thy dish;
Receive my good friend *Grosphus* courteously,
And grant him freely what he asks of thee;
" *For he has so much modesty and wit,*
" *That he'l ask nothing but what's just and fit:*
" *Friendship doth come to a low market when*
" *Any thing's lack'd by good and worthy men.*
But 'cause perhaps you have a minde to know,
How all affairs here in our *City* go;
Agrippa's valour has *Cantabria* won,
Th' *Armenians* too by *Nero* are o'rethrown.
Phraates does great *Cæsars* lawes obey,
And on his knees submit to th' *Roman* sway:
Besides this seasonable harvest yields
A plenteous crop in our *Italian* fields.

EPISTLE XIII. By *A. B.*

To VINIUS ASELLA.

Instructions for presenting his Poems to Augustus.

AS I have oftentimes, and long since too,
Instructed thee; when thou to *Court* dost go,
(Dear *Vinius*) I'ld have my *Poems* be
Presented to *Augustus* seal'd by thee,
When he is well, and of a *chearfull* mind,
And when to *read* them he is well inclin'd.
Do not by much *officiousness* offend,
Or hurt me, whom thou studi'st to *befriend*:
Nor yet make men my Poems to contemn,
Because thou *importunely* profer'st them.
But if the *Volume* of my book should bee
So *cumbersome*, that it should weary thee,
I'd rather thou should'st throw them quite away,
Than on thy *shoulders* them like *Dossers* lay:
And so make thy paternal name, because
'Tis *Asina*, to signifie an *Ass*:
And make thy self a *Table-talk*, and be
Ridiculous to all Posteritie.
Set all thy strength to't; pass through thick and thin;
And when th'hast had thy will, and entred in
To *Cæsar*'s presence, use the matters so,
That prying *Courtiers* may not come to know,
That thou a load of *Poetry* dost bear
Under thy arm, as if a *Rustick* were
Carrying a *Lamb*, or drunken *Pyrrhia*
Carryed the stolin *Quills* of Yarn away:

Or as a *Tenant* when he gets a *Rouse*,
Carries his Cap and Shooes from's *Landlard's* house.
Nor tell the Vulgar that thou sweat'st to bear
Lines which will please both *Cæsars* eye and ear.
And though th'art courted ne're so much, press on,
Shew no body a line. —— *Well* get thee gon,
Farewell, be carefull that thou err'st not, and
If thou e're lov'st me, break not my command.

EPISTLE XIV. By *R. T.*

To his BAILIFF.

The difference betwixt a Country life, and a City life.

THou *Bailiff* of my Woods and pleasant Field,
Which serv'd five dwellers once, and us'd to yield
Five *Burgesses* for *Baiæ*, by thee now
Contemn'd, let's try who *needs* best, I or you;
Whither my *mind* or *ground* be better till'd,
Which is the better, *Horrace* or his *field*.
Though *Lamias* pity mourning th' hastly fate
Of's Brother ravisht from him do create
Occasion for my longer stay at *Rome*
Then ordinary, yet my heart's at home.
That strives to break all *stops*, for I prefer
The *Country*, thou the *Town* as happier.
Who likes anothers fortune, hates his own,
He is a fool that does accuse the Town
Or Country either, and does falsly find
Fault with the place, when all the fault's in's mind,

Which

Which never fly's its self; when you were slave
To th' *Baths*, and liv'd in *Town*, you us'd to crave
With silent Prayer to be remov'd to go
To be a *Country* man; now being so
You covet *Baths*, *Playes*, and the *Town*; you see
I'me constant, and when business urges me
(Which I of all things hate) to *Rome* I part
From thence, sad and afflicted at my heart.
Our *fancies* don't agree: what you *despise*
He *likes* that is of my mind, and *decryes*
What you *commends*, to such a strange degree
Are *odds* at present brought 'twixt thee and mee.
A jolly *Whore*, and Unctious Sack do's move
(I see it well) thee to this earnest love
Of th' *City*, and because my ground yields quicker
Pepper and *Frankincence*, then *Grapes* for liquor:
Besides another grievance is, you lack
A Neigbouring *Tavern* to afford you *Sack*:
And a shee *Minstrel* that you to her sound
May dance or'e th' prest Earth some *blundring* round;
And yet thou *till'st* the ground, which lately Spades
Ne're touch't, & feed'st with care th' unharness'd *Jades*.
By thee the *River* too in time of need
By Damns is taught to spare the Sunny *Mead*:
Now, go to, and what thus divides us hear;
Me who soft Robes and Powder'd hair did wear,
And us'd with sparkling *Cinera* to sport
Freely, and Drink till *midnight*; now a short
Supper contents, and sleep upon the Grass
On a Bank-side, by which some stream does pass;
Nor do I yet believe it is a shame
Once to be wild, but never to be tame.
No body there does look askew with spite,
Or with black hatred poison or back-bite

Me when I thrive, none envy's there my gains,
My Neighbours joy with me when I take pains;
The *City* fare with Servants you do long
To eat, and crowd your self into the throng.
The ſuttle *ſlave* that wait's, and's call'd all hours,
Envy's thy uſe of *Cattle*, Wood and Flowers:
The Ox *would be for th' Saddle, th' Horſe for Plow,*
Let all (ſay I) uſe well the Art they know.

EPISTLE XV. By *R. N.* Gent.

To VALA.

The pleaſure of Travelling.

PRethee, good *Vala*, write, what kind of Aire,
What ſort of *Men*, and what their *Manners* are
At *Velia* and *Salernus*; For I ſee
The *Bajan* Waters are not good for me;
And ſo *Antonius* tells me. And 'tis this
That makes the *Bajans* take it much amiſs,
That in the Winter I cold Waters uſe:
Truly their *Myrtle Groves* thus to refuſe,
Thus ſlight their *Baths*, ſo talk't of all about,
For being rare in curing of the *Gout*,
Muſt make them grumble. But theſe men, that will
Cure a weak *Stomach*, or a *Head* that's ill,
With colder Springs, to *Galii* muſt repair
Where colder Waters are, and colder Air.
But I'm adviſ'd to change, and when my Horſe
Goes towards *Baja*, I divert his Courſe,
And tell him 'tis not thither I muſt go;
And then inrag'd I curb him in, and ſo

Make

Make him to understand me; For, in truth,
A *Horses* Ears are in his bridled Mouth.
I prethee write which of the two excells
In *Bread*; and whether I out of the *Wells*,
Or out of *Cisterns* must the Waters take.
I come not for their *Wines*, but Waters sake.
In th' *Country* any *Dyet* doth me please;
I love good *Wine*, when I go neer the Seas.
Wine, that will drive away all *Cares*, and will
With swelling *Hopes* through Veins and Soul distill.
Wine that will make my Tongue with words to flow,
And make me Brisk when to a Girl I go.
Write me which place most *Hares* and *Bores* doth feed,
Whose *Rivers* greatest store of Fishes breed;
That thence I may both Fat and Fair come home;
For thee to write, and me believe's all one.
When *Mevius* had his *Patrimony* spent
Profusely, then to live by's Wits he meant,
And turn'd a *Jester*, roving to and fro,
And made no difference 'twixt Friend or Foe,
But Jeer'd at all. One that would swallow more
Down his wide *Throat*, then would a Common-Shore.
What e're he got went down his *Guts*, and when
He mist of better Fare abroad, he then
Would feed on *Guts* and *Garbage*, and eat up
Of that more then three *Rav'nous Bears* would sup.
When pinch't with want hee'ld say each *Gluttons* Gut
Was to be sear'd; But when hee'd got a glut
Of better fare, and all consum'd, hee'ld say
No wonder if Estates are spent this way,
For there's no pleasure underneath the Sun
Like *Feasting*, and a *Belly* like a *Tun*.
So I in *want* commend the thrifty Fare,
And eat such Victuals as the courtest are.

But when I light on better food, I then
Say those are *wise*, and those the *happy* men
That live in *plenty* where they can behold
Houses and *Lordships* purchas'd with their *Gold*.

Epistle XVI. By *W. T.*

To QUINTIUS.

A Description of a Good Man.

Ask me no more my *Quintius*, whether I
Can in my Farm, grow rich by Husbandry,
By the retayl of Apples, Oyl, or Wine:
View but the *Model* of what I call mine.
An intire Mountain, sever'd by a low
Vale, yet it is not altogether so
Obscure, but that the Morning Sun looks on,
The Evening airs it, e're he will be gon.
You can't but praise the *Climate*: Come what though
My Quicksets are not *Blackberry*, or *Sloe*,
The *Kernel* does as well, if I can please,
And fat my stock with *Acorns*, take mine ease
Under a shady Oak, you must confess
To this, *Tarentum* is a Wilderness.
Water'd besides with such a *Spring*, it may
Adopt a River, *Hebrus* it self, nay
Thrace cannot equal it, approv'd for all
Head maladies: 'tis a Purge natural.
In *Autumn* 'tis this sweet retirement pleases,
This keeps me proof (believ't) against Diseases.
Rome says, yes boasts, you only happy are:
All is not true men say: Indeed I fear

The

They know more than your self does: He that woo'd
Be so, must be not only wise, but good.
If at your *Dinner* you should have a fit
Of a chill *Ague* shake you, would you sit
(Because your *Guests* say you look well) and eat
Until you can no longer hold your meat?
He is a modest Fool that won't disclose
He has a clap *before it reach his Nose.*
If one should tell you of a *Victory*
You lately had on Land, others by Sea,
Buzzing into your ears, that it is known
To *Jove*, you fought *Romes* safety, not you own:
You know this is the great *Augustus*'s Due.
If when they call you *Virtuosi*, do
You make answer to the name, or can
You say I am that Learned *Gentleman*?
I do believe there's hardly one of us
But may be sometimes stil'd *ingenuous*;
Yet he that said so, can you know unsay
To *Morrow* all that ere he said to day:
As a brib'd *Justice* must if *Cæsar* please,
Give up his Patent, take his *Writ of Ease*.
If the Unconstant Crowd shall say, Let go,
You are 'nt the men we prais'd: It must be so.
What if I'me follow'd with a *Hue and cry*,
Stop *Theif*, he has committed *Burglary*;
Or if my *Pious* Neighbours, should present
Me, a Loose Liver or Incontinent.
Nay what if at Sessions I am try'd
By a Nice *Jury* for a *Parricide*;
If I am sure, and know my Conscience clear,
Shall I then Blush, or else look Pale for fear?
False Honour pleases, but false Infamy
Affrights: Whom? Those that love to hear a Ly.

I wonder who 'tis you call Good; Your fine
And learned Barriſter that can untwine
Statutes, Quote *Reports*, Books of Entries, pare
The *Law*, and ſplit out *Juſtice* to a hair;
He that can knowingly give *Evidence*,
And ſmooth both Parties to a Reference!
Yet there is ſcarce one Houſe in the whole Town,
But whiſpers this man *Knave*, for all his Gown.
If my man tell me thus; Sir, I ne're lay
One night from home, or wrong'd you: muſt I ſay
Be gon? I'le never trouble thee; If he
Sayes he never committed *Felonie*:
Muſt I not proſecute, but ſay, Be free,
'Tis pity thou ſhould'ſt e're be hang'd by me?
I am a Godly, Pious, Sober man:
Yes, yes; But do you think *Sabellius* can
Believe all this? The *Wolf* the trap eſchewes,
The *Hawk* and *Kite* fly the ſuſpected nooze.
Good Men will hate all Wickedneſs, becauſe
They Vertue love more than they fear the Laws.
You if you think you can *cheat* handſomly,
All's one, whether Clergy or Layety.
Although it is a ſmall loſs, if you nimne
But one Bean from a Quarter, 'tis a ſinne.
He's only counted honeſt now adayes
That the whole Pariſh looks upon, he prayes
And cryes *Amen* ſo loud at *Church*, although
Sometimes it you hearken cloſe, he's as low
Whiſpering; Prithee *ſweet Devil give me leave*
To cheat *Devoutly*, but let none perceive.
Give me a Cloak for all my Knavery;
What's this man more than a Servant? or why
D'yee call a *Miſer*, Freeman? I have ſeen
A Boy make both ſtoop for a *Groat* of Tin.

He that ſtill covets, ſtill fears: I don't ſee
What ground you have to ſay this man is free,
H'as fled his Colours, forſook the Field, which
Flyes to turmoil in buis'neſs and be rich.
If you can ſell your Pris'ner, never kill,
But let him ſerve you; let the Hardy till
The Earth, turn Saylor, weather't out at Sea,
Import *Biſket*; 'twill help the *Granarie*.
He that is truly wiſe will dare thus to
A Judge; Come Sir, let's hear the worſt you'll do:
Why I'le ſeize upon your Goods, take away
Your Mony, Plate, nay all you're Worth: You may:
You ſhall be kept cloſe Pris'ner: No, I'le have
Death bayle me, I can never be a Slave:
That touches him, ('twould any man) Do, Dy
Firſt, *Death is the laſt Scene of Miſery.*

EPISTLE VXII. By *R. N.*

To SCÆVA.

The way to get Great Mens Favour.

Scæva, though thou art wiſe enough to tell
How to make uſe of thy *Super'ours* well;
Yet learn of thy *unskilful* Friend; and though
He that is *blind* may undertake to ſhew
The way; yet mark, perhaps I may make known
Something thou wilt deſire to make thine own.
If thou wilt hugg thy ſelf with welcome *Eaſe*,
If Sleep till next days Sun ariſe doth pleaſe,
If thou'rt diſturb'd with th' *Hurry*, and the Noiſe
Of *Carts*, and *Coaches*, and of *Dam-me-Boyes*,

I prethee

I prethee to thy *Country-house* repair;
For 'tis not Rich men only happy are;
Nor lives he ill, that lives and dies unknown:
But if thou'lt profit thine, and be more boon
Unto thy self, though poor, yet come unto
The *Rich* mans more delicious fare. 'Tis true
The *Cynick* said, that *Aristippus* would
Refuse the fare of *Princes*, if he could
Dine patiently on *Sallads*; He again
Said, that the *Cynick* would his *Herbs* disdain,
Did he but know what 'twas by *Kings* to be
Feasted. The *Cynick's* saying points at me.
But thou, my Friend, choose, and approve, and teach
Either of both their doings and their speech;
Or as thou art a young man yet, mark well
Why *Aristippus* bore away the Bell;
For he (as I by many oft have heard)
That same morose *Diogenes* thus jeer'd,
I Jest for Kings, but to my profit; Thou
Only for th' empty *noise* o'th' *People*; Now
That's the more *Noble*. I to ride the Kings
Great *Horse* desire, Thou aim'st at baser things.
But thou wilt say, Thou know'st no *Poverty*;
Yet poorer art, then he that gives to thee.
All sorts of life did *Aristippus* blesse,
Aiming at great things, yet content with less;
But to thee none, whose only *Robes* and Fence
Were nought but *Rags* and helpless *Patience*.
If such a *course* of Life, so *Traverstee*
Can any man become, 'tis strange to me.
Though *Aristippus* ne're desire to be
Array'd in Robes of *Purple* made, yet he
Could wear them; yea he could in comely sort
In *Cloaths*, or good, or bad himself deport.

To

To thee a *Scarlet* Cloak did more abhorr,
And rather fly it then a *Snake*, or *Curr*.
Give him his Cloaths, else he with *cold* will dye,
And thine, then let the *Fool* his Fortune trie.
T'atchieve great things, and *Conquer*, looks like *Jove*,
It shews a *reach* at things that are above.
'Tis no disgrace for *Subjects* to comply
With gen'rous *Kings*: all have not wealth laid by.
Fear of Success makes *Cowards*, be it so;
But he's the Man, that thorough stitch doth go;
He is the Man, or none. One fears to ask
A *Princes* favour, 'tis too great a task
For his too narrow Soul. Another He
Begs boldly, and obtains. If Vertue be
Still Vertue, doubt not, but that man is wise
Who asks so, that he gains both *Praise* and *Prize*.
Poor men, if modest, will with some obtain,
While others sawcily shall ask in vain;
Here's then the difference, whether your favours be
Humbly receiv'd, or snatcht immodestlie.
The sum of all we aim at then here ends,
Be meek and modest with thy *Richer* Friends.
I have a Sister wants a Portion, and
A *Mother* poor, a *Farm* lies on my hand
That can't maintain me; He that thus doth say,
Doth in effect beg *Alms*: Another may
Cant out his *wants* aloud, and keep a stir
And cry, *Give me one piece of Bread good Sir*:
A *Crow*, whilst feeding, if he would not Garr,
Would have less *trouble* and more *Meat* by farr.
One that is expert in the *High-way* Strains,
That of the bitter cold, and storms complains,
That cries his Pocket's pickt, and his small store
Of Mony stoln, *Juggles* but like a *Whore*,

Who

Who weeps for her loſt *Chain*, or cries ah me!
My *Garter's* raviſh'd from beneath my knee:
Such common *Cheats* as theſe take all belief
From real *Loſſes*, and from real *Grief*.
He that is once thus *chous'd*, will ſure beware
Of helping ſuch as faigned *Cripples* are.
And though a *Canting Cripple* begs with tears
To be helpt up, and by *Oſires* ſwears,
And ſayes, I'm lame, I do not mock, and then
Cries out; *O help, help me hard hearted men!*
The Neighbours rayl at him, and cry *be gon,*
Get help (you Raſcal) where you are not known.

EPISTLE XVIII. By *A. B.*

To LOLLIUS.

How to be a good Companion.

MY blunt friend *Lollius*, if I know thee right,
Thou doſt abhor to play the *Paraſite*,
Where thou profeſſeſt *friendſhip*; for ſo farr
Differs a *friend* from a baſe *flatterer*,
As a grave *Matron* from a *Strumpet*, who
Differ in *mind*, in *look*, and *geſture* too.
But there's another vice as great as this,
That is a rough-hew'd clowniſh *ſurlineſs*,
When men unmannerly, unpleaſant, rude,
Themſelves on others ſaucily obtrude;
And indiſcreetly *blurt* out words which be
Unfit, and call't *Virtue* and *Liberty*.
"*Vertue's the mean betwixt two Vices, and*
"*From Vices is fenc'd in on every hand.*

Some

Some being *obsequious* more then does befit,
Jeer such as at the low'r end of th' Table sit;
But when a great man *nods*, will tremble, and
What e're he says repeat at second hand;
As a poor *School-boy* says his Lesson o're,
Which his harsh *Master* dictated before.
Or as the *Mimick* Eccho's back what e're
Verses or words by th' *Actor's* spoken were.
Others *dispute* for trifles without end,
And for *Straw-matters* tooth and nail contend,
They'll rather lose their share in Heav'n then they
Won't be believ'd in whatsoe're they say;
Or not speak freely what comes in their brain,
And that as *impudently* to maintain.
But what's the *Question* makes all this ado?
Which was the better *Fencer* of the two,
Castor or *Docilis*; whether *Appius*,
Or *Numicus* lead to *Brundusium*;
Who's out of his Estate by *gaming* run,
Who by expensive *Wenching* is undone,
And what *fantastick* Fool goes at a rate,
In habit far above his mean estate.
On whom th' insatiate appetite of *Gold*
And Silver has got a perpetual hold;
Or else of some vain-glorious fellow, which
Makes it his business to be 'counted *rich*.
The wealthy *Patron*, who is ten times more
Skill'd in all Vices then he can that's poore,
Hates such *concerning* talk, and does abhor it,
And either hates the *Blabb*, or checks him for it.
Like a good *Mother* to her Daughters, he
Desires that meaner men should wiser be
Then he himself is, and more *virtuous* too,
And tells you things that are perhaps too true;

Strive

Strive not with me (says he) I've an *Estate*,
And that in me will *fully* tolerate;
You're a mean Fellow, and your *Coat* must be
Cut as your Cloth is: Don't compare with me.
Eutrapelus to whom he did intend
A mischief, he would costly *habit* send,
That so *transported* with that goodly hew,
He might take up strange hopes and counsels new,
Sleep all the day, mind nothing but his Whore,
Run into debt, and grow at last so poor,
He must turn *Fencer*, and for bread sell's blood,
Or drive *Pack-Horses* for a lively hood.
Other mens *secrets* never care to know;
But if a *friend* into thy bosom throw
A secret, and desire thee to conceal it,
Do not, though here so *drunk* or *mad*, reveal it.
Thy own peculiar *Studies* ne're commend,
Nor what thy friend does fancy *reprehend*;
And if to *hunt* thy *Patron* minded be,
Don't thou lie puzling with thy *Poetry*.
'Twixt *Zethus* and *Amphion*, both twins, hence
There did arise a *peevish* difference;
Zethus, a Country Gentleman, inclin'd
To *Hounds* and *Hawks*; *Amphion*, gave his mind
Wholly to's *Harp*, but laid at quire aside
Until his brothers heat was pacifi'd.
"*In small things 'tis good prudence to resigne*
"*Thy will to his whose pow'r is more then thine.*
And when he brings into the *Champain* ground
His hunting properties, Horns, Horses, Hound,
Lay by th' *unsociable Muses* then
As *recreations* for old *lazy* men.
Go hunt with him, then sup and take thy share
Of what your sports produc'd, be't *Bore*, or *Hare*:

Among

Among the *Romans* 'tis a Recreation,
Which is much us'd and in great Reputation.
Besides 'twill make thee healthy, and live long,
Especially since thou are sound and strong.
To keep in with the *Dogs*, and with the *Boys*,
By thy own strength to grapple and o're pow'r;
Besides 'tis known that there's not any man
For feats of *Arms* like thee, or dares, or can.
When thou didst *fence* or *wrestle*, oh! how loud
Rang thy *Applauses* from th' admiring *Crowd*!
When but a boy the *Souldiers* duty thou
In the *Cantabrian* battle didst pass through,
Under that *General*, whose conquering Sword
The *Parthians* hath to *Italy* restor'd;
And in their *Temples* hath set up again
Those *Ensignes* which had been from *Crassus* tane.
Do not withdraw thy self without a just
Excuse, nor lye still that thy parts may rust.
Although in all thy actions thou tak'it care
They should be done *exactly* by the square;
Sometimes i'th' Country, thou descendst to toys,
Acting a Sea-fight with the little boys:
Two formal *Navies* thou dost then *equip*,
And armed Boys in both of them dost Ship;
On one side for *Mark Anthony*, thy Brother
Was *Admiral*; for *Cæsar* thou on t'other.
Your Fathers little Lake was made by thee
For this great Fight the *Adriatick* Sea,
Where you the *Actian* battle acted o're,
And ne're gave off till one was *Conqueror*.
And if thy wealthy *Patron* does once finde
Thee love those things to which he gives his minde,
Tickled with that he will exol to th' skies
This very *Play*, and think thy *folly* wise.

I would

I would advise thee further more (if thou
Didst stand in need of an *adviser* now.)
" *When thou dost talk of any man, take care*
" *Of whom, to whom, and what thy speeches are.*
" *Shun him that is inquisitive, for he*
" *Will be as guilty of Garrulitie.*
" *And his still gaping ears itch to reveal*
" *What e're his friend intrusts him to conceal:*
" *And 'tis impossible e're to recall*
" *One syllable which we have once let fall.*
And if thy Patron has a minde to toy
With a fair *Lady*, or a pretty *Boy*,
To his great House you must such reverence bear,
As not to fall in love with either there:
Least he that keeps them should prove so unkinde
As to deny, and thou disturb thy minde;
Or (which is worst) should grant thee thy request,
And thou *pop* off with these, content must rest.
" *At first sight ne're commend a man, least thou*
" *Hereafter blush for him thou praisest now;*
For we are soon deceiv'd, and to a Friend
We oft unworthy men and things commend;
And therefore if one, whom thou didst suppose,
Was a good person, should prove *vitious*,
And thou be so deceiv'd praise him no more,
Say thou'rt mistaken, and so give him o're.
But if a *friend* that to thee's throughly known
Behind his back's *traduc'd* by any one,
Stick to him bravely; *for our names depend*
" *In absence on the courage of a friend;*
Ne're let him carelesly endure a wrong
From any *Cowardly* reproachful tongue.
" *For is't not plain, that who malicious'lie*
" *Back-bites thy friend, will do the same by thee?*

" *When*

" *When thy next neighbours houſe is all on fire,*
" *'Tis thy concern to make his flames expire;*
" *For fire will gather ſtrength if let alone,*
" *And with thy neighbours houſe burn down thine owne.*
By unexperienc'd men 'tis thought to be,
To wait on *Great* men great felicitie;
But ſuch as know what 'tis, care not to come
Among Great men, but count them *troubleſome.*
For thy part now into the World th' art got,
Make it thy buſineſs to go on, and not
Permit thy *Veſſel* to ſail back again,
What e're contrary *Winds* diſturb the *Main.*
" *A merry man abhors a man that's ſad,*
" *And ſad men hate all merry men as bad.*
" *A dull man hates an active man, and ſo*
" *A ſprightly perſon ſcorns a man that's ſlow.*
The *fudling* fellows, who paſt midnight drink,
Hate ſuch as from their profer'd *glaſſes* ſhrink:
Though thoſe that do refuſe them truly ſwear
Wine *vapours* in the night *pernicious* are.
Look *cheerfully* in company; for he
That's *ſhamefac't* 's generally thought to be
A fellow of mean birth and ſpirit, and all
Thoſe that ſit ſilent men do *dogged* call.
But above all converſe with *wiſe* men ſtill,
And read good *Books*, and learn from thoſe the skill
How thou mayſt eaſily paſs through this *World*,
And not be vex'd and up and down be *hurld*
By an *inſatiate* deſire, vain fear,
Or hopes of things that of ſmall moment are.
Conſider whether *Vertue* be produc'd
By *learning*, or by *nature* be infus'd;
What *leſſens* cares; what makes a man to be
A friend t' himſelf; whence pure *tranquillitie*

Proceeds, from Honour, or beloved wealth,
Or from a Life led (as it were) by ſtealth.
When I do to my *Country* Farm retreat,
By thoſe cool ſtreams which me refreſh in heat,
What doſt thou think I think upon? or what
Beleiv'ſt thou, if I could, I would be at?
I only pray that ſmall *Eſtate*, which I
Now have, may tarry with me till I die.
And thoſe few days which I have yet to live,
(If Heav'n to me any more days will give)
I may enjoy my ſelf; of *Books* have ſtore, and
Have neceſſaries for a year before-hand;
That I may never float 'twixt Hope and Doubt,
What an *uncertain* Hour may bring about.
" *But 'tis enough to pray thoſe heav'nly Powers*
" *Who give and take at Will what we call Ours.*
If I but live, and have my Pockets lin'd,
Let me alone to get a quiet Mind.

EPISTLE XIX. By *A. B.*

To MECÆNAS.

A Diſcourſe of Poetry.

LEarned *Mecænas*, if you'll credit give
To old *Cratinus*, not a Verſe can live,
Nor long be pleaſant to us, which is writ
By ſuch as from meer *water* ſuck their *wit*.
Since *Liber* has been pleas'd to rank all ſuch
As have of *Rapture* a tranſcendent touch,
'Mong *Fawns* and *Satyrs*, the delightſome *Nine*
Did almoſt every morning ſmell of *Wine*.

And

And *Homers* praiſing Wine, made *Poets* think
The good old Man did much delight in drink.
Hence Father *Ennius* would not write a Line,
Till he had firſt got a good *doſe* of Wine.
The *Politicks* and great Affairs at *Barr*
We leave to thoſe that grave and *ſober* are,
But we'll withhold from ſuch *ſowre* ſouls as theirs,
The high *Prerogative* of writing *Verſe*:
As ſoon as this was publickly declar'd,
All *Poets* up the brimful *Goblet* rear'd;
And for the *Laurel* all night long they drunk,
And the next day of Wine all *Poets* ſtunk.
But was this *Poetry*? Shall every one
That with a *ſurly* look, and ſhabbed *Gown*
Walks without ſhoos and ſtockins through the *Town*,
As repreſenting learned *Cato*, ſtraight
His *virtues* and good *manners* imitate?
When *Hyarbita* aim'd to gain the glory
Of rare *Timagenes* for *Oratory*,
Striving to ſpeak with Eloquence and Wit,
He ſtrain'd his Voyce, ſo that his Lungs were ſplit.
"*A pattern does delude a man when 'tis*
"*Only purſu'd in that which is amiſs.*
Should I by chance look pale; Poets would fall
To drinking *Cummin*-ſeeds to look ſo all.
Oh ſervile herd of *Imitators*, who
Make me both angry with, and laugh at you,
And the baſe *Drudgery* which you're forc'd to do!
'Twas I firſt ſet my *daring* foot, where none
Had ever trod a ſtep, but I alone.
"*Who on's own natural fancy does rely,*
"*Leads as a Captain does his Company.*
'Twas I that firſt the *Romans* did inſpire
With skill to write *Iambicks* for their lyre.

The *numbers* and the *ſpirit* I purſu'd
Of old *Archilochus*, but I eſchew'd
His railing matter and *invective* way,
Which made poor old *Lycambe* to deſtroy
His daughter and himſelf; yet I hope you
Think not the *Laurel* is to me leſs due,
Becauſe I have been fearful to invert
The very mode of *Verſes*, and the Art.
The Maſc'line *Sappho* did that Muſe allay,
Which was harſh in *Archilochus* his way.
So did *Alcæus* too, but different far
In matter and in method their lines are.
They ſought no fathe'r in law to *rhyme* to death,
Nor made enraged wives reſign their breath.
I being *muſical*, him firſt did take,
And fit to th' *Roman* lyre his numbers make.
Which never any durſt attempt tell then,
And 'tis my glory that ingenious men
Such things as mine may come at and peruſe,
As ne're were touch'd by any other *Muſe*.
Now if you would the Reaſon know why ſome
Ungrateful Readers will cry up at home,
And hugg my Verſes, but to all abroad
Baſely *contemn* thoſe lines they ſo *applaud*;
I'm none of thoſe who *ſneakingly* will court
The windy *ſuffrage* of the Vulgar ſort
With my caſt cloaths, nor with a coſtly *Treat*.
I, that have heard the nobleſt *wits* repeat,
And judg'd their Verſes too, ſcorn to comply
With formal *pædagogues* to teach their *Fry*
My Verſes, nor am I fondly delighted,
When they in publick *Pulpits* are recited.
Hence ſprings my miſery! And now if I
Should ſay (which I can ſay ingeniouſly)

I am

I am asham'd *Comedians* should rehearse
My worthless lines in crowded *Theaters*,
And by their tone and action make those seem
Ingenious, which have no wit in them;
Some envious fellow will say, *Horace*, this
Only a copy of thy countenance is,
Thou dost preserve thy *Poems* only for
The Princely ears of our great *Emperor*;
Presuming that none other but thy *Muse*
(Vain-glorious *Fop*) good Poems can produce.
I dare not laugh at this, least I should be
More wounded by my *struggling* enemie.
I'm fain to cry out, I don't like the place,
And as my right demand a *breathing* space.
Fooling in jest oft fearful *strife* begets,
And strife for *victory* produceth pets;
From sudden *pets* do deadly *feuds* proceed,
And deadly *feuds* destructive *wars* do breed.

Epistle XX. By *A. B.*

To his BOOK.

A Character of himself.

WEll *Book*, thou on the *Stationers* stall wilt lie,
Bound neatly to allure the *gazers* eye;
Thou hate'st to be *seal'd* up, or else *confin'd*,
Which are things *grateful* to a *modest* mind.
'Tis grievous to thee to be shewn to *few*,
All thy *ambition* is for *publick* view.
Thy *father* has not bred nor taught thee so;
But get thee gone, since thou'st a *mind* to go.

When once thou'rt *gone*, thou'lt ne're return agen;
When thou'rt abus'd by the *half-witted* men,
Thou'lt say; alas! wherein am I too blame?
What have I done, or said, that mis-became?
Thou wilt *repent*, what thou hast rashly done,
And what *attempt* thy *pride* threw thee upon.
When thou shalt finde the *Reader* who admir'd
Thee so at first, become both *cloy'd* and *tyr'd*,
And *roul* thee up, and lay thee quite *aside*.
But if I'm not with anger *Stupifi'd*,
At this *offence* of thine, I can *foretell*
Thou wilt at *Rome* be entertain'd full well,
While thou art *new*, but when thou'rt *sulled* grown
By vulgar *Thumbs*, thou wilt be let alone
For the dull *moths*, or sent to forraign parts,
To cover *Letters*, or put under *Tarts*.
Then I who unbeliev'd, *admonish'd* thee
Of all these things, shall *laugh* as heartilie
At thy *misfortunes*, as he who did pass
O're a steep *cliff* with an unruly *Ass*,
Who playing resty *tricks* so stirr'd the *Gall*
Of's *Master*, that he let him loose to fall;
Nay thrust him down the *Rocks*, *for who will stay*
(Quoth he) *what's minded to be gone away*.
This will befall thee too, thou wilt at last
Among old doating *Schoolmasters* be cast,
Who in small *Villages* and far remote
When the warm *Sun* has a full *audience* brought,
Will read thee to their *boyes*, then thou may'st say,
I'm son of one who was a *slave* made free,
Born to a mean *Estate*, but have increast
It so, my *wings* are greater then my *nest*.
What from my *Ancestors* thou tak'st away
Of fame, thou to my *Industry* must pay.

I was

I was *companion* to the best o'th' Town,
Whether they were for *Arms*, or for the *Gown*.
Of a small *stature*, *gray* before my time,
And much delighted with a warmer *clime*.
Soon *angry*, and soon *pleas'd*; if any do,
How old I am, of thee desire to know;
Tell them I'm 44 years old this year,
When *Lepidus* and *Lollius* Consuls are.

EPISTLES.

BOOK II.

Epistle I. By Sir *W. P.*

To AUGUSTUS.

A Discourse of Poetry.

When you alone so many and so great
Affairs dispatch, of War and Peace do treat,
Still thinking how to save the *State* from harms
By wholesome *Laws*, good *Manners*, and just *Arms*;
I should the *Publique* wrong, and cross that end
With tedious talk your precious time to spend.
Romulus that founded *Rome*, and *Bacchus*; who
Invented *Wine*, whereby *Men great* things do,
Though they were after death receiv'd among
The *Gods*, yet living did complain of wrong;
For though the *ground* from weeds & bryers they freed,
Taught and made men on *delicates* to feed,
Composed that common *War* and *Scramble*, which
Made men like *Beasts*; To each mans *own*, did pitch

Just

Juſt bounds, did plant the Earth with *Flowers* & *Fruits*;
Yea built men Cities: yet the World, like *Bruits*,
Ne're knew, or found their *worth*, till 'twas too late,
Till thoſe brave ſouls had paſs'd the *Common fate*.
Nor he, that cruſht the *Hydra*, and ſubdued
Prodigious Monſters, when for reward he ſued,
Could ever it or eaſe obtain; for ſtill
Envy would ſay's exploits were *mean* or *ill*.
So he, who doth with new or nobler Arts
Aſſiſt the world, ſhall never win their hearts;
But him alive they'll laugh at and deſpiſe,
Whom when he's dead they will extol to th' skies.
Yet Sir to you, (though living) men allow
Honours divine, by you they'll ſwear, they'll vow
Upon your Altars, and confeſs that *never*
So *great* a thing appear'd nor ſhall do *ever*.
Now though the world be very juſt and wiſe
In this one point, that in their *critick* eyes
You do excel all *Greek* and *Roman* Kings,
Yet they don't juſtly *judge* of other things,
But loath or envy every thing but what
Is dead or gone, or which cannot be got.
So Lovers of *Antiquity* do praiſe
The *Laws* and *Cuſtoms* of forgotten dayes,
Applaud thoſe Articles and that antient deed
To which the *Sabines* and *Gabii* agreed;
Admire the *Liturgies* and *Rituals*
Found in Ruines of old *Abby* wals.
Becauſe the Writings of the *Greeks* we deem
So much the better as they older ſeem;
If we ſhould judge the ſame of what is *here*
But *lately* writ, we might as well inferre
That *Olives* have no ſtones, nor Nuts no ſhell;
For how one follows t'other I can't tell.

We're

We're now at *Rome* arrived to the height,
As well's the *Greeks*; We paint, and ſing, and fight.
If age do better *Verſe*, like *Wine*, how long
Muſt Verſes lie before they're ſmart and ſtrong?
A Poet dy'd an hundred years ago,
Shall he be reckond as new *Muſt* or no?
Or for old wholſome Wine? Well! let him paſs.
Another wants a year, or leſs: Alaſs
Shall he loſe therefore all? Let him paſs too:
Another wants a little more; Let's do
The like for him; The whole Horſe-tail we may
Thus hair by hair at length pluck quite away.
He that conſults the *Annals*, or counts Years,
To try if Verſe be good, T'whom nought appears
Ex'llent, but what has paſs'd the *Grave*, may ſee
How wiſe and mighty *Enniu*s, (even hee
Who's call'd another *Homer*) did not care
How ill his Promiſes performed were.
Nævius is got by heart and dearly ſold;
"*So ſacred are his Works becauſe they're old.*
Which of theſe two is beſt, Men cannot tell;
For *learning* old *Pacuvius* bears the bell.
Accius high ſtrains are praiſed, *Afranius* Pen
Makes us believe *Menander* wrote agen.
Plautus reſembles *Epicharmus*; weight
Commends *Cæcilius*, *Terence* gentle flight.
Their Playes do *throng* the Stage, from *Livies* dayes
Down to our times, Theſe Men have worn the Bayes.
"*Sometime the* Vulgus *hit*, *ſometime they miſs*,
For when they ſay, That nothing *Modern* is
Equal, to what is *old*, much leſs preferr'd,
I boldly ſay, The *Vulgar* then have err'd.
But if they'll yield, That Ancients *Wits* have uſed
Words obſolete or harſh, and have amuſed

Men

Men with their *careleſs* Thoughts, my hand and heart
Shall joyn with them, and *Jove* ſhall take our part.
I'ld not explode, or ſcorn poor *Livy*'s Verſe,
Nor yet what *School-boys* ſometimes may reherſe.
But would n't have't admir'd, becauſe by chance
Some ſingle *Phraſe* proves good, or that a glance
Of wit does *twinkle* through the cloudy sky
Of *vaprous* or *tempeſtuous* Poetry.
I take it ill, That Men find fault, becauſe:
A thing was lately writ, not for its *flaws*,
Or *botches*; Yea, methinks I could lament,
That Doters on ſtale ſtuffe are not content
With pardon and connivance for ſome lines
Scap't from the Ancients, but cry, *bayes and ſhrines!*
If one but doubts, Whether the Stage ſhould be
Strew'd o're with *Flowers* and *Saffron*, when we ſee
Atta's *things play'd*, Our *Gray-beards* in a fume
Cry Modeſty is gone: If one preſume
To hint, that *Roſcius* ever fail'd a tittle,
They're angry too, becauſe they value little
But what they valued young, or elſe becauſe
They ſcorn from younger men to take new laws.
Now he that ſays th' old *Saliar* Verſe was high,
Seeming to know, who knows no more then I,
Does not applaud the *Authors* of thoſe Songs,
But by his *envy*, us and our *Wits* wrongs.
If the old *Greeks* like us, would not allow
Ought that was new, what ſhall be ancient now?
Upon whoſe Works might we now ſafely look
To read and con them as a *claſſick* Book?
When War was paſt in *Greece*, when Wealth and Eaſe
Diſpos'd men there to ſtudy, what did pleaſe?
Sometimes to *Fence*, or *Vault*, or th' *Horſe* to ride;
Sometimes to *carving* they their minds apply'd;

Or

Or else to *Painting*, where they'd nicely see
How Ordnance draught and Colours did agree.
Sometimes 'twas *Dancing*, *Musick*, *Scenes* and *Stage*,
That prov'd the pleasures of that wanton Age:
So does a *Child* cry to his Nurse for *toys*,
That are contemned by the bigger boys.
" *For, which of all the things we hate, or love,*
" *Don't change? Or which are fortunes power above?*
" *Thus from a prosperous State and plenty springs*
" Variety *that gives all* Gust *to things.*
At *Rome* 'twas heretofore a credit, and
A *Mode* in ones Office or Shop to stand
Waiting for Customers and Clients, all
The morning, to let out money, to call
On young men to be thrifty, and to hear
Old mens advice, thus went about the year:
But now the worlds chang'd, one humor runs
Through ev'ry vein; the *Lawyers* write *Lamprons*,
Merchants Burlesque, the only Trade's for *Bayes*,
Your Gowty *Statesman* too vent'rous at *Playes*:
Ev'n I that have renownc'd all *Poetrie*,
Sick of the self-same *Itch* of writing lie.
For before day, when one can't see to scrawl,
Do I scarce waked for Pen and Paper call.
" *He that was ne're at Sea, wisely refuses*
" *To sail a Ship; He likewise that ne're uses*
" *To practise* Physick, *dares not to dispense*
" *Strong Purges, nor what* stupifies *the Sense.*
" *Smiths do make* Locks, *and only* Taylors *clothes*;
" *But they write* Verse, *that never could write* Prose.
Now lets consider, What good this *humor* works;
Why first of all, no covetous *Canker* lurks
Within a *Poet*, nought can his soul intrude,
But how to fancy finely, and t' allude:

When

When goods are *loſt*, when *ſervants* run away,
When *tax* is pay'd, when *floods* the banks deſtroy,
He cares n't, plots no trick to *cheat* his friend
Or to devoure his *Ward*; for to what end
Should men do ſo, who can eat Bread and Cheeſe,
Wear footed Stockings, and be warm in *freeze*?
Poets in Peace conſiderable are,
Though they are uſeleſs in the times of warre.
Now if you'll grant that ſmall things may improve
Greateſt [illegible]s, we muſt our *Poets* love.
[illegible] they teach our children how to ſpeak
[illegible]in and diſtinct, from telling lyes 'em break,
[illegible]hide 'em for calling *Names*, Curſing, and Oathes;
Make them ſay Prayers, and keep clean their Clothes.
Poets write Story, and by example teach,
They comforts to the ſick and needy preach.
When Boys and Girls in Proceſſion ſing
Anthems and *Hymns*, that God would bleſs the King,
Send *Rain*, or *Harveſt-weather*, ſave the fruit,
Stop Plagues, and grant 'em any other ſuit,
I'it not the *Poet* that makes thoſe heavenly charms,
And does more by 'em, then by Martial Arms?
Old Husbandmen and *Worthies*, ſuch as could
Be happy with a litt[illegible], heretofore would
(After their Corn was houſed, or Sheep were ſhorn,
With Wife and Barns, and others who had born
Part in thoſe labors) make an Holy-day,
Kill a fat Pig, eat Cream, drink Wine and Play,
Give Sacrifice, and ſing to th' heavenly Powers
What *Poets* compos'd at their inſpir'd Howers.
Feſcennine freedom by this means did grow,
Such whoſe each *diſtich*, ſome courſe *flouts* did throw;
This freedom for a while paſt well enough,
Until at length it grew ſo tart and rough,

So

So dirty and down-right, not ſparing any,
Though ne're ſo worthy men: At length when many
Had been abus'd, the few that had ſcap'd free
Took care thence forward, that no more ſhould bee
Making a pænal *Law*, by which good men
Grew ſafe from th' poyſon of *Satyrick* Pen.
Thus *Rhymers* were reduc'd for fear of drubbing
When no *Scab* was, quite to refrain from rubbing.
Greece being taken by the *Romans*, took
Its Conquerors; from thence came *Art* and *Book*
Into rude *Italy*, thenceforth the Rhymes
That were in uſe in the *Saturnine* Times,
Were *obſolete*; and as we grew more rich
In *Things* and *Thoughts*, ſo was improv'd our *Speech*.
'Twas a great while before our minds we bent
To read *Greek* Authors, and learn what they meant;
Till being in Peace, then when the *Punick* Warr
Was well compoſed, the *Romans* waded farr
In *Soph'cles*, *Theſpis*, and *Æſchilus* too,
Trying what they could in *Tranſlating* do.
They did *ſucceed*; their ſmart and lofty *Wit*
The *Tragick* vein with *grace* enough did hit.
Com'dy they thought (becauſe its ſubject was
Trivial and mean) was eaſie; Bupælas!
They did not dream how little pardon's giv'n
To the poor *Comick*: How hard was *Plautus* driv'n,
The am'rous Young mans humor to make good,
And his *Curmudgin* Fathers underſtood:
And paint the plotting *Pimp*? *Porſennas* Pen
Deſcrib'd with pains the flatt'ring *Trencher-men*.
How ſlightly are perform'd ſome other parts
By thoſe that nothing elſe lay to their hearts,
But to get Mony? Let their *Box* to th' brim
Be fill'd, they care not, if th' *Play* ſink or ſwim.

Him

Him that *Vain-glory* ſtirs to write a Play,
How doth *Spectators* negligence diſmay,
As when they gaze and gape, and give no heed?
But then, What joy does good *attention* breed?
" *So ſlight and ſmall a matter quells or raiſes*
" *Minds that too much affect the peoples praiſes.*
Adieu all writing Playes, if ſo be that
I pine when *hiſs'd*, or when I'm *humm'd* grow fat.
Bold and ſound *Poets* ſometimes are caſt down,
Ev'n when the ſcoundrel *Rabble* of the Town,
Sailers and *Butchers* being quickly full
And glutted with ſtrong Senſe, call for the *Bull*;
Or (in the middle of an *Act*) the *Bears*
Or *Fencers* ſet together by the Ears:
Though when the better ſort, and men of skill
Grow weary too, the Play 'tis like was ill.
When men have ſate a good while at the *Play*,
And in *diſguſt* ſhall flock apace away,
Then is brought forth a pinnion'd *King*, and ſhown
Wagons of captive Dames, *Corinth* o'rethrown
In Paſtboard models: *Democritus* would ſneere
At ſuch poor *tricks*, if he again were here;
He'd laugh to ſee a ſpotted *Dromedary*,
Spectators eyes off from the Play to carry;
In marking them he would more pleaſure find,
So pleaſing 'tis t'obſerve the peoples mind.
Moreover he conſidering what a din
Noiſe and confuſion all the Stage is in,
Might think the ſlighted Poet did rehearſe
Unto deaf *Aſſes* his elab'rate Verſe.
For when the Actors firſt appear well clad
In *Perſian* Silk, the People all like mad
Hum and clap hands, not for their ex'lent saying,
But for their Clothes and Purple gay arraying.

Now

Now leſt you think, that I diſparage what
I cannot underſtand, or relliſh not;
I grant, that ſuch a *Poet* may climbe a Steeple
Up by a ſmall ſlack rope, who can the people
Anger, appeaſe, make laugh, or weep, or fear;
Whisk 'em to *Athens*, or *Thebes*, or keep 'em here;
Who by meer Words, can thus command mens fancy,
Is Maſter in Poetick *Necromancy*.
Such men encourage, and withal thoſe who
Can the ſame thing without *Drammaticks* do;
For theſe you muſt provide, if you deſire
To blow ſtrong flames out of *Poetick* fire;
Or if you'ld ſharpen *Wit*, and make collection
Of pieces neereſt to divine perfection.
We *Poets* wrong our ſelves, (and I offend
As oft as others) when we Books commend
Into your hands, when you perhaps are tired,
Or in the *Bogs* of ſome diſaſter mired.
Then, when we vex that any though our friend,
Should but one Verſe ev'n gently reprehend;
Or when we reading our own Verſe, repeat
As *Cud* to be rechew'd what's *taſteleſs* meat:
When full of our own ſenſe, we'd complain
That no man throughly weighs our skill and pains;
And when we think, that you Great Sir as ſoon
As e're we write, are bound to give a Boon,
That you ſhould bid us write the *Second Part*,
And ſay Reward ſhall equal our Deſart;
How e're 'tis good to know, with whom to truſt
Great deeds, and who can ſave 'm from the duſt.
Chœri'lus ſo well did *Alexander* pleaſe
With Verſes not quite worth ſo many *Peaſe*,
As that the fort'nate *Bard*, Medals and Coins
Of precious Gold got for his Leaden lines.

Some

Some Poets foul more with their dirty Pen,
Then can be clean'd again by better Men.
That *Prodi'gal Prince* who bought those simple Rhimes
At such a rate, was wise at other times,
Forbidding all but great *Apelles* hand
To draw his Picture; Nay he did command
That none should mold the figure of his face
Except *Lysippe*, who did it with grace.
Had this *vain* Prince no more skill in discerning
The hands of *Artists*, then the men of Learning,
One might have call'd him *Thick-skul*, and have sworn,
That in some *foggy* air he had been born.
But you are not abus'd in any sort,
By th' Gifts and *Character* and fair Report
Bestow'd on *Virgil* and on *Varius*, then
Whom are not better, either *Wits* or *Men*.
The shapes of famous men are not so clear
In graven Brass, as do their minds appear
In well-pen'd Words: for my part I had chose
(Rather then broken Rhimes, resembling Prose)
To write *heroick* Verse, and those on you,
That all the world might your *atchievements* know;
I would describe the *Castles* you have won,
And winding *Rivers* that below 'em run.
I would those *barb'rous* Kingdoms represent,
The peace which you have fore'd where e're you went:
Then *Janus* Temple I'de expose to view,
And *Rome* by th' *Parthians* fear'd, whilst rul'd by you.
But Sir, *low* Verse cannot your *Highness* grace,
Wherefore t' attempt it I have not the face.
For me to be *pragmatical* might prove
Your trouble, not my duty and my love:
Besides, if I fell short to do your right,
My faults would be remembred out of spight:

For Readers so malicious now are growne,
What's bad they'll con, what's good they let alone.
I hate such kindness as offends, and his
That draws my Picture uglier then it is.
Though gayly dresst, I value not a rush
The gawdy praises that must make me blush,
And dread to have my Name bedawb'd on Paper
Fit but to light Tobacco-pipes and Tapers;
Or else to wrap up wares of little price
In Chandlers Shops, at best but Plums and Spice.

EPISTLE ult. By *J. D.*

To JULIUS FLORUS.

Another Discourse of Poetry.

BRave *Nero's* Favourite, My *Julius*
(I answer your complaining letter thus)
Suppose one had to sell, and you would buy
A *Boy* at *Tibur* born, or *Gabii*,
The owner plainly tells you; *Sir you see,*
He's smooth, and fair, of perfect Symmetrie
In all his parts; and without more discourse,
Give me but so much money, he is yours.
This I dare vouch, he's apt, and quick to spie
The smallest motions of your hand, or eye.
He hath a little Greek, and being young
May yet improve, he's pretty good at song:
" *But* earnest praising *Merchants* oft declare
" Their *craft*, more then goodness of their *Ware.*
I have no need to sell, my stock's but small,
Yet what small stock I have, my own I call.

I'll

I'le tell you therefore all the worſt I know,
Which I believe, none of the trade would do.
The truth is, once he play'd the idle Boy,
And fearing to be beaten ran away;
Now Take, or Leave; May he not ſafely now
Receive his money, having told you ſo?
Why ſhould you ſue, or call him *cheat*, when as
He told you, what an Idle *Rogue* it was?
Yet ſo you deal in chiding me; you know,
I told you likewiſe e're you went, how ſlow
I am in writing *Letters*, that as ſoon
You might almoſt make any *Cripple* run;
But yet you ſtill *complain* of me, and chide
Becauſe I do not *write*; Nay, and beſide
You ſay I promis'd *Verſes*; But for that,
Pray hear a ſtory that I ſhall relate;
One of *Lucullus* ſouldiers went abroad
To *forage*, and dearly having earn'd his load,
In very pleaſant manner, down he lies,
And *ſnores* all night; But e're he thought to riſe,
All his *Provant* was gone; With that as Keen
As a ſhe *Woolf*, he falls to Rave, and Grin,
Mad with himſelf, no leſs then with his foes,
And Careleſs which ſhould die for't, out he goes
Gnaſhing his teeth, and whoſoe're he met,
He lookt as fierce, as though he would him eat.
In this high *Rage*, he ſtorm'd a *Fort* himſelf
That was well fortifi'd, and ſtor'd with wealth,
And laid about him with ſuch force, they ſay,
As made the *Guards* give place, and run away;
For which *exploit* his very name was fear'd,
And *Thouſands* given him as a juſt Reward.
Soon after this, the *Prætors* mind being bent
To take a certain *Caſtle*, ſtraight he ſent

To this great famous *Souldier*, and began
T'*exhort* him by the name of *gallant man*,
Us'd all the *Arguments*, apt to excite
With Words, enough to make a *Coward* fight.
The *Clown* wiser then ſo, cries; *Pray Sir hold*,
Such work becomes poor fellows, I have Gold.
(Now to apply this) I at *Rome* was Bred,
And for ſome time the *Poets* there I Read;
At *Athens* next, where I learnt to deſcry
The *Truth* from falſhood by *Philoſophy*;
But the unhappy times hinder'd my ſtay
In that ſweet place, and hurry'd me away
From *Books* to *Arms*, and then I was ingag'd
I'th' *Warrs* which *Brutus* with *Auguſtus* wag'd.
But e're long *Brutus* being overcome,
I narrowly ſcap't from *Philippi* home,
Stript, and as poor as poſſible, and then
Having no way to live, but by my *Pen*,
Straight I betook my ſelf to *verſifie*,
Inſtructed by *Ingenious Povertie*.
But now grown paſt all needs (to pore on ſad
Dull *Poetry*, would not men think me mad?)
I'm of the *Souldiers* mind, I'le ſleep and feed,
Why ſhould I not? *let them take pains that need.*
I find I'm growing *old*, and every year
Steals ſomewhat from me; *Venus*, *Mirth*, and *Chear*,
Begin to loſe their *Guſt*; My *Wits* decline,
And my *Poetick* vein grows dry with time.
What e're I have been, I am ſcarſe the ſame,
And will you have me dance now I am lame?
But if I did my faculty retain,
All would not like it; you the *Lyrick* ſtrain
Do beſt affect: a ſecond he commends
Hopping *Iambicks*, and a third contends

That

That nothing's good but what's *Satyrical*;
And how is't possible to please you all?
Just so, as though I should three *friends* invite,
And each one of a different *appetite*;
Sir, Shall I help you here? No; I'm for this.
And, *What think you?* I'm for the other dish.
Are you so to? No *Sir, I thank you, I*
Like the first best: So 'tis in *Poetry.*

Besides all this, I wonder, you can guess
Amidst the labours and disturbances
Of this base busie *Town*, I should have rest
To write a word. One comes and makes request,
I would be *surety* for him; After this
I'm call'd to hear the *Poets* Exercise;
I've friends to visit too; one in the *Quirine*,
Th' other (a fair distance) in the *Aventine.*

But yet you'll say, the *streets* are fine, and still,
And one may walk, and think of what he will.
(Oh mighty quiet, fit for th' ears of Kings!
These Carts and Coaches are such silent things.)

Here one comes with his *Mules*, all in a sweat,
Who us'd to bring home Carriages with neat;
There creaks an *Engine*, which the *Builder* uses
To wind up *Timber* to the tops of houses.
Here goes a *Funeral*, and there a *Dray*
Standing athwart the street blocks up their way.
Now a *mad Dog* directly at me makes;
Anon, I meet a *Sow* out of a *Jakes*,
(And must give her the wall) midst all this *din*,
Is't not a sweet place to make *Verses* in?

" *Poets true* Bacchus *Tribe, like him rejoyce*
" *To sleep in shades, farr from the Cities noise.*
And would you have me do, as they have done,
Although I live in this lewd *balling* Towne?

'Tis no rare thing to see some that have spent
Seven years at *Athens*, in their studies pent,
Reading their eyes almost out; who yet after
Return dumb objects to the peoples *laughter*,
(And neither say nor write) here I am tost,
And in a *storm* of trouble well nigh lost:
How can I grant, or you of me desire,
To sing sweet *Lyricks* to the joyful *Lyre*?
At *Rome* two Brothers were; this studied *Law*,
That was a *Rhetor*; both so given to claw
Each other, that their whole discourse was *lies*
In praise of one anothers *faculties*;
That call'd this *Gracchus*, He him *Mutius*.
Do not we *Poets* play the fool just thus?
I merry *Lyricks* write, Another he
Being more grave, delights in *Elegie*;
Yet both, as though undoubtedly inspir'd
With all the *Nine*, expect to be admir'd.
Do but observe, with what a stately *grace*
We stalk, and look round the *reciting place*.
But what great matter being we, that should raise
Our *Expectations* to be crown'd with Bayes?
The *Samnites* us, and we the *Samnites* wast,
And yet we made the *Samnites* yield at last.
O rare! now he protests I shall no more
Be *Horace*, but *Alcæus*; I adore
Him as *Callimachus*, but that's too little,
Then he's *Mimnermus*, or some greater title.
These *witpish Poets* thus I'm faign to please,
When I write, that I may gain their *Suffrages*.
But I'le be *plagu'd* no more; He neither write
Henceforth my self, nor hear when they recite.
Verses indeed if bad, there's nothing worse,
Nor more ridiculous, yet some fools of course

Love

Love to be *scribling*, and themselves extoll,
For that at which all others laugh and droll.
He that would have his Poems take, must sit
Judge of his own language, as well as wit,
Like a grave *Censor*; words of no *weight* nor *shew*
He must *degrade*, though they are loth to goe,
And plead *prescription*. To recruit his store
With choice and good, *old* words he must restore,
Though th'ave lain long rejected and despis'd,
And take in *new*, what use hath naturaliz'd.
And as a *River* that runs clear and strong,
The soil inricheth, as it glides along:
So must his language be; it must not want,
But neither must it be *luxuriant*.
With smoother phrase he polishe's what's rough,
And throws out all the flat *insipid* stuff.
And as a skilful *Actor*, he must strive,
To imitate each *Humor* to the life.
For my part, I had rather far be thought
A trifling *Poetaster*, if that ought
I do please's my self, be't ne're so vain,
Than to write well, and to endure the pain
Of being vext with *Censures*. There was one
At *Argos*, who did use to sit alone
I'th' *Theatre*, fancying himself to be
Present at some ingenious *Tragedie*:
Hearkned and *humm'd*, till he thought all was ended,
Then *clapt*, and cry'd, *'Tis never to be mended*:
'Bate only this, in other matters He
Was as *discreet* as any one could be;
He was a right good *Neighbour*; none more free
To treat his *Friends* with all civilitie:
Good to his Family; if he came nigh
A *Rock* or *Lake*, would heed how he past by:

Could not be charg'd with any *desperate* folly,
The worst was, he was highly *Melancholy*;
For this a lusty *dose* of *Hellebore*
He took, which did him to himself restore;
But being cur'd, he cry'd, and said, *Alas!*
Such an unhappy Remedy me're was;
For now by this unfortunate Occasion,
I've lost the pleasure of Imagination.
'Tis time I should grow wise, and leave such toyes
As *Songs* and *Verses*, proper sports for *Boyes*.
Not weighing words, nor meas'ring out of sounds,
But scanning life, and tracing Virtues bounds.
Now thus I'le spend my Thoughts; If you or I
Had such a *thirst*, that we were alwayes dry,
How much so e're we drink, we should be sure
To tell the *Doctor* of't, and ask the cure.
Now you are rich, yet covet still to gain
More wealth, Is not this case the very same?
If one should say, such *Herbs*, or such a *Course*,
Will cure your wound, if still your wound grew worse,
Would you not cease to follow his *Advice*?
So you have heard, that he must needs be wise
To whom the Gods give Riches, yet you find
The Goods of *Fortune* have not chang'd your mind.
And will you still believe it, since you know,
By sad experience, that it is not so?
If to be *Rich*, could make one wise indeed,
And you were sure by that means to be freed
From hurtful Passions; then I would allow,
That none should be more *Covetous* than you;
But since it can no such *effect* produce,
Let that suffice that serves for present use.
If what I have, though small, be mine, (as 'tis)
And what one *uses*, in some sort is his:

(As

(As the *Civili ns* teach) then *Orbus* field,
And whatsoever fruit the same doth yield,
Is mine; nay and his *servants* too, and all
He hath, may truly me their *Master* call.
I give a little *money*, and receive
Grapes, Poultry, Wine, and what I please to have.
The difference is, I with a small expence
Buy what he purchas'd with vast *Sums* long since.
The *Purchaser* of all those fields that lie
About *Aricia*, and old *Veii*,
Hath not a Sallet of his own intrath,
Nor one small stick to warm his stale-kept broth,
But what is bought; only he calls it His
As far as lies within such *Boundaries*.
Fond man! how canst thou call that substance thine
Which varies like thy shadow? One hour's time,
One flitting hour, alters the property,
And either death, sale, force or flattery
Makes it another mans. For Heirs come on
As fast as waves, one e're the other's gone.
And since 'tis so, to what intent should I
Great *Farms* or *Manors* strive to multiply?
Or make new purchases? when as, *Alas!*
Death and the Grave mow down all flesh like Grass;
Sparing nor high, nor low, nor young, nor old,
Untouch't with Pity, uncorrupt with Gold.
And while we live, we may live, if we please,
Happy and well, without such things as these,
Gems, Ivory, Marble, Pictures, Plate, rare Cuts,
Garments like those in which the *Sophy* struts.
All that make bodies gay, or houses brave,
Some have them not, others don't care to have.
So of two *Brothers*, one delights to *play*
And *drink*; the other from the break of day

Till it be dark night, spends himself with toyl,
Beating and burning the hard barren soyl.
The only Reason that they differ thus,
Proceedeth from a different *Genius*;
Which is as 'twere a little Deitie,
Prescribing *how* to live, and *when* to die.
To some *unluckie*, to some *Fortunate*,
So constituting good or evil *Fate*.
For my part, I'm resolv'd that little *wealth*
I have, to use, and not to *starve* my self.
I will be *moderate*, yet I'le not forbear
Expence, lest I should grieve my greedy *Heir*,
Or make my *Executor* think much, to see
My *Inventory* spent in *Legacie*.
There is *discretion* to be us'd, for he
Is justly taxt with *Prodigalitie*,
That vainly wastes his *Fortune*; and no less
Is he to be accus'd of *Greedinesse*,
Who spares his *Purse*, more than his *Reputation*,
And will not spend upon a *just* occasion.
But he that hath *enough*, and thinks it so,
Toils not for more, nor *pines* to see that go;
That sometimes makes a *festival*, and spares
A day for mirth to loose the bonds of cares:
That doth no *wrong*, and is *discreetly* free,
That man's indu'd with *Liberalitie*.
Bless me from *Poverty* and *Sordidnesse!*
And then be my enjoyments more or less,
I'm still the same: To me it matters not,
Whether I'm carried in a bigger *Boat*,
Or in a less; *The middle state's the best*.
And mine is such, I neither am oppresst
With *storms*, nor flat at all with *calms*; my Sailes
Are fill'd with equal and *Indifferent* Gales:

For

For health, wit, vertue, honour, wealth, I'm plac't
Short of the *foremost*, but before the *last*.
Yet though a man be freed from *Avarice*,
That's not enough, if any other *Vice*
Be suffer'd to bear sway. What? art thou free
From pride, and empty *Popularitie*?
Art free from raging anger, and the fear
Of cruel *death*, that dreadful *Messenger*?
Canst laugh at *superstitious* fond conceits
Of Sprights, Dreams, *Omens*, all those vulgar *cheats*?
Art thankful for thy age that's past and gone,
And being older, Art thou *better* grown?
For as it cannot mitigate ones pain,
To draw one *Thorn*, whilst twenty more remain:
"*To hate one Vice is nothing, whilst the mind*
"*Indulges Vices of another kind:*
"*Until thou canst thy life exactly frame*
"*To Virtue's pattern, don't usurp the name.*
But having play'd, and eat, and drunk thy share,
Get home, lest taking more than thou canst beare,
Th' art mock't, and bob'd, and justled for thy *folly*,
By th' Lads whose priviledg is to be *jolly*.

HORACE

HORACE,
His ART of
POETRY.

By *B. J.*

IF to a Womans head a Painter would
Set a Horſe-neck, and divers feathers fold
On every limbe, ta'en from a ſeveral creature,
Preſenting upwards, a fair female feature;
Which in ſome ſwarthy fiſh uncomely ends:
Admitted to the ſight, although his friends,
Could you contain your laughter? Credit me,
This piece, my *Piſo's*, and that book agree,
Whoſe ſhapes, like ſick-mens dreams, are fain'd ſo vain,
As neither head, nor foot, one form retain.
But equal power, to Painter, and to Poet,
Of daring all, hath ſtill been given; we know it:
And both do crave, and give again, this leave.
Yet, not as therefore wild, and tame ſhould cleave
Together: nor that we ſhould Serpents ſee
With Doves; or Lambes, with Tygres coupled be.

In

In grave beginnings, and great things profeſt,
Ye have oft-times, that may o're-ſhine the reſt,
A Scarlet-peice or two, ſtitch'd in: when or
Diana's Grove, or Altar, with the bor-
Dring Circles of ſwift waters that intwine
The pleaſant grounds, or when the River *Rhine*,
Or Rainbow is deſcrib'd. But here was now
No place for theſe. And, Painter, hap'ly, thou
Know'ſt only well to paint a Cypreſs tree.
What's this, if he whoſe money hireth thee
To paint him, hath by ſwimming hopeleſs ſcap'd,
The whole fleet wreck'd? A great jarre to be ſhap'd,
Was meant at firſt; why forcing ſtill about
Thy labouring wheele, comes ſcarce a Pitcher out?
In ſhort; I bid, Let what thou work'ſt upon,
Be ſimply quite throughout, and wholly one.
Moſt Writers, noble Sire, and either Sonne,
Are, with the likeneſs of the truth, undone.
My ſelf for ſhortneſs labour; and I grow
Obſcure. This ſtriving to run ſmooth and flow,
Hath neither ſoul, nor ſinews. Loftie he
Profeſſing greatneſs, ſwells: That low by lee
Creeps on the ground; too ſafe, too afraid of ſtorm.
This ſeeking, in a various kind, to form
One thing, prodigiouſly, paints in the woods
A Dolphin, and a Boar amid the floods.
So, ſhunning faults, to greater fault doth lead,
When in a wrong, and artleſs way we tread.
The worſt of Statuaries here about
Th' *Æmilian* School, in braſs can faſhion out
The nails, and every curled hair diſcloſe;
But in the main work hapleſs: ſince he knows
Not to deſign the whole. Should I aſpire
To form a work, I would no more deſire

To

To be that Smith; then live, mark'd one of those,
With fair black eyes, and hair, and a wry nose.
Take, therefore, you that write, still, matter fit
Unto your strength, and long examine it,
Upon your Shoulders. Prove what they will bear,
And what they will not. Him whose choice doth rear
His matter to his power, in all he makes,
Nor language, nor cleer order ere forsakes.
The vertue of which order, and true grace,
Or I am much deceiv'd, shall be to place
Invention. Now, to speak; and then differ
Much, that mought now be spoke: omitted here
Till fitter season. Now, to like of this;
Lay that aside, the *Epicks* office is.
In using also of new words, to be
Right spare, and wary: then thou speak'st to me
Most worthy praise, when words that common grew,
Are, by thy cunning placing, made meer new.
Yet, if by chance, in utt'ring things abstruse,
Thou need new terms; thou maist, without excuse,
Fain words, unheard of to the well-truss'd race
Of the *Cethegi*; And all men will grace,
And give, being taken modestly, this leave,
And those thy new, and late-coyn'd words receive,
So they fall gently from the *Grecian* spring,
And come not too much wrested. What's that thing,
A *Roman* to *Cecilius* will allow,
Or *Plautus*, and in *Virgil* disavow,
Or *Varius*? why am I now envi'd so,
If I can give some small increase? When, loe,
Cato's and *Ennius* tongues have lent much worth,
And wealth unto our language; and brought forth
New names of things. It hath been ever free,
And ever will, to utter terms that bee

Stamp'd

Stamp'd to the time. As woods whose change appears
Still in their leaves, throughout the sliding years,
The first-born dying; so the aged state
Of words decay, and phrases born but late
Like tender buds shoot up, and freshly grow.
Our selves, and all that's ours, to death we owe:
Whether the Sea receiv'd into the shore,
That from the North, the Navy safe doth store,
A Kingly work; or that long barren fen
Once rowable, but now doth nourish men
In neighbour-towns, and feels the weighty plough;
Or the wild river, who hath changed now
His course so hurtful both to grain, and seeds,
Being taught a better way. *All mortal deeds*
Shall perish: so far off it is, the state,
Or grace of speech, should hope a lasting date.
Much phrase that now is dead, shall be reviv'd;
And much shall dye, that now is nobly liv'd,
If Custom please; at whose disposing will
The power, and rule of speaking resteth still.
The gests of Kings, great Captains, and sad Warres,
What number best can fit, *Homer* declares.
In Verse unequal match'd, first sowre Laments,
After mens Wishes, crown'd in their events
Were also clos'd: But, who the man should be,
That first sent forth the dapper Elegie,
All the Grammarians strive; and yet in Court
Before the Judge, it hangs, and waits report.
Unto the Lyrick Strings, the Muse gave grace
To chant the Gods, and all their God-like race,
The conqu'ring Champion, the prime Horse in course,
Fresh Lovers business, and the Wines free source.
Th' Iambick arm'd *Archilochus* to rave,
This foot the socks took up, and buskins grave,

As

As fit t' exchange diſcourſe; a Verſe to win
On popular noiſe with, and do buſineſs in.
The Comick matter will not be expreſt
In tragick Verſe; no leſs *Thyeſtes* feaſt
Abhors low numbers, and the private ſtrain
Fit for the ſock: Each ſubject ſhould retain
The place allotted it, with decent thewes.
If now the turns, the colours, and right hues
Of Poems here deſcrib'd, I can, nor uſe,
Nor know t' obſerve: why (t' the Muſes name)
Am I call'd Poet? wherefore with wrong ſhame,
Perverſly modeſt, had I rather owe
To ignorance ſtill, then either learn, or knows.
Yet, ſometime, doth the Comedie excite
Her voyce, and angry *Chremes* chafes out-right
With ſwelling throat: and of the tragick wight
Complains in humble phraſe. Both *Telephus*,
And *Peleus*, if they ſeek to heart-ſtrike us
That are Spectators, with their miſery,
When they are poor, and baniſh'd, muſt throw by
Their bombard-phraſe, and foot-and-half-foot words:
'Tis not enough, th' elaborate Muſe affords
Her Poem's beauty, but a ſweet delight
To work the hearers mind, ſtill, to their plight.
Mens faces, ſtill, with ſuch as laugh, are prone
To laughter; ſo they grieve with thoſe that mone.
If thou would'ſt have me weep, be thou firſt drown'd
Thy ſelf in tears, then me thy loſs will wound,
Peleus, or *Telephus*. If you ſpeak vile
And ill-penn'd things, I ſhall, or ſleep, or ſmile.
Sad language fits ſad looks; ſtuff'd menacings,
The angry brow; the ſportive, wanton things;
And the ſevere, ſpeech ever ſerious.
For Nature, firſt within doth faſhion us

To

To every ſtate of fortune; ſhe helps on,
Or urgeth us to anger; and anon
With weighty ſorrow hurls us all along,
And tortures us: and, after by the tongue
Her truch-man, ſhe reports the minds each throw.
If now the phraſe of him that ſpeaks, ſhall flow
In ſound, quite from his fortune; both the rout,
And *Roman* Gentry, jeering, will laugh out.
It much will differ, if a God ſpeak, than,
Or an *Heroe*; If a ripe old man,
Or ſome hot youth, yet in his flouriſhing courſe;
Where ſome great Lady, or her diligent Nourſe;
A ventring Merchant, or the Farmer free
Of ſome ſmall thankful land: whether he bee
Of *Colchis* born; or in *Aſſyria* bred;
Or, with the milk of *Thebes*; or *Argus*, fed.
Or follow fame, thou that doſt write, or fain
Things in themſelves agreeing. If again
Honour'd *Achilles* chance by thee be ſeiz'd,
Keep him ſtill active, angry, un-appeas'd,
Sharp, and contemning laws, at him ſhould aim,
Be nought ſo 'bove him but his ſword let claim.
Medea make brave with impetuous ſcorn;
Ino bewail'd; *Ixion* falſe, forſworn;
Poor *Io* wandring, wild *Oreſtes* mad.
If ſomething ſtrange, that never yet was had
Unto the *Scene*, thou bring'ſt, and dar'ſt create
A meer new perſon; Look he keep his ſtate
Unto the laſt, as when he firſt went forth,
Still to be like himſelf, and hold his worth.
'Tis hard, to ſpeak things common, properly;
And thou maiſt better bring a *Rhapſody*
Of *Homers*, forth in acts, than of thy own,
Firſt publiſhing things unſpoken, and unknown.

Yet common matter thou thine own maist make;
If thou be vile, broad-troden ring forsake.
For, being a Poet, thou maist feign, create,
Not care, as thou wouldst faithfully translate,
To render word for word: nor with thy slight
Of imitation, leap into a streight,
From whence thy Modesty, or Poems law
Forbids thee forth again thy foot to draw.
Nor so begin, as did that Circler late,
I sing a noble Warre, and *Priam's* Fate.
What doth this Promiser such gaping worth
Afford? The Mountains travail'd, and brought forth
A scorned Mouse! O, how much better this,
Who nought assaying, unaptly, or amiss?
Speak to me, Muse, the man, who after Troy *was sack't,*
Saw many Towns, and men, and could their manners tract.
He thinks not, how to give you smoak from light,
But light from smoak; that he may draw his bright
Wonders forth after: As *Antiphates*,
Scylla, *Charybdis*, *Polyphemie*, with these.
Nor from the brands, with which the fire did burn
Of *Meleager*, brings he the return
Of *Domede*; nor *Troyes* sad Warre begins
From the *two Egges*, that did disclose the twins.
He ever hastens to the end, and so
(As if he knew it) raps his hearer to
The middle of his matter: letting go
What he despairs, being handled, might not show.
And so well faines, so mingleth cunningly
Falshood with truth, as no man can espy
Where the midst differs from the first: or where
The last doth from the midst dis-joyn'd appeare.
Hear, what it is the People, and I desire:
If such a one applause thou dost acquire,

That

That tarries till the hangings be ta'en down,
And sits, till the *Epilogue* saies *Clap*, or *Crown*:
The customs of each age thou must observe,
And give their years, and natures, as they swerve,
Fit rites. The Child, that now knows how to say,
And can tread firm, longs with like lads to play;
Soon angry, and soon pleas'd, is sweet, or sowre,
He knows not why, and changeth every houre.
Th' unbearded Youth, his Guardian once being gone,
Loves Dogs, and Horses; and is ever one
I' the open field; Is Wax like to be wrought
To every vice, as hardly to be brought
To endure counsel: A Provider slow
For his own good, a careless letter-go
Of money, haughty, to desire soon mov'd,
And then as swift to leave what he hath lov'd.
These studies alter now, in one, grown man;
His better'd mind seeks wealth, and freindship: than
Looks after honours, and bewares to act
What straight-way he must labour to retract.
The old man many evils do girt round;
Either because he seeks, and, having found,
Doth wretchedly the use of things forbear;
Or do's all business coldly, and with fear;
A great deferrer, long in hope, grown numbe
With sloth, yet greedy still of what's to come:
Froward, complaining, a commender glad
Of the times past, when he was a young lad;
And still correcting youth, and censuring. (bring:
Mans comming years much good with them doe
At his departing take much thence: lest, then,
The parts of age to youth be given; or men
To children; we must always dwell, and stay
In fitting proper adjuncts to each day.

The buſineſs either on the Stage is done,
Or acted told. But, ever, things that run
In at the ear, do ſtir the mind more ſlow
Then thoſe the faithful eyes take in by ſhow,
And the beholder to himſelf doth render.
Yet, to the Stage, at all thou maiſt not tender
Things worthy to be done within, but take
Much from the ſight, which fair report will make
Preſent anon: *Medea* muſt not kill
Her Sons before the People; nor the ill-
Natur'd, and wicked *Atreus* cook, to th' eye,
His Nephews entrails; nor muſt *Progne* flie
Into a Swallow there; Nor *Cadmus* take,
Upon the Stage, the figure of a Snake.
What ſo is ſhown, I not believe, and hate.
Nor muſt the Fable, that would hope the Fate
Once ſeen, to be again call'd for, and plaid,
Have more or leſs then juſt five Acts: nor laid,
To have a God come in, except a knot
Worth his untying happen there: And not
Any fourth man, to ſpeak at all, aſpire.
An Actors parts, and Office too, the Quire
Muſt maintain manly; not be heard to ſing
Between the Acts, a quite clean other thing
Then to the purpoſe leads, and fitly 'grees.
It ſtill muſt favour good men, and to theſe
Be won a friend; It muſt both ſway, and bed
The angry, and love thoſe that fear t' offend.
Praiſe the ſpare diet, wholeſome juſtice, laws,
Peace, and the open ports, that peace doth cauſe.
Hide faults, Pray to the Gods, and wiſh aloud
Fortune would love the poor, and leave the proud.
The Han'-boy, not as now with latten bound,
And rival with his Trumpet for his ſound,

But

But soft, and simple, at few holes breath'd time
And tune too, fitted to the *Chorus* rime,
As loud enough to fill the seats, not yet
So over-thick, but, where the people met,
They might with ease be numbred, being a few
Chaste, thrifty, modest folk, that came to view.
But, as they conquer'd, and enlarg'd their bound,
That wider Walls embrac'd their City round,
And they uncensur'd might at Feasts, and Playes
Steep the glad *Genius* in the Wine, whole dayes,
Both in their tunes, the license greater grew,
And in their numbers; For, alas, what knew
The Ideot, keeping holy-day, or drudge,
Clown, Townsman, base, and noble, mix'd, to judge?
Thus, to his antient Art the Piper lent
Gesture, and riot, whilst he swooping went
In his train'd Gown about the Stage: So grew
In time of Tragedy, a Musick new.
The rash, and head-long eloquence brought forth
Unwonted language; And that sense of worth
That found out profit, and foretold each thing,
Now differ'd not from *Delphick* riddleing.
Thespis is said to be the first found out
The Tragedy, and carried it about,
Till then unknown, in Carts, wherein did ride
Those that did sing, and act: their faces dy'd
With lees of Wine. Next *Æschylus*, more late
Brought in the Visor, and the robe of State,
Built a small timbred Stage, and taught them talk
Lofty, and grave; and in the buskin stalk.
He too, that did in Tragick Verse contend,
For the vile Goat, soon after, forth did send
The rough rude Satyres naked: and would try,
Though sower, with safety of his gravity,

How he could jeſt, becauſe he mark'd and ſaw
The free ſpectators, ſubject to no Law,
Having well eat, and drunk: the rites being done,
Were to be ſtaid with ſofter ſtuffes, and wonne
With ſomething that was acceptably new.
Yet ſo the ſcoffing Satyres to mens view,
And ſo their praying to preſent was beſt,
And ſo to turn all earneſt into jeſt,
As neither any God, were brought in there,
Or Semi-god, that late was ſeen to weare
A royal Crown, and purple; be made hop
With poor baſe terms, through every baſer ſhop:
Or whilſt he ſhuns the Earth, to catch at Air
And empty Clouds. For Tragedy is fair,
And far unworthy to blurt out light rimes;
But, as a Matron drawn at ſolemn times
To Dance, ſo ſhe ſhould, ſhamefac'd, differ farre
From what th' obſcene, and petulant Satyres are.
Nor I, when I write Satyres, will ſo love
Plain phraſe, my *Piſo's*, as alone t' approve
Meer raigning words: nor will I labour ſo
Quite from all face of Tragedy to go,
As not make difference, whether *Davus* ſpeak,
And the bold *Pythias*, having cheated weak
Simo; and, of a talent wip'd his purſe;
Or old *Silenus*, *Bacchus* Guard, and Nurſe.
I can out of known gear, a fable frame,
And ſo, as every man may hope the ſame;
Yet he that offers at it, may ſweat much,
And toil in vain: ſo the excellence is ſuch
Of Order, and Connexion; ſo much grace
There comes ſometimes to things of meaneſt place.
But, let the *Fauns*, drawn from their Groves, beware,
Be I their Judge, they do at no time dare

Like

Like men ſtreet-born, and neer the Hall, rehearſe
Their youthful tricks in over wanton verſe:
Or crack out bawdy ſpeeches, and unclean.
The *Roman* Gentry, Men of Birth, and Mean
Will take offence at this: Nor, though it ſtrike
Him that buys chiches blanch't, or chance to like
The nut crakers throughout, will they therefore
Receive, or give it an applauſe, the more.
To theſe ſucceeded the old Comœdy,
And not without much praiſe; till liberty
Fell into fault ſo far, as now they ſaw
Her licence fit to be reſtrain'd by law:
Which law receiv'd, the *Chorus* held his peace,
His power of fouly hurting made to ceaſe.
Two reſt's, a ſhort and long, th' *Iambick* frame;
A foot, whoſe ſwiftneſs gave the Verſe the name
Of *Trimeter*, when yet it was ſix-pac'd,
But meer *Iambicks* all, from firſt to laſt.
Nor is't long ſince, they did with patience take
Into their birth-right, and for fitneſs ſake,
The ſteady *Spondees*; ſo themſelves do bear
More ſlow, and come more weighty to the ear:
Provided, ne're to yield, in any caſe
Of fellowiſhp, the fourth, or ſecond place.
This foot yet, in the famous *Trimeters*
Of *Accius*, and *Ennius*, rare appears:
So rare, as with ſome tax it doth engage
Thoſe heavy Verſes ſent ſo to the Stage,
Of too much haſte, and negligence in part,
Or a worſe Crime, the ignorance of art.
But every Judge hath not the faculty
To note in Poems, breach of harmony;
And there is given too, unworthy leave
To *Roman* Poets. Shall I therefore weave

My Verſe at random, and licentiouſly?
Or rather, thinking all my faults may ſpy,
Grow a ſafe Writer, and be wary-driven
Within the hope of having all forgiven.
'Tis clear, this way I have got off from blame,
But, in concluſion, merited no fame.
Take you the *Greek* examples, for your light,
In hand, and turn them over day, and night.
Our Anceſtors did *Plautus* numbers praiſe,
And jeſts; and both to admiration raiſe
Too patiently, that I not fondly ſay;
If either you, or I, know the right way
To part ſcurrility from wit; or can
A lawful Verſe, by th' ear, or finger ſcan.
Our Poets too, left nought unproved here;
Nor did they merit the leſs Crown to weare,
In daring to forſake the *Grecian* tracts,
And celebrating our own home-born facts;
Whether the guarded *Tragedy* they wrought,
Or 't were the gowned *Comedy* they taught.
Nor had our *Italy* more glorious bin
In vertue, and renown of arms, then in
Her language, if the Stay, and Care t' have mended,
Had not our every Poet like offended.
But you, *Pompilius* off-ſpring, ſpare you not
To taxe that Verſe, which many a day, and blot
Have not kept in, and (left perfection fail)
Not ten t imes o're, corrected to the nail.
Becauſe *Democritus* believes a wit
Happier then wretched art, and doth, by it,
Exclude all ſober Poets, from their ſhare
In *Helicon*; a great ſort will not pare
Their nails, nor ſhave their beards, but to by-paths
Retire themſelves, avoid the publike baths;

For

For ſo, they ſhall not only gain the worth,
But fame of Poets, they think, if they come forth,
And from the Barber *Licinus* conceal
Their heads, which three *Anticyra's* cannot heal.
O I left-witted, that purge every ſpring
For choler! If I did not, who could bring
Out better Poems? But I cannot buy
My title, at the rate; I'ad rather, I,
Be like a Whet-ſtone, that an edge can put
On ſteel, though 't ſelf be dull, and cannot cut.
I writing nought my ſelf, will teach them yet
Their Charge, and Office, whence their wealth to fet,
What nouriſheth, what formed, what begot
The Poet, what becometh, and what not:
Whether truth may, and whether error bring.
The very root of writing well, and ſpring
Is to be wiſe; thy matter firſt to know;
Which the *Socratick* writings beſt can ſhow:
And, where the matter is provided ſtill,
There words will follow, not againſt their will.
He, that hath ſtudied well the debt, and knowes
What to his Country, what his friends he owes,
What height of love, a Parent will fit beſt,
What brethren, what a ſtranger, and his gueſt,
Can tell a State-mans duty, what the arts
And office of a Judge are, what the parts
Of a brave Chief ſent to the wars: He can,
Indeed, give fitting dues to every man.
And I ſtill bid the learned Maker look,
On life, and manners, and make thoſe his book,
Thence draw forth true expreſſions. For, ſometimes,
A Poem, of no grace, weight, art, in rimes
With ſpecious places, and being humor'd right,
More ſtrongly takes the people with delight,

And

And better ſtayes them there, then all fine noiſe
Of Verſe meer-matter-leſs, and tinckling toies.
The Muſe not only gave the *Greek's* a wit,
But a well-compaſs'd mouth to utter it,
Being men were covetous of nought, but praiſe.
Our *Roman* youths they learn the ſubtle wayes
How to divide, into a hundred parts,
A pound, or piece, by their long compting arts:
There's *Albin*'s ſon will ſay, Subſtract an ounce
From the five ounces, what remains? pronounce
A third of twelve, you may: four ounces. Glad,
He cries, Good boy, thou'lt keep thine own. Now, add
An ounce, what makes it then? The half pound juſt;
Six ounces. O, whence once the canker'd ruſt,
And care of getting, thus, our minds hath ſtain'd,
Think we, or hope, there can be Verſes fain'd
In juyce of *Cedar*, worthy to be ſteep'd,
And in ſmooth *Cypreſs* boxes to be keep'd?
Poets would either profit, or delight,
Or mixing ſweet, and fit, teach life the right.
Orpheus, a prieſt, and ſpeaker for the Gods,
Firſt frighted men, and wildly liv'd, at ods,
From ſlaughters, and foul life; and for the ſame
Was Tygers, ſaid, and Lyons fierce, to tame.
Amphion too, that built the *Theban* towers,
Was ſaid to move the ſtones, by his Lutes powers,
And lead them with ſoft ſongs, where that he would.
This was the wiſdom, that they had of old,
Things ſacred, from profane to ſeparate;
The publique, from the private; to abate
Wilde raging luſts; preſcribe the marriage good;
Build Towns, and carve the Laws in leaves of wood.
And thus at firſt, an honour, and a name,
To divine Poets, and there Verſes came.

Next

Next these great *Homer*, and *Tyrtæus* set
On edge the Masculine spirits, and did whet
Their minds to Wars, with rimes they did rehearse;
The Oracles, too, were given out in Verse;
All way of life was shewn; the grace of Kings
Attempted by the Muses tunes, and strings;
Plays were found out; and rest, the end, and Crown
Of their long labours, was in Verse set down:
All which I tell, lest when *Apollo*'s nam'd,
Or *Muse*, upon the Lyre, thou chance b' asham'd.
Be brief, in what thou wouldst command, that so
The docile mind may soon thy precepts know,
And hold them faithfully; For nothing rests,
But flowes out, that ore-swelleth in full brests.
Let what thou fain'st for pleasures sake, be neere
The truth, nor let thy Fable think, what e're
It would, must be: lest it alive would draw
The Child, when *Lamia* 'has din'd, out of her maw.
The *Poems* void of profit, our grave men
Cast out by voyces; want they pleasure, then
Our Gallants give them none, but pass them by:
But he hath every suffrage can apply
Sweet mix'd with sowre, to his Reader, so
As doctrine, and delight together go.
This book will get the *Sosii* money; This
Will pass the Seas, and long as nature is,
With honour make the far-known Author live.
There are yet faults, which we would well forgive;
For, neither doth the String yet yield that sound
The hand, and mind would, but it will resound
Oft-times a Sharp, when we require a Flat:
Nor always doth the loosed Bow, hit that
Which it doth threaten. Therefore, where I see
Much in the *Poem* shine, I will not bee

Offended

Offended with few ſpots, which negligence
Hath ſhed, or humane frailty not kept thence.
How then? Why, as a Scrivener, if h' offend
Still in the ſame, and warned, will not mend,
Deſerves no pardon; or who'd play, and ſing,
Is laugh'd at, that ſtill jarreth on one ſtring:
So he that flaggeth much, becomes to me
A *Chærilus*, in whom if I but ſee
'Twice, or thrice good, I wonder: but am more
Angry. Sometimes, I hear good *Homer* ſnore.
But, I confeſs, that, in a long work, ſleep
May, with ſome right, upon an Author creep.
As Painting, ſo is Poeſie. Some mans hand
Will take you more, the neerer that you ſtand;
As ſome the farther off: This loves the dark;
This, fearing not the ſubtleſt Judges mark,
Will in the light be view'd: This once, the ſight
Doth pleaſe; this, ten times over, will delight.
You Sir, the elder brother, though you are
Informed rightly by your Fathers care,
And, of your ſelf too, underſtand; yet mind
This ſaying: to ſome things there is aſſign'd
A mean, and toleration, which does well:
There may a Lawyer be, may not excell;
Or Pleader at the Bar, that may come ſhort
Of eloquent *Meſſalla*'s power in Court,
Or knows not what *Caſſellius Aulus* can;
Yet, there's a value given to this man.
But neither, Men, nor Gods, nor Pillars meant,
Poets ſhould ever be indifferent.
As jarring Muſique doth, at jolly feaſts,
Or thick groſs Ornament, but offend the Gueſts:
As Poppy, and *Sardane* Honey; 'cauſe without
Theſe, the free meal might have been well drawn out:

So,

So, any *Poem*, fancied, or forth-brought
To bettering of the mind of man, in ought,
If ne're so little it depart the first,
And highest, sinketh to the lowest, and worst.
He, that not knows the games, nor how to use
His arms in *Mars* his field, he doth refuse;
Or, who's unskilful at the Coit, or Ball,
Or trundling Wheel, he can sit still, from all;
Lest the throng'd heaps should on a laughter take:
Yet who's most ignorant, dares Verses make.
Why not? I'm gentle, and free-born, do hate
Vice, and, am known to have a Knights estate.
Thou, such thy judgement is, thy knowledge too,
Wilt nothing against nature speak, or do:
But, if hereafter thou shalt write, not fear
To send it to be judg'd by *Metius* ear,
And, to your Fathers, and to mine; though 't be
Nine years kept in, your papers by, yo' are free
To change, and mend, what you not forth do set.
The Writ, once out, never returned yet.
'Tis now inquir'd, which makes the nobler Verse,
Nature, or Art. My Judgement will not pierce
Into the Profits, what a meer rude brain
Can; or all toil, without a wealthy vein:
So doth the one, the others help require,
And friendly should unto one end conspire.
He, that's ambitious in the race to touch
The wished goal, both did, and suffered much
While he was young; he sweat, and freez'd again:
And both from Wine, and Women did abstain.
Who, since, to sing the *Pythian* rites is heard,
Did learn them first, and once a Master fear'd.
But, now, it is enough to say; I make
An admirable Verse. The great Scurf take

Him

Him at the last; I scorn to come behind,
Or, of the things, that ne're came in my mind
To say, I'm ignorant. Just as a Crier
That to the sale of Wares calls every Buyer;
So doth the Poet, who is rich in land,
Or great in money's out at use, command
His flatterers to their gain. But say, he can
Make a great Supper; or for some poor man
Will be a surety; or can help him out
Of an entangling suit; and bring't about:
I wonder how this happy man should know,
Whether his soothing friend speak truth, or no.
But you, my *Piso*, carefully beware,
(Whether yo' are given to, or giver are)
You do not bring, to judge your Verses, one,
With joy of what is given him, over-gone:
For hee'll cry, *Good*, *brave*, *better*, *excellent!*
Look pale, distil a showre (was never meant)
Out at his friendly eyes, leap, beat the groun'.
As those that hir'd to weep at Funerals, swoun,
Cry, and do more then the true Mourners: so
The Scoffer, the true Praiser doth out-go.
Rich men are said with many cups to ply,
And rack, with Wine, the man whom they would try,
If of their friendship he be worthy, or no:
When you write Verses, with your judge do so:
Look through him, and be sure, you take not mocks
For praises, where the mind conceals a fox.
If to *Quintilius*, you recited ought:
He'd say, Mend this, good friend, and this; 'Tis naught,
If you denyed, you had no better strain,
And twice, or thrice had 'ssayd it, still in vain:
He'd bid, blot all: and to the anvile bring
Those ill-torn'd Verses, to new hammering.

Then:

Then: If your fault you rather had defend
Then change: No word, or work, more would he spend
In vain, but you, and yours, you should love still
Alone, without a rival, by his will.
A wise, and honest man will cry out shame
On artless Verse; the hard ones he will blame;
Blot out the careless, with his turned pen;
Cut off superfluous ornaments; and when
They 're dark, bid clear this: all that's doubtful wrote
Reprove; and, what is to be changed, note:
Become an *Aristarchus*. And, not say,
Why should I grieve my friend, this trifling way?
These trifles into serious mischiefs lead
The man once mock'd, and suffer'd wrong to tread.
Wise, sober folk, a frantick *Poet* feare,
And shun to touch him, as a man that were
Infected with the leprosie, or had
The yellow Jaundies, or were furious mad
According to the Moon. But, then the boyes
They vex, and follow him with shouts, and noise,
The while he belcheth lofty Verses out,
And stalketh, like a Fowler, round about,
Busie to catch a Black-bird; if he fall
Into a pit, or hole; although he call,
And cry aloud, Help gentle Country-men,
There's none will take the care, to help him then;
For, if one should, and with a rope make haste
To let it down, who knows, if he did cast
Himself there purposely, or no; and would
Not thence be sav'd, although indeed he could?
I'le tell you but the death, and the disease
Of the *Sicilian* Poet *Empedocles*;
He, while he labour'd to be thought a God
Immortal, took a melancholique odd

Conceipt,

Conceipt, and into burning *Aetna* leap't.
Let Poets periſh, that will not be kept.
He that preſerves a man, againſt his will,
Doth the ſame thing with him, that would him kill.
Nor did he do this once; for if you can
Recal him yet, he'ld be no more a man:
Or love of this ſo famous death lay by.
His cauſe of making Verſes none knows why;
Whether he piſs'd upon his Fathers grave;
Or the ſad thunder-ſtroken thing he have
Defiled, touch'd; but certain he was mad,
And, as a Bear; if he the ſtrength but had
To force the grates, that hold him in, would fright
All; So this grievous Writer puts to flight
Learn'd and unlearn'd; holding, whom once he takes;
And, there an end of him, reciting makes:
Not letting going his hold, where he draws food,
Till he drop off, a Horſe-leech, full of blood.

FINIS.